

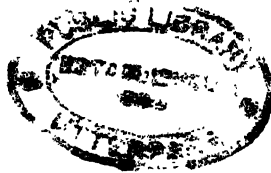
East And West

Vol- 17, Part - 3

1918


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EAST & WEST.

VOL. XVII.

SEPTEMBER 1918.

No. 203.

FROM CLOUDLAND.

The Turn of the Tide.

Throughout the past weeks the news from the Western Front has continued to be most favourable. French and British and American armies have inflicted a series of heavy blows upon the German armies, and taken from them a great part of the ground which they gained by the series of surprise attacks which were begun on 21st March. What is of much greater importance than the recovery of territory is the loss which the enemy has suffered in killed and wounded and prisoners and material. One hundred thousand prisoners since the turn of the tide, and two thousand heavy guns, to say nothing of machine guns and abandoned munitions and stores, is a conservative estimate, and every day adds to the totals. The present desire of the German Generals seems to be to retreat with as little loss as possible to the strongly fortified and ready prepared system of trenches known as the Hindenburg Line and even here they have found no rest. Our gallant armies have broken the Line at important

places. The Allies are pressing the enemy back with disorganised ranks subjecting them not only to infantry attacks from incessant artillery bombardment but to bombing attacks by aeroplanes which go on day and night. The credit for this remarkable turning of the tables—the second of such events upon the banks of the Marne—must be divided between the magnificent fighting spirit of the Allied armies, and the genius of their commander, Field-Marshal Foch. Mr. Lloyd George may well exclaim that the unification of the command in the hands of the French Commander-in-Chief has justified itself.

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The success which attended the assaults which the German armies were able to direct in overwhelming numbers upon British and French troops during March and the anxious months which followed—

**The Dawn of
Victory.**

the tale of villages and towns which passed into the hands of the invaders,—the lengthening roll of prisoners and other captures,—the candid but fearless concern in Paris and in the speeches of such honest leaders as Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons,—all these circumstances contributed together to persuade the German people that victory was all but in their grasp, and that peace would be concluded upon their terms within a very short time. Events are now inflicting upon the enemy what he succeeded for a time in inflicting upon ourselves, and we must beware of entertaining the illusion into which he fell. One of the most representative of modern German thinkers—Nietzsche—summed up the German character in the terse description that the German had been distinguished throughout his history by loyalty to leaders

whether they were fortunate or unfortunate and whether their designs were good or evil. Has not the Great War commented upon this remark ? Their present reverses and adversities far from discouraging the German soldiers are likely to harden them : and they will prolong the war until they have suffered an irrevocable defeat. We must nurse no extravagant hope ; and yet at the same time the situation of the Germans is ominous. Recent developments in Russia have made Austria anxious about the possibility of another Russian invasion next year, while she is already more than sufficiently occupied upon her Italian front: hence Germany cannot look for much help from her most considerable ally: and in the meanwhile, in spite of the submarines, American troops are swelling the ranks opposed to her in France at the rate of a quarter of a million every month. The Germans are still formidable, but it is probable that they will not again be capable of a threatening advance and the dawn of victory will in due time wing its light for the peace and prosperity of the world.

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His Excellency Lord Chelmsford spoke at the opening of his Council with his usual frankness and inborn honesty of purpose. The

**The Viceroy's
speech.**

Chelmsford-Montagu proposals will for ever remain a living testimony of the high purpose of his policy. He believes in doing and is not much concerned with defining principles but the more he reveals himself the more he will draw the devotion and inherent loyalty of India. Nature showers beauty on earth and we become aware of it when a poet or an artist gives it expression; the benefits which flow from the

Viceregal throne reach the remotest villages but only become real when winged words herald their coming India, nay, the whole world is passing through a period of transition. The Indian movement, mysterious, in a sense, growing out from unconscious contentment to conscious realization has been invested with responsibility and illumined by the process of his thought. The future is big with promise.

The officials of the old school regard the new movement with distrust. They honestly believe that democracy is incompitable with Indian traditions. They forget that men and nations are being perpetually

**The Men of Old
school.**

remade and in their remaking renew their youth. They are unconsciously subscribing to a creed which has been disowned by the free nations of the world. It will, perhaps disturb them to find in Tagore's "Nationalism" to which a writer in the literary supplement of "The Times" draws attention "that the British raj presents to the Indian mind precisely those features which appal us in the Prussian State—its efficiency, its uniformity, its octopus-like embrace its ruthless indifference to other casts of Kultur, and its consuming jealousy of every loyalty that binds men to other objects of affection than itself." They forget that India, which they think they know, is passing or has passed away and they fail to understand the new India because they are out of sympathy with it. They are concerned with many things while only one thing is needful: faith in the future of India and the Empire. "We conceive of heaven to make heaven a fact and he who only sees what is will never make what is to be."

**East and West
Circle.**

In the heart of Simla itself a new movement has made its appearance. It is small, as all great things are in the beginning, but it contains the promise of a great future. It means that old ideas are no more powerful and East and West together are marching forward in search of larger ideals of life. If India and England are to work together they must understand each other, and no understanding is possible without knowledge which again is the result of long association and comradeship. The East and West Circle has brought a few earnest men and women together and provided the golden bridge. Indians and Englishmen alike are coming to recognise that if we can work together and fight together for a common cause and can sorrow and laugh together, the barriers that divide East and West must be of our own creation. Times are coming when the official hierarchy will turn away from the exhausted ore of power and prestige from which gold has long been extracted and used up, to the hearts of men and women where alone Imperial unity can take root and prosper. The crucial problem of politics is not the maintenance of authority but the greatest happiness of the greatest number, which again rests on popular liberties and national well-being.

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The Special Congress. The special Congress has met and dispersed. The original idea of rejecting the whole scheme seems to have gone by the board. It was conceived in haste and disowned with some compunction.

Some of the new Congress leaders pronounced against the Reforms Scheme without reckoning with their protagonists Chelmsford and Montagu who had anticipated their

objections. Those who raised their voice without thought against the Reform Scheme found themselves without a following. Almost all the former Presidents of the Congress and sane selfless Servants of India like Sriinivas Ststri and Mr. Gandhi stood aside and gave their support to the Scheme. The result was that in the Congress itself wiser Councils prevailed. Here and there speakers anxious to condemn found themselves tacitly approving what they set out to reject. Hon'ble Pandit Moti Lall Nehru declared that there was not a single iota of responsible Government in the Montagu Chelmsford Reform and in the next breath he supported the resolution because "compromise was the soul of politics!" Mr. Tilak pressed for modification and expansion and affirmed that the resolution combined the moderation and wisdom of the one party and advanced views of the other party. The proceedings of the Congress are an unconscious tribute to the authors of the scheme, but the crowning triumph of their long labours in the cause of Indian Reform came when the Imperial Legislative Council supported the resolution of Mr. Surendra Nath Bannerjee,—the once uncrowned king of Bengal—expressing approval of the scheme and the gratitude of the country to the authors of the scheme.

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Sir Harcourt Butler in a pregnant sentence summed up "that any reform must be a real **Canon of Reform.** Reform and must not be put out of shape and substance by too many safeguards, checks and counter-checks. This is a canon of moral strategy. Reform must not be afraid of itself." The recommendations of the Congress, so far as they help in strengthening the foundations of Reform deserve most

careful consideration and some of these will undoubtedly find acceptance in the Reform Bill. The Congress, however, must recognise that the new scheme cannot be altogether without bearing some relation to the Reforms which have gone before and that first steps towards responsible Government be slow and safe. A Chinese statesman once said "To speak in a parable, a new form of Government is like an infant whose food must be regulated with circumspection if one desires it to thrive. If in our zeal for the infant's growth we give to it several days nourishment at once there is small hope of its attaining manhood." In the affairs of men it is not possible to set any time limit to individual or national growth. The growth depends on conditions which are beyond the control of Government, if we learn the lessons of responsibility in a couple of years ten years may prove too long, and if we continue to vegetate as in the days gone by, even ten times ten years are not likely to be sufficient.

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The Congress passed a new and important resolution asking for a declaration of rights by

**The Declaration
of Rights.**

the British Parliament:—(a) "That all Indian subjects of His Majesty and all other subjects naturalised or resi-

dent in India are equal before the law, and there shall be no penal or administrative law in force in the country, whether substantive or procedural, of a discriminating nature; (b) That no Indian subject of His Majesty shall be liable to suffer in liberty, life, property, free speech, or in the right of association, of in respect or writing except under a sentence by an ordinary Court of Justice and as a result of a lawful and open trial; (c) That every Indian

subject shall be entitled to bear arms, subject to the purchase of a license as in Great Britain, and that this right shall not be taken away save by a sentence of an ordinary Court of Justice: (d) That the Press shall be free and that no license nor security shall be demanded on the registration of a press or a newspaper; and (e) That corporal punishment shall not be inflicted on any Indian serving in the Army and Navy, save under conditions applying equally to all other British subjects." The resolution calling for a declaration of rights reflects the tendency in India to regard law and procedure as a hindrance and personal will as the quickest road to efficiency. India has travelled many stages from the haven of benevolent despotism to the broad sunshine of a reign of Law and Order. The law even in early days was above kings. The king did not legislate. He was required to administer the law without question. Legislation rested with Divine men. Men have changed and the laws with them. Many social and individual evils have been taken off the knees of gods and pinned down as capable of remedy and where gods reigned before now reign man made laws "When the will is not pure from all cupidity, even though justice be present yet she is not there in the glow of her purity." Only under the reign of law can the world enjoy true liberty.



- The architects do not claim to have completed the general plan of Indian Reforms. The structure has yet to be built but many important communities on the other hand from the long habit of having all things done for them are already asking for reserved accommodation.

The General Plan.

They seem to think that the architects will not leave their work incomplete. The plan is approved on trust. The landholding and other privileged classes are asking for privileged accommodations in a structure which they are doing little to bring into being. The future is with those who know and are ready to share the burdens and help the commonweal. In the changing times the unprivileged classes who do all the work are not likely to allow the privileged classes to reap the rich harvest of their labours. The sooner the privileged classes learn to put their shoulder to the wheel the more assured will be their place and position. For those who can only wait and see there will be nothing to wait for and see in the coming days.

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**Education in
the Punjab.** The five years programme to promote village education framed by the Government of Sir Michael O'Dwyer is the first instalment of a vigorous educational policy. The more prosperous District

Boards will get a grant of 50% while the less prosperous will go up as high as 80% and in some districts the Government proposes to bear the whole cost of the new programme. The Government will contribute on an average $\frac{2}{3}$ of the building and equipment expenses. The programme when completed will raise the expenditure on village education from about twelve lakhs to twenty lakhs, which on the population of 24, 187, 750, only works out to a fraction of a rupee per head. The education in the Punjab has a great leeway to make up.

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The question of village education is very important. The Government is going to bring new and fresh ideas to the villages which are likely to set the people free from the old moorings. A secular system of education is likely to disturb the minds of men and take from them the consolation of religion. Fatalism, destiny and resignation are to give way to the modern idea that the man is the star of his own destiny. The slow and sure way will be to awaken thought gradually and help the various communities to organise their own education aiding them with grants, guiding them with advice and providing teachers both male and female for the private denominational aided schools. In the domain of education there is unlimited room for mutual co-operation and work.

National Education.

Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore is the most illustrious of Indian teachers who aims at the preservation and enlargement of indigenous culture, and it is significant that Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore is an artist, for poets no less than painters or craftsmen are entitled to such an appellation. If we look elsewhere for persons who possess a genuine and intelligent reverence for the most vital elements of the various Indian genius, we shall find some of them in what ought not to be unexpected places—in schools of art for instance. The former Principal of the Government School of Art in Calcutta—Mr. E. B. Havell—is a well-known example of disinterested and highly cultivated enthusiasm for the Indian spirit in a hundred modes of its manifestations

and the names could be mentioned of other teachers who at the present moment are guiding the tastes of Indian students along the lines of their own traditions in the art schools of India. These facts seem to be significant.—the national ideals and traditions of India, whether Bengali or Punjabi, whether Hindu or Sikh or Mahommedan have no more powerful or competent advocate than Art in all its forms, whether literary or of the kinds which are fostered in schools of arts and handicrafts. And more The “national education” movement is a movement in the realm of art, or it is nothing. Its advocates and agents if they are artists will succeed in doing good but if they are not artists, or persons endowed with artistic perception, their ultimate aim will not be realised.

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The artist, or the person who is capable of the recognition of the beautiful, knows more that
Art and Wisdom. is useful to life than anybody else among the common mass of citizens and is competent even to furnish advice to administrators and rulers. Good Government aims at the achievement of human happiness and next to religion itself, the most powerful instrument in the hands of a man for securing to himself peace of mind and a contented disposition, is some kind of art or handicraft. Labour in the fields which brings health and surrounds the villager with the healing influences (of which he is largely unconscious) of beautiful and noble natural forms suffices for the agriculturist, but the city dweller and the craftsman must have something other. The artist alone knows what the latter needs,—when he is improving his produce,

when he is doing his best, and going on his way rejoicing. The artist alone can bring this man innocence and prosperity and happiness, and the people of artistic perception who love and purchase his work. Hence the wisdom which can be attributed to artists, and to everybody who is capable of understanding and enjoying good and true artistry when he meets with it. Hence the necessity for artistic control of anything which is to be worthy of the name of "national education". For while the art schools may be held responsible for the production of craftsmen the common schools must recognise that it is their duty to produce intelligent admirers and lovers of the crafts.

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The most genuinely national elements of Indian life today, excluding religions and customs, are the Indian arts—whether the—
Nationality and Art. Ramayan and recitations from the Ramayan to which thousands listen, or

whether they are the unconscious tastes which help to make an Indian bazar in its display of puggaries and other articles of white or coloured costumes of the most beautiful scenes in the world, or whether they are the still surviving handicrafts of the weaver, the dyer, the manufacturer of brass vessels, the potter, the *charpoy* maker, and other suppliers of simple necessities. In all beautiful common things which are made for Indians who have been unaffected by European influence, prevails the Indian taste and the Indian spirit, which education must eventually preserve or destroy. The future is to see a great development of education which means making people conscious and thereby endangering the permanance of everything which they possess unconsciously. Most of

Indian art and enjoyment of art is not aware of itself. Our women dress beautifully, but if one asked most of them why they chose one colour rather than another, they would be unable to answer. The potter makes beautiful vessels of the shapes which please him, but if he began to reflect upon his pleasure his taste would be put out. At present the producer of beautiful things and the buyer of them produce and buy for pleasure, and produce and buy rightly: if they were made conscious that the one was an artist and the other a connoisseur they would be seeking for the grounds of their pleasure and failing to hit upon them, they would deliver themselves up to all sorts of ingenuities and the art which both enjoy would be degraded. The national spirit, therefore, which is visible in Indian arts and handicrafts will be vulgarised instead of being aided if the schools of the future fail to pronounce clearly. This is beautiful: that is not good taste," and quite as much will be lost by the passing away as in a dream of present beautiful phenomena as will be gained by increased book knowledge and commercial instruction. National Education must make the love of the arts and handicrafts of India its peculiar charge.

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The same conclusion is arrived at by setting out from the principle that education, besides
Taste is Education. being much else, is a training and discipline of the admiration and the powers of enjoyment, teaching what things are to be desired and approved of, and what can afford only vulgar pleasure. Good books are to be preferred to inferior forms of literature: this is acknowledged: and it is no less important that in the furniture of our houses (and indeed .

our houses themselves) our clothes, our common utensils and our ornaments we should have something about us that can afford an intellectual and solid satisfaction and not a mere show, or glitter, or tawdriness which is a sign of an undeveloped or misdirected intelligence. How are the worst and most misleading foreign influences to be counteracted except by the implanting of the principles of good taste? What can resist the harmonium, the phonograph and the Kinema if no training in genuine enjoyment has shown our young city-bred men and woman something superior to them? What other influence can heap upon the bonfire the gewgaws which are mistakenly supposed to be fine and "European," with which too many Indian household interiors are desecrated? Good taste is in itself education, and the lack of it is the lack of education—or one of its most essential parts.

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European Influ- ence.

So difficult is it for one kind of culture to understand another that only the least worthy examples of a different national art are likely to be adopted by popular acceptance. Hence an injustice is done to the arts of Europe by most of the forms of them which appear in India, and the European community in India; it must be said with regret, is upon the whole deplorably inartistic. There are, however, European influences which national education in India would do well to commend. Science and business habits and the virtues of good management, and doing what one has to do thoroughly and punctually are still more Western than Eastern, and national schools must adopt some of these things or all in proportion as they need them.

To sum up these remarks. The perception of what is beautiful in national literature, art and handicraft is the surest guide to the knowledge of the national spirit. Educators who are to teach what is to be preserved, what is to be discarded can do what they propose to do only if they are responsive to the beauty which has already been created and exists in the world around them. Any attempt to touch the mind without aiding its perceptions of what is already possesses will put something of much inferior value in the place of what has been. Hence a national school must have for its principal distinction an absence of vulgarity in its buildings, in its furniture, and in any attempt to decorate it, no less than in the intellectual equipment and the moral competence of its staff. "National Education" what a watchword! How much it exacts from every Indian of conscientious preparedness to be an interpreter of the spirit of his own country.

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**The Government
and Press.**

Now that the Government has entered the arena and is going to educate opinion on its our account, the following remarks of the "Times" are not without significance. "But the State controls to an ever-increasing extent that truth which is the spring of conscience and the source of public opinion. We do not believe it of ourselves, but we know that German Government can make synthetic truth and impress its stamp upon the German people. The German Government had to manufacture public opinion before it could make this war, and we are not so sure as we might be that the State manufacture of public opinion is limited to the Central Empires. We know that even our own Government can

suppress the truth and *suppresio veri suggestio falsi*. If the State can manipulate truth it can tune the communal conscience and create the public opinion which are the foundations of its might, and we are merely at one remove from the truth of Treitschke's maxim. Our safeguard is no doubt the character of our public men bred in happier times on a different tradition, but no virtue can permanently withstand the corroding influence of irresponsible power, and Liberty herself is defenceless against a state which makes truth pay tribute to its sovereignty."

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Those who hastened to treat lightly Rowlatt's Committee's Report will have to revise their views. Now that two Judges of such high standing as Sir Narayan Chandravarkar and Mr. Justice Beachcroft have pronounced their opinion on each of the cases of internment examined by them as members of the Bengal Advisory Board, and found only six cases out of 806, in which the evidence was not sufficient to warrant internment. The result of the enquiry redounds greatly to the credit of the much abused C. I. D. Indeed Sir Charles Cleveland may well be proud of the Department which he has directed with such conspicuous success in these trying times. It has now been proved that on evidence as it stands there can be no two opinions and when peace comes this evidence perhaps will be examined in an open court, for legal procedure, however cumbersome is the strongest bulwark of State and popular liberties.

The Report describes a state of affairs, which no sane and loyal citizen can tolerate or allow to continue with.

folded hands. Responsible Government means Responsibility to keep law and order and our first attempt should be to root out these forces of revolution which seem to have ramified in silence. The people will do well to support the Government in the suppression of crime and not to pass over lightly the finding of the Bengal Advisory Board. The Report concludes with these warning words:—"The records before us conclusively prove that the revolutionary organisations are secret conspiracies which have spread into different parts of the province, entered homes, schools and colleges and have reduced the secrecy of operations to almost scientific methods. They have pledged their members to the closest secrecy of their movements on pain of instant death and murder in the event of disclosure that is one of their rules and every attempt has been made to give effect to it. Before the Defence of India Act was brought into force the fair trial of a person accused of revolutionary crime had been rendered practically impossible by the murders of approvers, witnesses, police officers and law-abiding citizens suspected by the revolutionaries of having given information to or otherwise assisted the police in the detection of revolutionary crime. A situation of terrorism was created, the current of truth and justice was disturbed so as to prevent an open and impartial trial in the ordinary criminal courts, with the result that approvers and witnesses would not come forward to give evidence openly lest they should be assassinated."

THE CHELMSFORD-MONTAGU REFORMS SCHEME.

MY old friend Sirdar Jogendra Singh has asked me to say something in *East and West* about the Chelmsford-Montagu Reforms Scheme. With this end in view I have re-read the report, blue pencil in hand, with the intention of picking out passages that might seem to offer excuse for criticism. I shall soon want a new blue pencil, but it is not the marked passages that stand out in my mind, now that I have finished. There is something else and something bigger. It is a feeling of admiration for enterprise, energy, and enthusiasm, with which one of the biggest and most difficult problems in the world has been challenged and attacked; a feeling of respect for courage, resource, and astuteness, with which opposition has been faced and parried; a feeling of appreciation for ability and lucidity with which stupendous masses of complicated information, and bewildering statistics, have been marshalled and arrayed.

Had Mr. Montagu been a few years older he might have abstained, before starting upon his mission to India, from committing both himself and the British Government to so inflexible a programme as that contained in the now famous pronouncement of 20th August 1917. Had his

hair been grey, he might have avoided the difficulties into which a Secretary of State inevitably plunges, when he elects to appear before his own department, in the garb of a Royal Commission on whose recommendations it must be his own unavoidable duty to sit in judgment. In either of these cases, however, India might have been the poorer by what is probably the most eloquent, the best informed, the most original and the liveliest official report that has yet appeared upon an Eastern theme. The peoples of India might further have had to wait, indefinitely, for long needed reforms, which, thanks to Mr. Montagu's courage and enthusiasm, appear to be now almost within sight.

All this, however, is by the way. We have to consider the situation as it now exists, and this leads to two questions. The first is, Do the reforms aim at that which is desirable? The second is, To what extent are they likely to accomplish their purpose?

As regards the first question, there need, in my opinion, be little hesitation about the answer. The reforms aim at changing something which every educated Indian feels to be intolerable. It is something which has grown up slowly, and for which there are many reasons and excuses, historical, racial, and temperamental; something, nevertheless, which no one who has breathed the more spacious political atmosphere of the Dominions, can fail to deplore; something which even the most settled conservative, who knows no country but his own, recognises must come to an end sometime or other. It is a state of things wherein the political leaders of an entire continent are required to submit to seeing their

own political affairs managed for them by persons other than themselves; a state of things which has produced a feeling of humiliation throughout the entire educated community of India, and reacted in forms of bitterness and resentment, which have given such hideous growths as those of sedition, anarchy, and assassination, a foothold whereby to climb from dark, secret lairs, into the fair light of day.

Under these circumstances there can be, in my opinion, but one answer to the first of our two questions. It is that all who love India and the contentment of her sons, desire to see the object of the reforms accomplished—and, that too in the shortest possible period of time that is consistent with what is safe and practicable in the process.

Our second question, namely—to what extent are the reforms likely to accomplish that at which they aim?—is less simple to answer.

Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu have had to steer a course amongst the rocks and shoals of vested interests, established prejudices, doctrinaire propaganda, and by no means always unreasonable fears. The bright beacon light of constitutional freedom, they have set before them as their guide, has not shone always on their prow. It is even to be feared that in endeavouring to meet objection, avoid opposition, and appease apprehension, they may have been driven out of the safe course of tried procedure into unconstitutional channels that may fail to bring them to their port.

A mass of criticism, some of it well founded and some the reverse, has now arisen. For any just appreciation

of the resultant position, it is necessary to discriminate between two main classes of objections with which we are faced.

The statement should here be made definitely that no better-informed, impartial, or well-meaning investigation of the situation, than that conducted by the authors of the report, can be either asked for or expected, also that every complaint against the scheme, which depends upon the demands of competing communities for a larger measure of consideration for their own particular members, must be dismissed summarily at this stage. So far as there may be justice in sectarian complaints, they must be left, for rectification, to the committees, which are to be appointed hereafter to settle, respectively, the franchise and the subjects to be transferred to popular control.

It would similarly be premature, until the work of these committees has been completed, to attempt an appreciation of the extent to which, on the one hand, political aspirations are likely to find themselves fulfilled, or fears of too rapid changes to prove themselves justified. It is sufficient, for the present, to recognise that a real, if cautious, step forward is being attempted, and that—provided only no serious mistake in principle be fallen into—continuous progress, either slow or fast, in the direction of representative institutions, may be expected to result, and to require to be conditioned only by the growth of success in the matter of conducting the administration upon democratic lines.

In this connection it may be useful to add that politics must be practical, and that Mr. Montagu gave a perfectly good answer to the complaint, that the scheme

does not bring responsible Government into effect more quickly, when, as reported by Reuter, he said:—"It was useless to expect Parliament, which was equally proud of India, to give up control of Indian affairs to a non-existent Indian electorate. It was impossible to pretend that obstacles to democratic progress, such as illiteracy, caste-distinction and communal antagonism, did not exist; but true friends of India hoped and believed that they would tend to disappear with the development of free institutions. Reasons for limitation would disappear with them, and India would be entitled to claim from Parliament that limitations should be swept away. But Indian electorates must first be created, trained, and exercised. Nobody had a right to reject the proposals because they did not give him to-day what he could only get to-morrow. Indians were entitled to ask that they should be placed upon the road and have access to Parliament, at stated intervals, for hearing their case. It seemed to him that there was no other course."

There remains another class of criticism which cannot be so easily dismissed. It concerns the structure of the scheme itself, which all well-wishers of India desire to see as free from defects as possible. And here it must frankly be said that there is much still that is imperfect. No scheme, of course, can be flawless, and some defects are almost certain to turn out unavoidable. The fact that the scheme has been upon the whole skilfully designed, with single-hearted intention to remedy a real evil, is no reason, however, for closing one's eyes to features that are unsatisfactory; even though it may be difficult, or in some cases impossible, to set them right. The more the

defects are brought into the light, before it becomes too late to modify them, the more likely they are to be reduced in significance when the scheme is ultimately put into operation. The only possible excuse for belittling them would be the pusillanimous one that to dwell upon them might endanger the acceptance of reform. Such a consideration would in any case be an unworthy one when the welfare of an Empire is at stake, and the recent almost unanimous endorsement of Mr. Montagu's proposals by the House of Commons, seems sufficient guarantee that fears based upon it will prove to be groundless. I propose, therefore, to discuss candidly, such defects as I am able to see, in the hope that means may yet be found of either remedying or mitigating them before they are embodied beyond recall.

There is no secret about the nature of these defects. The more important of them were summed up, not at all unfairly, by Lord Sydenham when, as reported by Reuter, he said:—"The system proposed by Mr. Montagu of transferring subjects to part of the executive responsible to electorates was unsatisfactory and even dangerous * * *. If the Government of India did not support the legislative certificates the position of the local Government would be impossible. The district official would have to serve two masters * * *. The position of the Governor, with three different elements in his executive, would be difficult * * *. Further than that the complicated legislative scheme, in connection with the Government of India, would mean very long delays in business, which might cause urgent and frequent conflicts between the two Houses, besides immense opportunities for political intrigue."

The proposals, in other words, are charged with being both complicated and unconstitutional, defects so fundamental that, if really existent, they require to be looked into further.

That the charge is, at least in some measure, a true one, is candidly admitted in the report itself. On page 109 Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu say:—"It is quite true that our plan involves some weakening of the unity of the executive and some departure from constitutional orthodoxy" * * * .

Now it is a truism to say that these are matters of principle which constitution-makers can no more treat lightly than can a court of justice ignore the law. It may here be observed that a basic requirement of successful organisation, be it for a commercial business or for a Government, is that responsibility should be definitely apportioned in every converging stage, from the periphery to the centre, and that there should be no divided control. In the case of a Government, the district authorities ought certainly to be completely subordinated to the whole of the provincial Government and not to a part of it. The provincial minister, whatever might be his commitments to the party in the provincial legislative council whose votes had secured his selection, should be compelled to carry out, under pain of dismissal, the policy of the local Government as a single whole. The actions of the local Government, again, should be subject to revision, in all things, by the Central Government, which ought to be absolutely responsible to a Secretary of State, himself liable to be dismissed by the British cabinet if his policy were not approved.

The good administrator then would be one, who, while retaining, and, in case of things going wrong, exercising complete control, over all the authorities subordinated to him, left these authorities an entirely free hand themselves, so long as they carried out a policy of which he approved.

Division of responsibility in Government, just as much as in business, means friction, confusion, and inefficiency. The struggles between the House of Commons and the House of Lords, of the past fifty years, are eloquent of this fundamental fact in the British Governmental machine. The difficulties between the States and the Union in the American Republic, where some measure of dual control has been allowed to prevail, is another conspicuous example of the trouble that inevitably follows any infringement of this essential law.

It may be said that the principle, which has here been enunciated, is one of a perfection, unattainable in an imperfect world. As the architect, though never attaining mathematical exactitude in his lines, is the better for constant resort to the square and plummet, however, so is the constitution builder the better for continually comparing his structure with that which is ideal, so that it may fall short as little as may be.

Speaking in the House of Commons on 6th August **Mr. Montagu** said that he and Lord Chelmsford were absolutely sincere when they asked Government to publish the report for criticism. The report was not there as a finished document, which they sought to translate unaltered into Act of Parliament. It must be sifted and tested.

Accepting this statement as it is made, let us consider the two main points where the scheme falls short of the idéal. They are obviously to be found in the proposed division of responsibility in the provincial Governments, and the bicameral arrangement of the Government of India.

Neither defect appears to be incapable of rectification. Regarding the provinces, Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu have themselves discussed an alternative scheme to which it seems desirable to direct further attention. On page 105 they say:—"One plan which we considered was that in all provinces there should be set up councils consisting of four members, of whom two would be qualified, as now, by service under the Crown in India, while for two no such qualification would be required. In practice, the composition of the councils would be two European officials and two Indians. We do not think that such a scheme would have been unfavourably received in India". Under this arrangement the ministers, representative of the legislative council would have been members of the local Government cabinet, and there have been would no dual control. This alternative proposal possesses the great merit of not being unconstitutional. It has been rejected, for the moment, in favour of dual control, apparently on the grounds, in the words of the report, that "so long as the Indian Members of the executive were not appointed from the elected members of the legislative council, they would have had no responsibility to the legislative. But, if this defect were cured, by appointing them from the legislative council, we should have formed a Government, all the members of which

were equally responsible for all subjects, but were, though to a lesser extent than in the Congress League scheme, accountable to different authorities." .

The proposal thus stands in an intermediate position between that of the Congress League and that favoured in the report.

The fundamental objection to it, *viz.*, that it would result in some of the executive members being accountable to electorates and some not, is a real one, even though it would apply only to the period of transition. When treated, however, as the British Government already treats the case of members of the British cabinet responsible to different authorities (*viz.*, to definitely opposed parties in the House of Commons, *e g.*, in the present administration, Mr. Bonar Law, who is responsible to the Liberal Unionists, and Mr. Hodge, who is accountable to the Labour Party) it might be thought that difficulty on this score, in the case of India, might be largely met.

Were this modification introduced, many consequential changes would, no doubt, be required, one of them being to remove restrictions on the Government of India's ultimate control of provincial finance, and to ensure adequate representation for the interests of now voiceless masses. There seems to be a case, however, for investigation, in view of the importance of the principle concerned.

The question of retaining a unicameral arrangement in the Government of India, is one involving less alteration in the structure of the reforms. It resolves itself into a matter of applying to the central administration the sound principle which is already recognised in

the report as applicable to the case of the local administration, *vide* page 124 where Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu say "We think that the delay in passing legislation through two Houses would make the" (bicameral) "system far too cumbrous to contemplate for the business of provincial legislation".

To realise the importance of this point it may be sufficient to quote a remark reported by *The Pioneer* to have been made at Allahabad, so lately as 5th August 1918, by that practical administrator, Sir Harcourt Butler. "An eminent ecclesiastic", said Sir Harcourt, "once told me that Rome had, by centuries of experience, reduced delay to a science; he used to think her mistress of postponement and procrastination. But the Government of India beat Rome every time".

When such a pronouncement as this exists it is not necessary to labour the fact that it would be to the highest degree undesirable to burden an administration, already suffering under such serious inability to get business put through, with a procedure admitted by its own authors to be cumbrous.

The only further important point, that need here be referred to, has reference to the maintenance of separate electorates for minorities and backward classes generally. The principle of these separate electorates is admitted in the report in the cases of Mahomedans and Sikhs. And on page 112, Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu remark "Our decision to maintain separate electorates for Mahomedans makes it difficult for us to resist these other aims", (namely for similar arrangements for other communities). The conceding of this

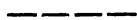
might go far towards reconciling sectarian opposition. It is satisfactory, therefore, to notice that the Home Government have now agreed to allow the question of communal representation to be regarded as an open one.

The above points present themselves as being ones most in need of reconsideration in what is otherwise an admirably worked out scheme. Attention is drawn to them prominently, in the hope that they may be looked into further in the course of the discussions that must take place before the Houses of Parliament are finally asked to sanction the proposals as a whole.

One of the effects of modifying them would be likely to be the affording to the leaders of the principal parties in the legislative councils a very much more important sphere in the Government of the country, than if their activities were to be confined, as proposed in the report, to minor "transferred" subjects only. This would go a long way towards meeting the not unreasonable contention of prominent Indians, to the effect that, if they are to be trusted at all, they should be trusted completely. It need not, on this account, necessarily involve increasing the burden of responsibility placed upon now undeveloped electorates, since this burden must depend, not upon the extent which Indian members of the Government are trusted, but upon the balance maintained between the bureaucratic and other parties in the representative assemblies, a matter again dependent upon the all-important question of the franchise, which has still to be threshed out in committee.

EVERARD COTES.

HOME RULERS AND THE REFORM SCHEME.



The two political parties in India are again in conflict. For the consideration of the Reform Scheme, a special session of the Indian National Congress and the All-India Muslim League has been convened for some time in September, to meet at Bombay. But should this become an accomplished fact, which seems doubtful, it will represent only one wing of the Congress as well as of the League, for both these organisations are now under the control of that section to which for sometime past the term extremists has been applied, to distinguish them from the moderates, among both Hindus and Mahomedans. They are also known as members of the Home Rule League, which was founded in September 1916 by Mrs. Besant to educate the masses in political matters by holding meetings and distributing pamphlets. Both the Congress and Muslim League have had a chequered career. Founded in 1884 the Congress for about 20 years kept on its even course, being composed mostly of Hindus and a sprinkling of Parsees, Christians and Mahomedans. The last named as a body kept themselves severely aloof, owing to a difference of religion and the apprehension natural to minorities that their special interests would be ignored by

the majority. They, therefore, started Educational Conferences for the advancement of their community; and under the belief that more was to be obtained from official patronage and favour they placed political agitation under a ban. But the effect of education and the spirit of progress led them in course of time to form a Muslim League for the discussion of political questions, but quite apart from the National Congress. In the meantime the Congress was passing through a troublous time. An advance party had come into existence, holding views which were unacceptable to the more sober-minded and experienced politicians, and this culminated in 1907 in the disruption of the Congress at the memorable session at Surat. For the succeeding 10 years, extremists were practically excluded from the meetings of this body. A reconciliation was, however, effected in 1915, at the session of the Congress at Lucknow, an event whose significance was accentuated by a still more notable event.

The Muslim League, following the lead of the Congress, had passed in 1913 a resolution advocating colonial self-government of a kind suited to India. But forces were at work amongst the advanced parties of both the Hindus and Mahomedans, which were drawing them towards each other; and this led to the formation of a Nationalist Party, the immediate effect of which was that the Congress and the All-India Muslim League (or what was left of it after the secession of some old and sober-minded men) resolved in December 1914 to appoint a committee of prominent representatives of each community to frame, in consultation, a scheme of political reform. This culminated in December 1916 in the joint

adoption of a post-war scheme on the subject of Self-Government, which for the first time brought the Hindus and Mahomedans into close political association. And here is the first point I wish to emphasize, and it is that the Viceroy and the Secretary of State far from being alarmed at this union are sympathetic towards it, and have put it on record in their report that "*every well wisher of India hopes it will grow*". This joint scheme was really an elaboration of certain proposed reforms in respect to which a memorandum had been submitted to the Viceroy in October 1913 by nineteen elected members of the Legislative Council.

It is the fashion in some quarters to denounce, impliedly if not expressly, the Extremists or Home Rulers as revolutionaries under the influence of Mr. Tilak and Mr. B. C. Pal. But it is a significant fact that at a time when a lot of hysterical talk is being indulged in about the Reform Report Mr. Tilak has permitted the "Mahritta," which is his organ, to write "that it is a timely publication" and to thank the Viceroy and the Secretary of State for it and for "having designed a system of immediate administration and progressive reform, which, must sooner or later enable India to reach the ideal on which India has set its heart." And no less significant is the fact that Mr. B. C. Pal, in response to the recent appeal of the King Emperor, is found urging on the people not to shirk their responsibility, even at the risk of personal sacrifice, and painting in the most vivid colours the calamity that would befall this country if it fell into the clutches of Germany. The Home Rule party has in its ranks men distinguished for their education, influence, force of character and sturdy independence. Can

it be said that men like C.R.Das and B. Chuckerbatty, who are the leaders of Young Bengal, are likely to be the tools of B. C. Pal or Moti Lal Ghose? Or who can dominate stalwarts like Jinnah of Bombay or Mazarul Haq of Behar? Mr. P. R. Bamanji has subscribed 5 lacs towards the War Loan to meet the German menace in India. And have not the Raja of Mahmudabad and Mr. Gandhi rendered Government every help in its efforts to raise men and money for the necessities of the Empire, and both of them support the Reform Scheme as a whole. Now all these are staunch Home Rulers and no suspicion has attached to their name. As a matter of fact we are all Home Rulers, with the difference that the moderates want to go at a slower pace and do not approve of the tactics of the extreme section, which are sometimes anything but scrupulous. Anyhow it will not do for any particular section to claim a monopoly of loyalty and nothing is gained by indulging in innuendoes, which produce needless irritation. The Home Rulers are not likely to be disposed of in this fashion. They are factors to be reckoned with, and their strength and earnestness of purpose are disclosed by the fact that they are at present controlling both the Congress and the Muslim League. They also form an important section of the educated classes. It is a significant fact, and this is the second point I wish to emphasize, that the authors of the Reform Scheme have recorded their deliberate opinion that "the educated classes have never faltered in their allegiance, and however much they might find fault with the Government they are true in their loyalty to the British Crown".

As the Congress-League Scheme was intended to be post-war the Government might have postponed any action

in respect to the demand for self-government till after that period. But we find not only is this question seriously taken up while the war is in progress, but, and this is the third point I wish to emphasize, the Viceroy and the Secretary of State generously state that the conditions have changed since 1916 to justify the demand now being made for immediate action as regards political reform. It is admitted that "war has made political reforms loom larger in India ; and the fact that among all the preoccupations of the war, time was found for an attempt to solve the Irish problem and to consider the questions of reconstruction, encouraged Indian politicians to press their demand also. The speeches of English and American statesmen for conceding the right of self-determination to the nations, have had much effect upon political opinion in India and have given more force and vitality to the demand for self-government". And, therefore, the authors of the Reform Report state, that "the situation thus created demanded new handling" and justify both the people who asked for this new handling and themselves who have so strenuously engaged in this task.

Now what is it we have been so persistently demanding ? It is self-government on colonial lines, the larger employment of Indians and the removal of certain disabilities. And what is it the Government is professing to do and to give ? On the 20th August the announcement was made that "substantial steps were to be taken, as soon as possible, towards increasing the association of Indians in every branch of the administration and gradually developing self-governing institutions with a view to

the progress of real responsible government in India." And now that the Scheme is out it states: "our proposals will show how we hope to start India on the road leading to responsible government, with the prospect of winning her way to the ultimate goal. We would make appointments to all branches of the public service without racial discrimination, and we regard it as necessary that the recruitment of a largely increased proportion of Indians should be begun at once". And here is the fourth point I would like to emphasize, and it is that Government has accepted in principle the demands of the people of India. Whether effect is given to it in the Scheme both in spirit and in letter we shall presently see.

From some of the strictures that have been passed on the Reform Scheme it seems that in some quarters the impression prevails that the Viceroy has presented it to the public with some such remark, "here you are and be to you," and that it represents the final word of its authors, so that we have either to accept it or reject it as a whole. And here I come to the fifth point I would like to emphasize, and it is that from the invitation contained in it for free criticism the conclusion is irresistible that it is subject to modification and amendments. It is stated: "our proposals can only benefit by reasoned criticism both in England and India, official and non-official alike." It is to be hoped we will thoroughly avail ourselves of this invitation to make any suggestions we think are called for to bring the scheme in a line with our legitimate hopes and aspirations.

But at the same time I would enter a strong protest against the principle, which finds favour with some

persons, that the test of patriotism is a general opposition to official proposals and measures. This perhaps accounts for the extraordinary attitude and behaviour of some of the Home Rulers. On the 7th June, before it was known when the Reform Scheme would be made public, a manifesto was issued in the name of this party in Bengal, urging on the people "to make it absolutely clear to the authorities that any attempt at half measures will not help but seriously hurt both the people and the Government. It will add to the present discontent and retard the prosecution of those measures for winning the war which we are so anxious to promote." Even a friendly critic might construe this as a threat to Government to make concessions under certain pains and penalties. A few days after the Scheme was published the Bengal Provincial Conference met in Calcutta. Of the 250 delegates present, possibly some had never read a line of the Report, others may have had a cursory glance at it, and perhaps a few had mastered its contents. And yet 240 of these passed a resolution that the Scheme is "disappointing, unsatisfactory and does not present any real steps towards self-government." The remaining 10 were hissed, and very nearly had their heads broken, for venturing to express their dissent from this view. Of course the leaders of the moderate party, profiting by the Surat experience, thought discretion was the best part of valour and had stayed at home. On the whole the proceedings were tame, and there was an absence of vituperation. I can sympathise with the feelings of disgust of the founder of the Home Rule League, and can hear her exclaim; "You bad boys, is this the way you profit by my precept and example, and were there no stronger adjectives in the English

language, but "disappointing" and "unsatisfactory?" And I can hear C. R. Das and B. Chuckerbatty shamefacedly reply; "we have carried out your behests to decry the Scheme, but Ma'am how could we, having regard to our reputation as eminent and rising lawyers, use bad language?"

What Mrs. Besant had done in Madras has been well advertised. On the 8th July, the day the report was published, New India came out with an article, to which her signature was affixed, and which characterized the Scheme as "unworthy to be offered by England or to be accepted by India. It is petty where it should have been large, banal where it should have been striking. There is about it no spacious and far-seeing statemanship, no constructive genius, no vision for India of even future evolution into freedom." It is reactionary, it has increased the powers of the bureaucracy and contains not even a suggestion of responsible Government; and in anticipation threats are used against those who would dissent from these views. The banner of liberty was unfurled and a challenge was thrown to those who doubted her courage, and all and sundry were exhorted to follow her lead. Five days later this telegram was sent to the British Committee of the Congress; "Congress Committees meeting and declining to accept reforms. Popular disappointment vociferous. Indian papers almost unanimous disapproval." It is not a fact that Congress Committees had met and declined to accept reforms. The time was too short for them to meet. It is not a fact that popular disappointment was vociferous, except it may be within the inner circle of Mrs. Besant. It is not a fact that Indian papers expressed unanimous disapproval, for we know that within these five days

both the leaders of public opinion and the journals (except the *Hindu* and *New India*) used the most guarded language about the details, while admitting a genuine attempt had been made to solve a difficult problem. As a matter of course Mrs. Besant's entourage followed her lead. A venerable gentleman denounces the Scheme as "the progeny of a terrible mesalliance—an alliance between the spirit of the unmitigated autocrat on the one hand and that of the unblushing exploiter on the other," and while instituting a comparison with the camel holds that "the comparison between that animal and the present Scheme was unfair to the former, for while the deformities of the one are merely external, the other is full of intrinsic vice under the cover of a pretended attractive garb." The Viceroy and the Secretary of State are accused of "political juggling," which is echoed by a younger man, unwilling to be outdone by the old. He maintains that "to get at the real and true basis of the document its readers will have to employ the art of reading between the lines and even between the words. If the situation is viewed from a particular angle of vision then it would appear that Indians will be worse off under the new arrangement than they are at present. Every page of this volume breathes autocracy and despotism." And both young and old unite in the cry "let us reject the Scheme and continue the fight," if necessary in England. Then come 17 signatories of a Manifesto, who also urge the rejection of the Scheme, failing which they hold out the pleasant prospect of a "widespread and enduring national discontent." Mrs Besant might with good reason exclaim "Well done Madras!"

Now has it struck the vituperating company at Madras that the scheme they condemn may possibly be considered

to be much in advance of what we are held to be fitted for? There is the Sydenham School in England to be reckoned with, which has its own opinion as to our governing capacity. Anyhow there is the English Cabinet which has to pass judgment on the Scheme, as also the British Parliament, and behind these two are the people of Great Britain. What, if these, or some one of them, turn round on those who take a pride in vociferating, with the remark: "if you are a true sample of what Indian educated men are like, then we do not consider responsible government should be given to men who have no regard for truth, who seem to be experts in the art of denunciation, who act more like jugglers and mountebanks than as sober politicians, and who behind the skirts of a hysterical woman are ready to promote a propaganda which it is admitted is calculated to produce general discontent". But the frenzied group in Madras would perhaps be glad if the Scheme were abandoned, for then there is the final resort to President Wilson; for this is a contingency that has been discussed. It might be pertinent to enquire what America with its 11 millions of Irishmen has been able to achieve for Ireland? Apart from the utter improbability of a foreign power interfering in the internal affairs of a friendly nation, a man of the high character of President Wilson, if he has even a glimmering of the tactics of this group, will most assuredly throw aside contemptuously an appeal addressed to him by them.

But fortunately for India, the good sense of its people and a true spirit of patriotism have prevailed so as to defeat the indiscretions of a few misguided men. At the outset the leaders of public opinion, and amongst these were

some prominent Home Rulers, and the Indian Press (with some significant exceptions) expressed a favourable opinion of the Scheme as a basis for discussion; but now after a careful study of its details various public bodies and groups of leaders (amongst whom are included almost every member of the Imperial and Provincial Legislative Councils) have accepted the Scheme as a substantial advance in the path of self-government and have proposed certain amendments and modifications for its improvement. I need only refer to the Provincial Muslim League, Madras; the Mahajan Sabha, Madras; the National Liberal League Bengal; Conference of Moderates in Bengal, the British India Association, the Behar Land-Holders Association, Bengal Mahajan Sabha, the Bombay Leaders, the Nagpur Leaders, the Berar Leaders, the United Provinces Leaders, the Ex-Presidents of the Congress (except Mrs. Besant) and the All-India Hindu Sabha and the Punjab Provincial Muslim League in a modified form. And here is the 6th point I would like to emphasize, and that is that no unprejudiced man can fail to come to the conclusion that there is an absolute preponderance of opinion in favour of the Scheme being a progressive measure of reform and to its containing germs which promise further development in this direction.

The details of the Scheme cannot be discussed here, but it is pertinent to enquire if the claim put forward by its authors in respect to the grant of certain concessions is justified. Some of the demands made by the people have been conceded, and it will be convenient to enumerate them here before proceeding further.

1. Salary of the Secretary of State to be placed on the Home Estimates,

2. A periodical enquiry to be held in England.
3. A Standing General Committee on Indian affairs to be constituted in the House of Commons.
4. Racial bar in all the Services to be removed.
5. The Indian element in the Civil Services to be increased. It is proposed to allot 33 %, of appointments with annual increase of $1\frac{1}{2}$ % so that in 10 years there will be 48 % appointments held by Indians.
6. Simultaneous recruitment in India.
7. The appointment of Governors in place of Lieutenant Governors.
8. The elected members in the Imperial and Provincial Councils to be in the majority.
9. Power to ask supplementary questions.
10. Wider and more direct franchise.
11. Provincial autonomy and considerable fiscal independence.
12. Complete separation between Indian and Provincial Heads of Revenue,
13. Increase of the Indian element in the Governor-General's Executive Council.
14. Indian view as regards tariffs and industrial progress sympathetically viewed, and as far as possible to be acted upon.
15. Local Self-Government to be under popular control.

Considerable pressure was brought to bear on the Viceroy and the Secretary of State to base their reforms on the lines laid down in the Congress-League Scheme. This has not been done, but it now turns out that men like Sir D. E. Wacha, Sir N. G. Chandavakar and others give the preference to the official scheme in

its conception and design, as it introduces at the very start the idea and the beginning of responsible Government, which the other did not. This latter fact is admitted even by Mr. Tilak. Anyhow the Scheme propounded in respect to self-government is as follows. The Government of India is touched only so far that an Indian is to be added to the Executive Council, the present Legislative Council has to be replaced by a Council of State and a Legislative Assembly, of which two-thirds of the members will be elected, and even of the nominated members not less than one-third will be non-officials. But the Province is taken as the real unit of reform, and the most drastic changes have been introduced in respect to it. The Governor is to have an Executive Council of two members, of which one must be an Indian. One or more Ministers will be appointed from amongst the elected members of the Council, in which again there will be a great preponderance of those who are elected. The Minister or Ministers will have charge of certain transferred departments, so that the Executive Government will be in the hands of 3 or 4 members (besides the Governor), out of which two or three, as the case may be, will be Indians, as the additional member or members appointed by the Governor will be only for purpose of consultation and advice. The Governor may also appoint, from amongst the elected members, one or more persons to hold positions analogous to Parliamentary Under-Secretaries. The Budget is to be framed by the Executive Government, and to be passed by the Legislative Council, whose resolutions will be binding, except that they may be altered by the Government where they relate to an

allotment on a reserved department. Provincial Governments will have a free hand as regards expenditure, making to the Government of India a fixed contribution. Provision is made for interim improvements after the fifth year on the initiation of Provincial Councils.

Such is the Scheme roughly stated. That it is perfect is alleged by no one, that it needs modification is asserted by every one, and points of improvement have been proposed *ad nauseam*, which releases me from the task of undertaking the superfluous. But as to whether it should be rejected or accepted as the basis for future discussion, leads me to the seventh point I would like to emphasize, and it is that in my opinion, (for what it may be worth,) the Scheme furnishes a substantial measure of reform and contains materials for future development, and as such it redeems the promise made by the Viceroy in his announcement of 20th August 1917.

We are at present at a critical period in the history of India, and on us devolves a serious and solemn duty, demanding the exercise of the highest gifts of foresight and statesmanship, patience and restraint. An opportunity is furnished to us to take a rank among the self-governing nations of the world to start with no doubt, in a humble way, but nevertheless different to our present position of political subjection. The eyes of England are turned on us, on the whole with sympathy, but for all that with serious misgivings as to whether we are fitted for the responsibilities with which it is proposed to charge us. We have been told by a friendly critic that "unless Indian opinion rallies to the support of the Scheme promptly, solidly and soberly,

the British people will be driven to entertain grave doubts of the political sagacity of Indian 'Leaders and as a consequence of the readiness of India for a real advance'. It is gratifying to find Indian leaders are realising their responsibility and bringing a calm and dispassionate mind to bear on the discussion of this subject, much to the disappointment and chagrin of the group which receives its inspiration from Madras. Strenuous efforts are being made to entice the Moderates to attend the Special Congress proposed to be held in Bombay, but the Raja of Mahmudabad has declined the honour of presiding over it and men with any ideas of self-respect are keeping themselves severely aloof from it, as the Madras clique of irreconcilables has in advance furnished a fair sample of their temper and tactics. From the point of view of practical politics the indulgence in wilful antagonism, to which expression is given in language that is accentuated by its violence, is not likely to achieve the end in view. And can any one entertain any doubt that the proceedings of the Special Congress will be conducted on these lines ? The last point that I would therefore emphasize is that at this critical moment we should regulate our speech and conduct that it may not be said of us that we were weighed in the balance, and were found wanting.

AN OLD CONGRESSMAN.

SIDELIGHTS ON REFORM.

• On Saturday last I heard a beggar woman say that in the sight of God all are equal. The report of the Viceroy and the Secretary of State for India on the new reforms is out this morning. Are these high dignitaries equal in the sight of God with the beggar woman who praises Him. She might have added that in the sight of the Sun all are equal.

* * * * *

God's Vibhutees should be contemplated even in the statesmen and so I read the Montagu-Chelmsford Report through yesterday or the day before. The paragraph which riveted my attention was No. 133 and I should like you once more to read it. You are in touch with the higher official hierarchy and I should like you to meditate on that paragraph. There is not the least doubt that both Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford have made an honest and earnest effort to solve a difficult and complicated question. So long as England does not learn the lesson of doing its duty without an eye to remuneration—so long as its sons want to exploit other lands for their own gains—the blessing of God will not descend upon them or their country. If the new ministers administering transferred heads can only show good work by imposing extra taxes if the bureaucracy is to continue to be all powerful in the Government of India God help

England. I like Gandhi's recruiting speeches. He is for doing good without an eye for fruit and his position is unassailable. Make yourselves, says, he in effect "strong spiritually by means of self-sacrifice and union, and *titiksha* and you can secure all the Reforms you want.

* * * * *

Personally I care more for the down trodden millions than for the articulate classes claiming for an increasing share of power and emoluments. I cannot say whether there are any Gokhales or Ranades now among them. Had Government utilised Gokhale or Ranade aright they would have done a great deal for the masses. But the usual reply to Gokhale was "No money."

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"Agriculture is the one great occupation of the people" says para. 138, and one would like to know what has been done to improve it. How long ago was it that agriculture was even taught? Is it even now taught in a practical form? India gives out of every hundred seventy-one to agriculture or pasture. What is the lot of these men? Why their average income is not even Rs. 30 a year. The expenditure was increased which the ryots had to make good in the form of increased assessments. The less said about Revenue Settlements the better. The net result of them all is that 71 out of every hundred Indians or even 50 out of every hundred Indians are on the border land between poverty or pauperism with some exceptions, of course. The Report admits that India has not been helped as it should have been in this matter. The Empire suffers on that account. Let us hope the Report of the Industrial Commission will bear fruit. The world will have mainly to thank the war if it does.

The Report (para. 138) says:—

“A simple, cheap and certain system of law is one of his (the Ryots) greatest needs. He greatly requires to be protected against the intricacies of Courts or the subtleties of law and enabled to defeat the advantage enjoyed by long pursed opponents. What has prevented the Civil Service from taking up the subject?

“The intricacies of Courts and the subtilities of law” have deprived the ryot of his moral wealth. He would have had some compensation at least if he improved his material wealth. He has been a double loser. No I am wrong in saying this—for though the Civil Service which poses as his defender and has done little for him God’s compensations have not been denied to those who have borne the brunt of poverty with patience.

The Report fairly admits the needs of the ryot. If the Civil Service is fair and God-fearing let it appoint an impartial Commission to inquire why the Ryot has been so little helped in all these matters (mentioned in para 138) and let all the money which should have been spent for his well-being be a first charge on the finances as a debt of honour due to him.

* * * * *

When in Clive’s time the Company’s servants drew very small salaries and lived like Nabobs it was at once perceived that the higher service would be wholly demoralized if their emoluments were insufficient and that consideration has from time to time led (along with other facts) to substantial increase of pay and pension of the Indian Civil Services and other European services. But just contrast with this the way the Indian subordinate services, Revenue, Judicial, Police, etc, have been dealt with.

Even when it is well known, they exact all sorts of illegal gratifications from the peasantry—does any one think of raising their emoluments sufficiently high to keep them above temptation. The clerks, factors and other underlings in Clive's days succumbed to temptations, and all sorts of plausible excuses are found for them but the Indian, judged merely by the character of his work in the lower ill-paid services is assumed to be lacking in moral stamina or to lack of other qualities of the European because (being ill-paid and overworked) he succumbs to temptations. Our rulers have many fine qualities and I want them above all to be fair and God-fearing and to do to others as they would be done unto. An account has to be rendered at the final Audit and they will be asked why they did not stop continuous and intense demoralization of the Indian subordinate services, demoralization one of the results of which is admitted in the said Report. The words in para. 138 are : "One of his (*i.e.*, ryots) constant needs is protection against the exactions of petty official oppressors." The question at the final Audit will be "You knew that you were entrusted with the destinies of a people numbering two and a half times the population of the United States of America. You knew that 226 out of 244 millions of these people lead a humble rural life—you knew they were oppressed by your petty officials. Why did not you stop the demoralization of these latter which led to such oppression ? Why did you pay more attention to the pay and pensions of your own people and go on for all sorts of differentiations and all sorts of allowances to them than to the services affecting 226 millions of God's people.

Years have elapsed after the Decentralization Commission made their recommendations on the subject

of reviving village Panchayats. Why even the Irrigation Commission had made some recommendations on the subject in connection with their special subject. But what has the Civil Service been able to do in this important matter? The early British administration practically against the wishes of Elphinstone killed the Panchayats. Why have they not been revived. The fact that the 225 millions "who ever give a thought to matters beyond the horizon of the villages" have not decreased in number shows that these interests have not received the attention they ought to have received. The local Cess was in a large measure diverted from local to provincial purposes and has not been always utilised for the benefit of the rural population. I have not the official blue books before me. But I remember having employed a special clerk at my own expense to collect statistics on this or other points from several bulky volumes of Administration Reports and I also read most of the Legislature proceedings of the Bombay Government and of the Government of India. The statistics were not in proper forms at all or the forms had been changed again and again. I have a faint recollection of the Government of Bombay having once admitted that the Cess had in some cases been diverted to a certain extent and Compensation would be made.

The Report admits that a great deal has to be done to promote education, sanitation and local self-government. Would a fair God-fearing administration have left the rural population so long in the lurch?

ZERO.

FROM GURU NANAK.

The *chatric* crieth for its *prio*
 The *kokil* pours its lays.
 The heart of woman for love pines
 Love union pang allays.
 The maid whom Lord is pleased to brace
 Has found true need of heart.
 God built for us nine mansioned place;
 But lone He lives apart.
 Beloved mine! aye, all is thine;
 I love Thee night and day.
 O Nanak: sweet is *chatric's* pine;
 And sweet is *kokil's* lay.

AMY MORGAN.

THE MYSTICISM OF WOMANLINESS

EVERY thinker who ponders over the experiences and phenomena of life will admit that woman's function in the world of thought, of philosophy, and of spiritual activity, is to give birth to Ideals, to foster and cherish Idealism, to stimulate aspiration and to keep it alive, to diffuse influence, inducing others to be influential in their several capacities.

Honest, impartial thinkers, however critical they may be of woman and her work, will not deny that a typical woman's power of influence is so subtle, hidden, far-reaching and effectual, that it may be called without exaggeration mysterious. We repeat the word *typical* because we are treating womanhood undeformed by deflection from the high standard of the type, unblemished by any serious lapse in physical, moral or mental life. It is this idealistic motherhood of women and this influential force which constitute true womanliness ; and the nature of source of both function and influence give womanliness its mystical character. For the source of idealism is the source of all life by whatever name we call it—whether Light, Love, or God. And mysticism is the meeting and mingling of the current with the Source, the finding of the Sought by the seeker ; the commune of the creature with the Creator.

We are aware that superficial observers of life, who grow no cornfields of thought for themselves but are content to glean in others' furrows, appropriating opinions that please their fancy, regard womanliness as a peaceful weakness that provides a foil for man's strength and accentuates the force of virility in the man by the yielding, clinging helplessness of the woman.

It is the womanliness of a woman, say these opinion-holders, that makes her shrink from painful sights and harsh noises ; from contact with any kind of roughness, that makes her cower under the shelter of manly protection in emergencies, perils and difficulties. Does the experience of any one who has taken part in the life of the world of men and affairs corroborate this definition ? Does the study of history confirm this view ? Does the development of civilisation prove it ? Does the literature of the classics, the poetry of chivalry, the long honour-roll of golden deeds of mercy and heroism and endurance attest the tender feebleness of womanliness or its "delicate strength" ?

It is a woman's sympathy that a man seeks in trouble and in joy, in emergency of any kind, in crises which call for instant decision or action. Consciously or unconsciously he is aware that her quickness of feeling, her intuitive knowledge of his character, her instinctive choice of means to help him in his need will inspire him with knowledge of what to do, and support him in the doing it. We do not fly to weakness for inspiration and support.

That the grace of womanliness comes conspicuously from pliability and flexibility we admit readily. What is more flexible than finely tried steel ? What is more resistive of attack than steel ? What is more pliant than

stout elastic ? And what gives a greater support than elastic ?

It is a typical woman's power of adapting her resources to the individual needs of applicants for them that constitutes an essential part of womanliness.

It is the possession of gifts by woman contributing to the perfecting of man's character that calls forth man's protective care of her. It is the strength of womanliness, not its weakness, that has evoked Chivalry.

That strength comes from union with Divine power. The more direct, swift and unimpaired is a woman's consciousness of correspondence with the Will of Divine Love, so much the stronger is her influence, and so much the more widely-spread.

This is not a theological essay, nor do we presume to make dogmatic statements, but in dealing with the subject of womanliness we are bound to touch upon the coronation of it in Christianity, because it is that coronation which has once for all fixed woman's position in the annals of the world and directed the course of Civilisation. A lowliness of spirit and a purity of heart that could make possible a revelation of the Divine Will to woman; an instant acceptance of the requirements of that Will formed the channel for such operation of the Spirit of God that union between Divinity and humanity became possible.

In writing of this crowned Lowliness Aubrey de Vere thus described it—"There moved over the earth a conception of human character such as the Greeks had never dreamed of. It was that of Womanhood. It had not the strut of the Pagan hero or demi-god ; but it was greater

than all the gods. And yet how few elements made up that greatness ! only Humility, Purity and Love. ”

Having said that womanhood was crowned, we must touch upon woman's kingdom. Where and what is her realm? At once we enter upon the mysticism of womanliness.

For that realm has no boundaries, no limits, save the varying capacity of human spirits to receive the influence of spiritual intelligence, humanly transmitted under Divine commission. No true woman can shirk the responsibility of her gift of swaying hearts and minds and wills. It is her commission in the great combat of Right against Wrong ceaselessly carried on in the world.

Every woman is, or ought to be, a queen regnant. If she should plead that she is so isolated that she has no kingdom to govern, she must be reminded that she has her own spirit to rule ; and that most intimate bit of home-rule often gives a good bit of trouble and, if it is not well managed, she will never exercise satisfactory sway over the minds of others.

A woman reigns, as every great ruler does, by serving. All true government is service. The highest rule teaches men to govern themselves so that each may use his capabilities, individually and communally, for the good of his fellows, his country, his nation, the human race, the good of the world.

This education is the most beneficent service that can be rendered. There must, of course, be outward and visible forms of government, laws, organisations, administration, but all outward and visible means fail, sooner or later, if the heart of a people be untouched, the will uncontrolled. Compulsory legislation may regulate action but it leaves character undeveloped, or hardens it into

wooden conformity. There is no power more penetrating and complete than that of a Queen of hearts. It is a power that can be exercised without external pomp and circumstance, it does not need the elevation of a platform or the arena of publicity, though it can appear in public and dignify its appearance. There is a time, of course, for the jewels of the crown to be seen, but womanliness does not go about its work wearing a coronet in broad daylight, any more than a royal lady wears her crown. Womanliness has obvious tasks to do, and neither wishes to attract notice nor needs to shun publicity, but the real force of it transcends obvious and concrete forms.

It has been said that woman's inferiority to man is proved by the fact that no great master-piece in painting, sculpture, architecture, or literature has been wrought by a woman. The creative power that can express itself in Art of any kind is great and noble, but perhaps the power that can inspire, stimulate and control genius is equal, if not greater, and nobler, by reason of its mystical spiritual character.

We have quoted Aubrey de Vere already. We will close this little paper by giving his tribute to the effect of the Christian Ideal of Womanhood on Art. "That fair and fruitful idea which set free the intelligence and the heart of man, raised his imagination proportionately and created the art of the Ages of Faith. It revealed beauty—no longer the Siren's smile, but the radiance on the face of truth—the sweetness and graciousness of virtue itself. It was a spirit, but a spirit ever embodying itself in sensible form for the redemption of sense."

JEAN ROBERTS.

Oxford.

SECONDARY EDUCATION OF GIRLS IN BOMBAY PRESIDENCY

THE admirable Institutions built up for the education and uplift of Indian Women by Prof. Karve at Poona have now indisputably demonstrated that a demand for the higher education of women is felt keenly in all parts of the Presidency, that the hostels for girls and young widows, if in proper hands, command the unstinted confidence of the parents, and that the curriculum of studies and the Indian atmosphere of life pervading the Widows' Home satisfies and harmonises with the ideals of Indian Womanhood.

Similar institutions, like the Seva Sadan classes of Bombay and Poona, the Vanita Vishram of Ahmedabad and Surat and the Jain Shrivakashram prove the ever-increasing need for the educational advancement of the female rising generation, belonging specially to the middle classes. These useful institutions are, however, at present confined to Cities like Bombay, Ahmedabad, and Poona; they do not touch the very fringe of the problem. Prof. Karve's models having proved such eminent successes, the question now is how best to carry forward and diffuse such facilities for social advancement and female

education particularly Secondary and Higher Education, throughout the country.

It would be interesting, I presume, in the light of what private agency has achieved during the last few years, to examine what is the present position of Government Schools for Girls in the Presidency (particularly for post-primary education) the attitude of Government in the matter, and to see how far the duty lies on the State to initiate and on the public to co-operate in adopting measures to tackle the thorny question of devising a suitable system for the education of young women. I shall chiefly rely on the recent Quinquennium Report on the education ending 1916-17 and the review thereon, published by Government.

Of Arts Colleges for women, there are none in this Presidency. Proposals have been framed for the establishment of a Government College for women, but they have been held at present in abeyance, and probably rightly. To start with an Arts College at the top, without the foundation of an adequate number of Middle and High Schools for Girls all over the Presidency would be to commence a building at the apex. The number of lady matriculates who passed the Matric: examination last year was only 70 from all Centres; the conclusion arrived at by Government on this subject is that "the Governor-in-Council considers that there is no need at present to do more than provide increasing facilities for the admission of girls into existing Colleges". This seems to be appropriate under the present circumstances.

We shall now see the position of Middle and High Schools. Of Government High Schools for girls, we have

only two in the Presidency—one at Poona and the other at Ahmedabad, the former had on its rolls in March 1917 325 girls and the latter 233. The rest of the District towns have neither Middle Schools nor High Schools for girls, maintained by Government! True, there are 67 aided and 6 unaided institutions, chiefly confined to Bombay and Poona, but they are principally either under Christian or Parsi management. Of the total number of girls studying in secondary schools in the presidency in 1916-17, 2,359 were Europeans, 2,356 Indian Christians, 1,974 Parsees and only 1,849 were Hindu girls. Of these the principal schools in Bombay catering for the Hindu *viz.*, the Chanda Rainji, the Alexandra and the Student's Literary and Scientific Society's Schools claimed between them 592 girl pupils. This clearly reveals the position of facilities for Secondary education in the mofussil relatively to Bombay, and in relation to other enlightened communities. Indeed, the classification by race and creed shows that the percentage of all girls at school to the total female population in each community stands at 18·5 for the Europeans, 14·6 for the Parsee females, 8·8 for the Indian Christians and only 1·3 for the Hindus.

By way of contrast let us now see the provision for the education of European girls. The population of Europeans, including the so-called Anglo-Indians is roughly 42,000 in Bombay Presidency. They have 19 Girl Schools, teaching up to the High School Standards,—all having hostels or Boarding Houses attached to them. These are all aided Institutions, nearly 35 per cent of the Expenditure being met from Government grants. In fact, some are in receipt of Orphanage grants, each orphan

getting about Rs. 8 per mensem, the total orphan-grants in 1916-17 being about Rs. 58,000).

Making every allowance for the apathy of Hindu parents to continue the girl's education beyond the marriageable age, the conclusion is irresistible that the melancholy state amongst the Hindus is in a large measure due to lack of adequate facilities for suitable schools for the post-primary course of girls in the mofussil.

The whole of our domestic future depends on at least a working knowledge of English being possessed by our wives, daughters, and sisters. If the women of a nation practically stop short at the three R's the educational system of the people is insecure. If man vetoes the higher education of the woman, the woman discountenances the judicious education of the child and a vicious circle of ignorance or semi-ignorance ensues. The recent legislation for compulsory primary education leaves the Municipalities a freehand to leave out the girls from compulsion in the first instance; it seems, therefore, as if we are beginning to concentrate only on the boys. What shall be the result? Already the boys and girls are not keeping pace, the percentage of boys at school to male population being 6·2 that of Hindu girls at school being 1·3. The boy has already out-distanced the girl; with the recent Compulsory Education Act, he has a prospect of still further doing so. But this is not all. If the facilities for the post-primary education of girls are not multiplied, the discrepancy between the relative educational equipment of man and wife would be ludicrous—something like the mating of an Oxford graduate with a Zulu woman. Already, the evil is there. Thus, at the end of 1916-17, the

total number of girls in Primary schools was 82,264; those who reached the Middle School stage were only 3,783, and those who reached the High School stage were only 2,580.

It is said that the early marriage system of the Hindus accounts for the interruption in the girls educational course. Partly, this may be so; but this is not the sole difficulty. The practice of early marriage is fast crumbling away. What is needed perhaps is the type of a school and environment which will suit the notions of Hindu Society for their grown up or married daughters.

We have now to examine what views Government holds on this important problem. In his latest Report, the Hon'ble Mr. Covernton, M. A., Director of Public Instruction, writing about the girls' education frankly observes:—"The education of girls has not aroused among the masses of the people the full measure of interest its importance demands * * *. The system framed has been at work for about half a century. Girls' Schools have been planned on the model of Boys' Schools; a large proportion of their staff has been composed of male teachers; girls study the boys' curriculum though somewhat diluted and attenuated; the majority of them read boys' books and they are still largely inspected and controlled by men." The D. P. I. could not have summed up the case better, and the Bombay Government in their review thus endorse his opinion:—"The Governor-in-Council is compelled to accept the opinion of the Director that the fault largely lies in the fact that the policy in the past has been to apply to the education of girls a

system of instruction designed for boys, and controlled by men. It is impossible to assert that female education has been yet placed on a perfectly satisfactory basis, partly on account of the apathy with which this feature of educational advancement is regarded in too many quarters, and *partly owing to the defects in the existing system of instruction.*"

It is no small satisfaction to note that Government are themselves alive to the defects of the present system. The question of evolving a suitable system of education to suit the needs of Indian women is by no means a simple one. Government approached the question of revising the syllabus for girls, but have at present shelved it. The list of necessary and optional subjects, the minimum status and training of Mistresses, the dovetailing of vocational training for girls in High Schools, the ideals of manners and discipline to be enforced in Hostels, the control by and association of Indian ladies of position in the management of Schools—these are all vexed questions. It is not possible to discuss such details here briefly, but it is high time Government either adopted the model of Prof. Karve's institutions, or resolutely set their mind, with the help of Indian experts like Prof. Karve, to place the problem of young ladies' education on the most satisfactory basis.

Meantime, the foregoing facts and figures will, I trust, tend to attract the attention of the people in the Deccan to the most crying need of more Female High Schools in the mofussil in suitable centres, with Hostels attached, staffed as much as possible by female teachers and controlled or guided by committees of Indian ladies.

Government in their review quoted above, hold out a hope in this connection of being prepared to open more High Schools, "when the demand justifies such a step". Do Government mean that they are waiting to see applications for High Schools pouring in from places like Satara, or Belgaum, or Dhulia? Did Prof. Karve wait for pledges from parents to guarantee to him a bevy of girls to start with? Railways, tramways, and such other conveniences have only to be planted in suitable localities and they create and attract traffic, as sure as flowers attract butterflies. The same would be the case with good schools. Government maintain 21 High Schools for the boys. Is it not also the duty of the State to open an adequate number of "model" High Schools for girls and to induce, if need be, girls to these schools by every means in their power?

But it is said the main difficulty is to get a supply of trained Mistresses for the schools. True, but Government expects to recruit a respectable type of school-mistress, willing to serve amidst social difficulties, away from her male relations, at an average magnificent salary of Rs. 9-5-7 for the untrained, and Rs. 26-8-3 for the full-fledged trained Head Mistress for primary schools! And for Secondary Schools, there is no provision for training female teachers at all. No wonder that the total output of female primary teachers for 1916-17 for the Central Division was only 30. The fact is if Government are serious in the promotion of female education, they must face a larger outlay on stipends, salaries, and training schools or training colleges. The Madras Government maintains a Widows' Home at Triplicane, specially for

Brahman widows—evidently to attract good ladies for the teaching profession—an example which can profitably be copied in this province.

So far with respect to Government. With regard to Municipalities, Thana and Bandra have already established English classes for girls, and other Municipalities can, I believe, follow suit.

• But with Prof. Karve's models before the public, the time has arrived for private enterprise, as in the case of the boys' secondary schools, for the public to bear its share of female instruction. Those who have read the History of Public High Schools for Girls in England, and the history of the foundation of Ladies' Colleges in that country can recall how a Society for the promotion of Ladies' education was formed about 1890 under the patronage of the aristocracy and worked by a band of enthusiastic and devoted lady-graduates. It would not, I presume, be difficult to start in the Deccan a similar movement under the patronage of distinguished Ranis and Maharanis, assisted and counselled from outside by such persons as that great pioneer, architect, and master-builder of women's education, Prof. Karve, with a view to start model Female Schools with Hostels attached, entirely under the management of ladies.

B. S. KAMAT.

[A Translation of this article has appeared in Manoranjan—Editor.]

SOME ASPECTS OF GHALIB'S URDU POETRY.

"The glory of the light of letters belongs to those who have the heart on fire."—*Ghalib*.

In the small galaxy of Urdu poets the name of Ghalib stands the greatest. Ghalib was truly a poet of the universe. And in his poetry as in the poetry of the universe, "you can work infiniteley out and out, but yet infinitely in and in."

Indolent readers of his poetry blame him for the obscurity of his writings. It is true that the aristocracy of his temperament very often led him to rich and varied expressions. And, moreover, his poetry belongs to what according to Hegel's classification may be called the philosophical stage of art, the stage where the thought becomes too strong for the form and where expression is smothered in surmise. His vigorous intellect and keen insight explored the cobwebs of existence in all their subtle ramifications until he could "see into the life of things". This mystical experience he utters with the brevity and abruptness of conviction. Terse rather than obscure is the word for it. His heart is full and his voice expresses what he knows and those who do not know call it obscure. His poetry is thought-packed, "fancies that broke through language and escaped." Then again there is

the suggestive nature of his poetry. He strikes the keynote and leaves the reader to make out the melody. He does not play for passive listeners. Poetry of the sort that Ghalib wrote is bound by the very exigencies of the case to demand the almost mental exertion of the reader. But when the necessary amount of thought is bestowed on it and when one gets into his style, then what seemed troubled and obscure at first turns out to be simple and true—ringing with rare imagination and profound thought.

Ghalib is pre-eminently a philosophical poet. In a way we may compare him to Browning. Browning's genius lies in what Professor Saintsbury has called, the dissection of a soul. Ghalib's genius does not so much dissect as probe into the mystery of life. He sees truth by flashes. His poetry does not consist of long-drawn reflections and sustained thinking but of sudden yet sure revelations of mystic glimpses. He is a metaphysical Browning. Ghalib also differs from Browning in that he has none of the latter's ruggedness and grotesqueness. As already remarked he joined to the keen intellect of the philosopher and the transcendental vision of the mystic, the exquisite expression of the artist. His art is truly superb and yet superbly true. Once again beauty is truth, truth beauty. There is a depth of insight and a witchery of expression about his poetry which raises it far above dry disquisition or dull dialectism. Here is a couplet.

قطرہ میں د جہ دکھا ئی نہ دے اور جزو میں نل

تھیل لڑکوں کا ہوا د بدہ بیٹا نہ ہوا

"Not to see the river in the drop, and the whole in the part is to play like children with the sight and not

to have the seeing eye." The following couplet seems to be an anticipation of Bergson's Vitalism according to which the life-force is ever expressing itself through matter. This is the mysticism of modern evolution :—

لطفت ہی کثافت چارہ پیدا کر نہیں سکتی
چمن رنگارنگ ہے آئینہ باد بہاری کا

"The efficient and the spiritual cannot manifest itself except through the gross and the material. The varied colours of the flowers and leaves in the garden are the thick encrustation on the glass of the spirit of Spring."

When a glass has a thick coating on one side then alone does its other side reflect the images like a mirror. Ghalib sees in the gay and bright colours of the flowers and leaves the crust that enables the etherial and otherwise invisible spirit of Spring to reflect herself in and through them. We may see here that like Shelley, Ghalib too saw the correspondence between the material and the spiritual.

But though the sensible phenomena are a manifestation of the life-force, yet they are not the life force itself. As Bergson says the life-force is immanent in the forms and yet transcends them. And says Ghalib

ہم غیب غیب جستجو سے جہتہاں ہم ہم شہرہ
ہمیں خراب ہیں مہر جو جاگے، ہمیں خراب ہیں

"We look upon everything as God and very easily imagine that we see God in everything. But that God is beyond all comprehension. And our case is like that of the people who imagine themselves awake in their dreams; whereas the fact is that they are still fast

asleep." According to Ghalib, then, beyond the realm of the senses where mysticism regards all phenomena as the touch of the divine Spirit lies the vast ocean of nescience and the Presence. The true mystic does not stop short at the threshold of the senses, and beyond the bank and shoal of knowledge he hears "the mighty waters rolling evermore." Ghalib himself bowed only before this Absolute Being, the unmoved mover of all things, the unknown source of all knowledge. He says,

ہے پدے سر حد ادراک سے اپنا مسجود
قبولہ کر اہل نظر قبلہ نما تھے ہین

"He whom I worship lives beyond the bounds of comprehension. To the seeing eye the temple of worship is only a symbol of the real temple.

The poet is trembling on the brink of the inarticulate. His transcendentalism sweeps away the last vestiges of sect and creed and he says,

ہم موحّد ہن ہمارا کیش ہے ترکِ روم
اتین چپ مانگن اجڑاے اماں ہر تین

I am a worshipper of the One God, my religion is the renunciation of creeds. When the creeds cease, they become ingredients of true faith.

The pleasure-garden view of Paradise he most vehemently repudiates. He has no patience with such demoralizing view of religion which sets up as the goal of worship and good conduct the gratification of the senses. His soul rises in revolt against it and in his impatience he cries out

طاقت مہون ناز ہے نہ مٹی وادہوں کی لاگ
دوزخ میں ڈال دو کوئی لیکن ہشت کو

True worship is not drawn by the thought of wine or honey. Hurl down such paradise in to the hell.

"See deep enough and you see musically" says Carlyle. How beautifully has Ghalib expressed the same idea.

محرّم نہیں ہے تو ہی فراہاے راز کا
یاں درنا جو حجاب ہے پردہ ہے ساز کا

[Thou thyself art not aware of the mysterious melody (of the universe) : otherwise the veil is like the veil of violin every silent string is vibrating with rythm and harmony.]

Ghalib believed that the supreme misfortune, the real tragedy of life is individual self-consciousness, because it sunders the individual from the cosmic consciousness. Far happier he would have been he says in a vein of touching pathos, if he had not been torn away from his God and caught up in the trammels of narrow individuality. He complains

نہ تھا کچھ، تو خدا تھا اچھے نہ ہوتا تو خدا ہوتا
نہ ہوتا مچھوڑنے نے نہ ہوتا مہین تو کیا ہوتا

[When there was nothing, there was God—, and had there been nothing God wouldstill have been. I have been ruined and made miserable simply by having been (a separate individuality), where was the harm if I had not existed at all !

We may now turn to hear what Ghalib has to say on human life and human destiny. It goes without saying that the thousand and one attachments and affections of life, its pomp and circumstance, its joys and

its vexations would count for little to a mystic so uncompromisingly transcendental. The serene calm of the mystic speaks through the following couplet : —

تھا خواب میں خیال ، تو تجھ سے ملامت
جب آنکہ تھل گئی نہ زبان تھا نہ سرود تھا

[In a state of dream my imagination was doing business with thee (the world). When my eyes were opened I found that I had neither any losses nor any gains.] The petty values of the world are thus easily dismissed.

Not only are worldly endeavours which so potently drive men to "go in for the six pences", mere dreams. They even carry within themselves the germs of their own destruction. Ghalib knew it and wrote

مردی تو ہے : میں مضمر تھی ایک مدت خرابی کی
ہلکی بقی خرمین کا ہے خیرین کرم دھقان کا

[The threads of ruin have been woven into the very fibres of my being. The heated blood of the toiling peasant (which apparently would bring him good crops) is the essence of the impending lightning that will burn his crops to ashes] Thus worldly success carries its own failure.

But if all men were to look at life as unreal and shadowy, there will be an end of the world. Some delusion is necessary for the world-drama to go on without losing the charm of the apparent reality. The unceasing desire for self-gratification, the enlightened self-interest of each individual, supplies this delusion—Ghalib has expressed it in a difficult paradox which

reminds us of the bewildering paradoxes of Kabir—He says

ہا آہد عالم اعل ہمت کے نہ ہونے سے
بہرے ہیں جس قدر جام و سو . میخانہ خالی ہے

[The world remains full because there are no men of true courage. The wine-filled cups simply mean that the tavern is empty.]

Adopting traditional phraseology Ghalib compares the world to a tavern, the men to cups and wine to knowledge which brings true courage, (to spurn life). And just as the wine-filled cups in the tavern mean that it has not been frequented by men and hence lies desolate, so the presence of courageous men (filled with the wine of wisdom) will mean the end of all activity, because nothing will induce them to pursue the desires of life. Hence it is only shallow and empty men who are ever hankering after self-interest that keep the world going and full of life. But to the mystic the heart is a cup, the divine love is the wine that sparkles in that cup and the mind a silent tavern.

But though Ghalib considered life as vain and unworthy of the attention of serious-minded people, yet he was most sensible to the painfulness of life and to the stings of its sorrows. Something of the pessimism of the cold mountaneous countries in which his Chhok ancestors were born had been transmitted to him through blood. Add to this his life-long adversity, the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune that he had borne, the troubled state of the times in which he lived when Delhi had become but the ghost of its former grandeur. It was said of Dante, "This man had seen hell." The

pathos of Ghalib's poetry remind us of such a one. The intense pathos of life, the heart rending anguish of helpless suffering, the blank bewilderment of unbearable misery, the stern and inexorable shocks of sudden misfortune, the painful consciousness, in short, that "life is a sad funeral procession with the laughter of the Gods in the back-ground all this finds an echo in Ghalib's poetry and raises it to a pitch of high pathos for a parallel of which we should go to that intense heart-cry of a soul in agony that peals through the pages of *De-profundis* in accents of throbbing pain, when we read such passages as these the tenderest spots of our nature are touched and we realize that here was a soul that had known the mystical experiences of transcendental bliss, but a soul that had also known the human experience of transcendental pain, a soul that had seen heaven, yea and also hell. Ghalib feels that the only emotion is the tragic emotion, that for man there is but one season, the season of sorrow, that time does not move but revolves round a centre of pain. He says

غم اگر چه جان گسل ۛ ۛ به بچس کھان ۛ دل ۛ
غم عشق کبر نہ مرقا غم روزگار ۛ روزگار

[Yes sorrow is heart-rending but how can I escape so long as I have a heart. If I did not suffer from the stings of love there would be the stings of fortune.]

نہد حیات و نہد غم اعلیٰ مہین درون ایک عین
موت سے پہلے آمد غم سے نجات پائے کہیں

The bond of existence and the bond of sorrow are in reality the same. How can man become free from the fital fever of life before he dies.

And again

مہم ہستی کا اسد کسی سے ہو جز مرگت دلاج
شع ہر رنگ مہین جلتی ہے سحر ہونے تک

Ghalib how can anything except death cure the pain of life The candle has to burn on anyhow till the dawn.

Mr. Henry Newbolt in his remarkable book on poetry recently published says that the essence of poetry is distinction. This is the latest poetic creed in England and its advocates are called by the name of "the futurists." There is an unmistakable personal note in the following couplets. Ghalib shared the child's egoism and the nervous sensitiveness of his contemporary Shelley. He cannot understand why he should not be let alone and have his own way and he cries out

دل ہی تو ہے نہ سنگِ خشتِ درد سے بہر نہ آئے کدین
روئینگے ہم ہر مار کوئی ہمیں سائے کدین

[After all I have a heart. It is no stone or mere dust. Why then should it not be moved by sorrow. Yes I shall weep a thousand times, why at all should anybody oppress me ?]

To a child in the midst of hopefulness and universal good pain seems such a cruel betrayal. The child *cannot* understand why *he* should get pain. The concentrated passion, the unreasoning and simple hopefulness of the following couplet is extremely touching.

نفس مہین چہ سے روداد چمن کہتے نہ تر ہمد
گری ہے جسہ نل بھلی رہا میرا آشیان کدین ہو

[Ah friend do not be afraid in telling me the news of the garden. Why should it be *my* nest on which the lightning fell yesterday ?]

The nervous impatience, the childlike simplicity of the question singularly impresses us with the inexorableness of fate. There is a touch of tragic irony in it that holds us breathless. When the mother strikes the child it is surprised and looks in her face in blank doubt. It begins to be sceptical about the mother's love. This is what Ghalib feels when he says

زندگی اپنی حد سے نڈل ہے عا۔
ہم بھی کیا یاد کر رہے کہ خدا رکھنم نہ

[When I pass my life like this, O Ghalib, how can I remember that I had a God ?]

His extreme sensitiveness led him to suppose that sorrow was the very ingredient of his being. He despairs of all consolation and help for he believes that he will always work himself into pain and anguish. Despair has done its worst and pessimism speaks through the following couplet :—

دوست ہم دوا یں • میں • مٹتی فرما رہے کیا
رخم کے ہر نے تک فاحش نہ ہوا • ہرے کیا

[How can my friends do anything for me in my sorrow ? By the time that my wounds will heal will not my nails grow and be sharp ? (with which I shall again scratch them)]

Lastly the following couplet is a touching picture of blighted hopes, of defeated aspirations, that groan beneath the awful silence of the grave :—

خمرشی • میں • بے زبان • مر رہے لہوں آرزوئیں میں
چراغ مرده ہوں میں ہی • زبان • کور • عریان کا

[Beneath the stillness of my silence groan the many hopes of a life-time.—I am the blown out candle that

stands silently on the sad grave, as the symbol of life's aspirations hushed into silence.

In the *De-Profundis*, Oscar Wilde says that the greatest good of life does not consist in being a tedious, honest man without feeling and emotion. No, not dull and dry honesty, not austere and sour-hearted "virtue" but that lowliness and humility, that "glorious shamefulness" that comes from the consciousness of sin, and suffering,—purify the heart and purge it of all grossness and make it worthy to receive those intense emotions of humility and sorrow which constitute the essence the real beauty and charm of life. To sin and to suffer and to weep seems to be the way to purification

دریاے معاصی تک آہی سے ہوا خشک
میرا سر دامنِ مہی آہی تو نہ ہوا تھا

[The river of sin was shallow and dried up before even the fringes of my skirt could be wet.]

Again he says that no pearls of the ocean can equal in worth the precious heart-blood of a soul that glistens as a tear-drop in his eyes.

توفیق بہ از اژۂ ہمت ہے ازل سے
آنکھوں میں ہے وہ قطرہ جو گھر نہ ہوا تھا

[Superiority and preference have been bestowed upon each from eternity according to the innate courage. The drop that refused to be contented with being a mere pearl in the ocean was elevated to the position of the tear that glistens in my eyes.]

And again,

دو دینِ دوزخی پہر نے کے ہم نہیں قابل
جو آنکھ ہی سے نہ تھا تو پہر لہو کیا ہے

[To me it is nothing if the blood simply circulates through the veins. Until it trickles down the eye (in teardrops) it is no blood.]

Of the intense humility and the lowliness of heart born of sincere repentance and a sense of utter insignificance we have a remarkable example in the couplet,

بے قیمت ہم اس زمانے کے ہاتھوں
میں دیکھا تو وہ بھی تھی قیمت زیادہ

[I sold myself to the world for nothing. But when I thought over it I found that even this (nothing) was too high a price.]

It is in this way that Ghalib proclaims the divinity of suffering and receives the baptism of tears that makes sin itself divine. Call it not maudlin sentiment, not the morbid cry of a weak heart. No these are not idle tears. Such storms come over every intense soul and when they have swept off, the landscape is left more cool and clean, a breeze wafts health and harmony, and a radiant sun then spreads its golden mantle over the whole panorama. As Ghalib himself says

ہم جو ہے اور بھی گا برس کر کوئی
روتے روتے غمِ قریب میں خدا ہو جانا

[To me it is like the clearing of the sky after a pleasant shower to weep on in sorrow even till I die of weeping.]

Yet the tear-drop that stood in the eyes of this man did not blur his mystic vision. Through these he saw God. He realized that sorrow and joy are the shades and lights of the self-same

- Magic Shadow show

Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

Yes life is a funeral procession with the laughter of the gods from behind, but then the best thing is to join in that laughter. To look at the world as God looks at it is to be all wise and all victorious. This alone is true mysticism. Socialism and Science may do great things, but happiness and peace depends on our understanding of life. And the tragic note of Ghalib's odes is relieved by such couplets as these which shoot like rays of dazzling light into the very heart of gloom. The Kingdom of God is within you.

دشوت قتل کہ اہل تمنا مت پوچھے
عود نظارہ ہے شمشیر کا عربان ہرنا

[Ah do not ask the joy of those desirous of being slain at the hands of the Beloved. The shining of the naked sword is the very promise of bliss.

ہوے اسیر گل آئینہ ہے مہدی قاتل
کہ انداز بہ خون غلطیدن پسمل بسند آیا

[The desire of a walk amidst the flowers only reveals the cruel joy that the (beloved) slayer takes in the wounded ones (flowers) rolling in blood. And lastly in the exquisite couplet with which his *diwan* opens,

نقش فریادی ہے آسکی شہ خبی تصور کا
ناغزی ہے پیرھن ہر پوکر تصور کا

[Of whose frivolities of hand is it that all these sketches are complaining? All the pictures are in the dress of mourning.]

Thus, with all his sensitiveness it is not without a sense of humour that Ghalib looks at life and its sorrows.—To him nature is "red in tooth and claw", but only in appearance the heart of being is sweet. Such then is his outlook on life. He does not, like Omar

Khayam, shut his eyes to sorrow and endeavour to drown it in a cup of wine. He looks at sorrow full face, is frightened and staggers, then he realises the truth and leaves the shadows. Divine love has played and the smile of the mystic is on his lips and he hastens to embrace the Divine mistress who has surprised him in her disguise of sorrow. He has survived the storms and has crossed the ocean of existence. Peace now reigns in his heart and he can sing with forbearance of his past troubles.

سہیلہ چو کہ کنارے پہ آگیا غالب
خدا سے کیا سہم و چہر زنا سے کہنے

When my boat has reached the shore O Ghalib, what use then to complain to God about the ill-treatment and persecutions of the sailor?

Ghalib is commonly regarded as a gloomy poet. A writer in a past number of the *East and West* wrote that Ghalib was pessimistic to the back-bone. Again the well-known Urdu poet and critic Chakrast wrote in a brief note on Hindustani Poetry, in *The Hindustan Review* that Ghalib was unsteady in his philosophy like Shelley. I feel diffident in differing with these eminent authorities, but I am sure that Ghalib was not essentially pessimistic though he was extremely sensitive. A child is very sensitive but it is never pessimistic and nothing can shake its faith in the good will of the world. Ghalib had the heart of the child, so far as his sensitiveness was concerned, but his faith in divine providence was based on a conscious mystic recognition of the fact that all sorrows and joys are the plays and pranks of the

self-same life force, which the Hindus call as the *Leela* of *Bhagwan*, and which the Christians call, the *Eternal generation of Christ*. It is this mystic recognition which to my mind raises Ghalib above the reach of pessimism. He has escaped from pessimism as soon as he realizes the root of sorrow. As to the charge of inconsistency, I think it was due to the extreme nervous sensitiveness of his nature which at times led him to be extremely gloomy. Ghalib was a child. He was offended like a child and readily forgave like a child. But whoever thought of blaming a child for inconsistency.

I now pass on to the next great point in Ghalib's poetry. In the whole range of Urdu poetry we have no example of such subtle and shrewd introspection as we have in Ghalib.

Unlike Browning he does not care for the ever-growing individual soul which persists in spite of changes and chances. But though Ghalib did not care for individuality and though he looked to the extinction of all individuality in the supreme soul, yet he was fully aware of the romance of thought and fancy. As he himself says

ہے آسوی ہڈت خرد ایک . ظہر خیال
ہم انجمن سمجھتے ہیں خارت ہے برون نہ ہو

[Man is a world of thought in himself. Even when I am alone I believe it to be in a crowd.] But Ghalib does not echo the common thoughts of common men. He reveals the uncommon mental states of an uncommon man (himself). He looks on all thought and the changing phases of a changing personality as a romantic

illusion interesting to behold. Take the following couplet.

مدعا معذرت تماشا ہے شکست دل ہے
آپہ خانہ میں کرنی لہے جفا ہے چہ

[My unfulfilled hope is watching the broken pieces of my heart—as if I am being led by some one in a house of mirrors.]

The couplet is exquisite for its subtlety and truth. And yet how terse it is. The poet compares his heart to a mirror, and just as a broken mirror becomes so many smaller mirrors, so, says Ghalib, his broken heart is like a house of mirrors and his despair stands in the midst of it looking at his smashed hopes. This attitude of a spectator of his own mind gives the poet the peace of despair. He can even be amused at his despair at which he looks disinterestedly from a distance. There is an individual personal note in Ghalib's introspective poetry and each couplet reveals his personal character.

But as we read and read them we get a "gentle shock of mild surprise" for while they seem to be self-expressive, they seem to be universal in their application. Here is fine instance of self-observation.

وہی اس شہ رخ سے آرزو ہم دندے تلف ہے
تلف: رطاف تھا ایک اندازِ جنون وہی

[I feigned indifference to my Love.—Ah it is no feigning, but simply a form of love's madness.]

Those that have been in love and have known what fools that passion makes of them, how ridiculous the thous and pretences seem to themselves when the storm has swept off, can realize the beauty and truth of the above couplet.

Time should not be measured by clock and calendar but by the intensity of experience and so says Ghalib.

ہزاروں کہا ہوں کب سے جہان خراب میں
شہزادہ ہر کب وہی رکھوں گر حساب میں

[How can I tell how long I have been in this desolate world if I also take into account the trying nights of separation.]

Of the poet's sensitiveness and pride we have an instance here,

ہوں ترے وعدہ نہ کرنے میں بھی واقعی کہ کہی
گوش منت کش گناہگ تسلی نہ ہا

[O my love I am right glad when if thou hast made no promises of favour to me, for thus my ears were spared the favours of thy soothing words.]

In the following couplet he addresses Despair

بس ہجوم نا ایدی خاک میں مل جائیگی
وہ جو ایک لذت ہماری دہی لا حاصل میں ہے

[No more O gathering despair, no more. Thou shalt spoil the elusive joy of hope in vain effort.]

As a poet of love Ghalib ranks with the greatest masters of his art. Though a transcendentalist his heart could respond to the touch of beauty in form as his passionate love-lyrics testify "in what deep waters he had waded and swum struggling for life." He had loved and had even felt "the pangs of despised love" and sings of it now with the turmoil of surging passion now with wit and humour and even with an air of forbearance for the frivolities of his love. Here are a few specimens of his love poetry—

نہیں اسکی ہے دماغ اسکا ہے راقین اسکی ہوں
تو ہی زلفیں جسکے ہار پر پردہاں ہو گاہوں

[Ah love the joy of night, the pride of heart, the peace of sweet sleep belong to him over whose arms thy locks are gently waving.]

رنگ شکست صبح بهار ظنر ہی
یہ وقت ہی سکھنیں دلہے باز کا

[Ah it is worth seeing when the beloved looks tired and rather broken when getting up at early dawn. It is the time when the flowers of love and coquetry blossom.]

لاہون لہو ایک چہرہ نما نہ کہ کا
لاہون ہرگز ایک ہجرہ نما نہ کہ کا

And again a million hints in a half-evading look and a million attractions in one frown and display of temper.

This leads us to another quality of Ghalib's poetry—his humour. Ghalib's life was one long tale of troubles but his gloom was relieved by a mystic recognition of the illusoriness of life and by a large hearted charity.

We now close this very imperfect survey of Ghalib's poetry and his outlook on life. If anybody imagines that Ghalib preaches disgust with life then, I fear he has read Ghalib wrong. It is true that from the standpoint of mysticism and what for brevity's sake may be called transcendental monism Ghalib did consider life and life's affairs as an illusion. But this life though very unreal to mystic contemplation was very real to the individual. Life is a game. Ghalib sees it, but he does not prohibit us from joining in it if only for sport. Let us then take our share of joy and sunshine as also of sorrow and pain, like plain men doing a plain duty in a spirit of hope and resignation and doubt not that we shall succeed. This philosophy of life Ghalib has voiced forth in his poetry with a charm and melody that eludes

analysis. Ghalib's poetry is deep and melodious. It is a "mystic unfathomable song" in which we may dive depths below depths, our ears and hearts drowsy with divine melody, our souls mute and enraptured in divine ecstasy. It is the heroic of speech.

Here was a man that had passed through the ordeal of life and had shed tears of anguish and pain, but a man who had fought and conquered and attained the mystic peace that passeth understanding. He has had the unique privilege of suffering, of suffering long and silent, but the still more unique privilege of turning that suffering to account. In his poetry the afflicted man can feel the touch of a sage's hand softly wiping the tears from the eyes, while a voice, the voice of a brother-man whispers, "Take heart brother, thy sorrow is great, these tears are sad, but these are the precious gifts of the All-Mother who assuredly loves us, as I who have suffered and shed tears like thee, now know. Hence take this baptism of tears with gratitude and be thereby pure in heart. These are all the kind love-tears of the Mother. Therefore take heart and grieve not."

This is the message of his poetry, a message which will go down the ages as the sincere utterance of a sincere man who joined to the heart of a child the intellect of a sage. To Ghalib had been given in an unusual degree "the vision and the faculty divine", and it is no crude enthusiasm to say that he was a great mystic. With him mysticism was not an amateur pursuit, but a realization, and in his poetry there is an accent of conviction, a stamp of sincerity which raises it to the level of the most impassioned utterances in the literature of the world. As he has himself said,

"The glory of the light of letters belongs to those who have the heart on fire."

Asad Ullah Khan Ghalib was born in Agra in the month of October 1795 and died in Delhi in February 1869 at the age of seventy-three years and four months. It is related that for a few days before his death he had frequent swoons and in the intervals when he revived he used to recite the following couplet composed a few days before death:—

دم را پسین پر سر را ہے
گزرا اب اللہ ہی اللہ ہے

That flame of life which had burnt so long steadily and calmly mellowed on that day into the "Azure of the All."

عشرتِ قطرہ ہے دریا میں فنا ہو جانا
درد کا حد سے گزرا ہی دورا ہو جانا

RAGHUPATI SAHAI.

THE WATCHERS B. C. 1450.

The rosy mist grew delicately pale—

Though tinting pink the Deserts waxen chin,
Its trailing folds hung like an Eastern veil,

Embroider'd with a sunbeam fine and thin ;—
Till grey eye'd Twilight brought her shadows in

And drew them o'er the calm, ethereal skies,

Whence Day had fled and crystal silence reign'd
Throughout the spacious dome, whose mystery lies

In that eternal stillness, which retain'd
The music of the spheres,—or, was it feign'd

By some stray cherub shepherding the flocks,

(As David did his sheep in Bethlehem)

Of roving planets among purple rocks,

When from celestial notes he piped to them
Within the mazes of Earth's diadem ?

Or harp Eolian near the Heavenly ground,

Where shy winds whisper—breathe—until it sings
Primeval fragments of the quaintest sound

More wondrous than the Memnon statue rings—
When the Sun's disc sails through the Vale of Kings.

Bringing it murmurs of a sea-borne shell

Swept up by floods from some palm-tufted shore ;—
Or shrieks Valkyrian that rise and swell

In storm and darkness, such as Chaos bore
Ere his black caves created light first saw.

He—named Amen-Hotep the third appears,—
 Sitting between the Desert and Nile's stream,
 Where he has sat more than three thousand years—
 Gazing upon dead cities in his dream ;—
 Himself the great Colossi—and its theme

Which sings the mystic plaint of this strong king—
 Whose sightless eyes hold still a despot's power,
 Inherent in that huge unearthly thing ;
 Where centuries have wither'd as a flower
 He—claims mens' homage ! 'twas his natal dower,

*Who chose his queen by regal laws of love—
 And woo'd her far beyond the Palace din ;
 Wisdom and beauty lifted her above
 The dull ; she saw the cult of Thebes was sin,
 Would not speak of it—hoping to win

For Pharaoh and her son the right to pray,—
 Despite the subtle lore of priestly tools—
 Grim auguries, and superstition's sway ;
 Knowing there is but 'One Alone' † who rules ;
 Leaving the rabble gods to slaves and fools.

Amen—Hotep, her lord of war had slain
 Five score of lions,—slain them with the spear,
 Ere he had ended his first great campaign
 In Asia ; then he knew and learn'd to fear
 The power of Amon, growing year by year.

*Tye the daughter of Iuau, "the keeper of the seals", or "chancellor" which gave him rank at the Court. Professor Naville.

†Tye became one of the celebrated Queens of the age.

†The One Alone, an appellation of Ra the Sun.

So with his courtiers and a chosen few—
 Show'd little love to them ; though for a space
 Observ'd the usual routine : Pharaoh knew
 That plots abounded, but, for custom grace—
 Until the new religion took its place.

He train'd his son then for the purer rite,
 Tell-el-Amarna sang within its walls
 Mid fluted columns of red syenite,
 That shone and glisten'd in the jasper'd halls,
 And threw long shadows as the evening falls.

On alabaster scrolls of painted birds,
 Their jewell'd bodies pois'd both left and right
 Above low sedges—where wild, scatter'd herds
 Of rams and bulls chas'd pelicans to flight,—
 Who mark'd the banks, and streams, with gleams of white.

Then incense-trees from whose enamell'd stems,—
 Spread small green leaves, mosaict like a fern
 In emeralds,—or sprays of other gems ;
 While hanging dates in agate seem'd to burn,—
 And art from nature one could scarce discern,
 * * * *

Round the vast Temple Pharaoh's vestal choir,—
 Veil'd in its gloom stood garlanded and fair,
 Expectant—waiting the first shaft of fire—
 To strike the centre of Râ's altar there ;—
 *'The Buds of life' just woven in their hair.

Thus crown'd 'immortal', dark-brow'd dreamy eyes
 Turn'd lustrous orbs toward the unlit stone,
 While, lo, in yonder east illumined skies
 Smile at faint stars, for He ! the 'One Alone'
 Will climb the Heavens and call the world his own.

*Buds of the sacred Lotus so called. They were white, blue, and pink.

Not yet has his effulgence cleft the dawn—

Curtain'd—with radiance—amethyst in tone ;
The white-robed watch ! entwined colour worn
In sandals over which small flowers are sewn
Lotus and Jasmine form their fragrant zone,

Bound underneath the breasts across the heart,

They move and breathe throughout the sacred dance,
While the Akh-Aten * stands—Divine—apart—
The maids swing golden censers—held askance ;
Flutes, cymbals, reeds,—await that burning glance.

It comes ! the Harpist's harp, a sistrum shakes.

Slow symphonies then herald Pharaoh's song† ;
As he inclines and low obeisance makes,—

For Râ's first rays are His—to Him belong—
Ere all embracing beams surround the throng.

‡ Those lengthen'd arms are tipp'd with hands to bless

They warm, refresh, strength'n the precious life
Of Him who stands for Truth, and Righteousness,—
'Aten the Good',—while benedictions rife
Are shower'd upon Nefer-iti his wife.

So King and Queen adore the Lord of Heaven

Hail him triumphant rising from the east,
Hail Him as 'Cause of all the good now given,
Nature's restorer—spreader of the feast,
The 'One Alone'. Joy both of man and beast.

And as they worship fiercer grow his beams,

Those mighty warriors that chase the shades;
This new-born hour shall hold no midnight dreams
No other thought absorb these virgin maids—
Than He, for Whom they dress their glossy braids.

* Akh—Aten the chosen name of Amen-Hotep IV.

† The words of a hymn composed by the King.

‡ This is depicted on some of the stones of Tell-el-Amarna.

Where now the Lotus buds unfold thick leaves
 Revealing thus each capsule's stamen'd rim—
 While Morn's warm blush the shoaling water weaves
 In opalescent ripples—'neath the brim
 Where tall papyrus nods, and gold fish swim,

The choirs advance—some wistful faces pale
 Beneath the blazing shrine,—perchance to swoon
 Among its orient pearls; Within the rail
 Are placed pink lilies there to bloom till noon,
 In loveliness, alas! that fades too soon,

Then all dance backward through the colonnade
 A deep white wave they surge, yet still recede;
 Oblations cease;—none here were blood-betray'd
 Pure gifts and bless'd,—for why should any grieve?
 The little Mantis pray'd we may believe

Now Râ in power ascends; With flaming rein
 He drives the wand'ring clouds before his flight
 Resistless,—On they speed until no stain
 Pencils with shade the broad empyreal height,
 Ere golden canopies hide it from sight.

* * * *

But yesterday t'was said, that Thebes foretold—
 "The Moon would disappear, the Sun not see,
 Akh-Aten-he-the Pharaoh, grew too bold
 The gods would punish his impiety"
 The people heard – and there they let it be.

The Priests of Amon, proud, of cunning strength,
 Hated their King; whom Justice loved and Peace,
 Whose lips were Truth's: Could magic then at length
 Swallow the Moon and cause the Sun's decrease,
 Withhold the flood, bid inundations cease?

* A genus of orthopterous insects who lift their large spinous forelegs in the attitude of prayer.

The courtiers mov'd—and without minstrelsy
Reach'd the white hall—granite and malachite,
Where columns vein'd with lapis-lazuli
Upheld the painted roof, whose shaded light
Made beautiful—what else had been too bright.

*The Sun's last hymn is o'er—his Temple mute,
Sweet spices now refresh the sultry air—
The flowers are gather'd up; no voice nor lute
Falls on the perfum'd silence shelter'd there—
By outer courts and cedar doors. No prayer

Disturbs the watch—only an erring wind
Buffets the shadows—yet they make no sound;
Nor wake a dreamless world to sleep inclin'd,—
Where Night's unconscioness is so profound,
The very earth rests in enchantment bound.

Divine repose! and yet that mighty host
Of things invisible—their atmosphere!
Lo! with the thought—and noiseless as a ghost—
Came the great Pharaoh—though his visage near
Seem'd a High Priest's—from some redeemed sphere.

Ureus from his double crown arose,—
The royal symbol—while the heavy gold
About his neck, finely emboss'd in rows—
Ended with clasps' so twisted—they could hold
The flowing garments straight and snowy fold.

He paus'd in thought, the noblest of his race,
Then turn'd toward an Altar in the west,—
Built for a purpose in that chosen place
Facing the Libyan desert, there so bless'd
With Râ's farewell, whose heat its stones caress'd.

* There were three services. The first at dawn, the second at noon, and the third, and last, at sunset.

The Pharaoh touch'd them, every one he knew,
 Many of beauty found in his own land,—
 The turquoise steps of pale ceruleous blue,—
 Where, at the sunset hour he chose to stand—
 And watch the path of splendour sink in sand.

There Râ's red eyelid closed on breathless air
 The sweet Acacia sigh'd from sheer content—
 Fann'd by fresh breezes Boreas could spare.

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Long pass'd that hour! the King leans worn, and bent
 By cares of State, craft, treason, discontent.

Also by petty snares, the new 'Root Bread'*
 A gift from Thebes, was poison'd and had slain
 "The Banquet Taster", who had died instead
 Of Pharaoh,—but, the gods themselves knew pain,
 How little had he given in his reign.

With slow, soft step, he gain'd the middle space,
 Scarce luminous—the moon grew young again,
 There knelt, and then fell prostrate on his face
 In adoration, this assuaged his pain,
 For he found peace, not knowing whence it came.

Then awful brightness smote his closed eyes,
 Mingling with it the rustling sound of wings—
 Whose overshadowing made him arise,—
 He saw no Temple, only sapphire rings
 Enlaced with stars and endless spires of wings.

Some lightly folded, others wide and high
 Open'd for flight, these flew beyond the Sun,
 Drawing their sweeping plumes across the sky,
 That naught should burn, or out of orbit run,
 Where the four winds rushed through the space as one.

* Made from the seeds and roots of the Pink Lotus. It became of daily use on the Pharaohs' table of the XIX dynasty under the name of Lily bread. Amen-hotep was an XVIII dynasty king.

But that incessant light still throb'd and beat
 Against the leaping Seas, forming a zone
 Of mingl'd glass and fire, there Seraphs meet
 Arched many rainbows over a white throne
 Where stood the Holiest, THE ONE ALONE!

The shadow of Whose garment lit the sun
 Fringing its chromosphere—The Infinite
 Creator, He who spake and it was done—
 The while a million beauties with delight
 Sprang into being—perfect in His Sight.

Before Time was Eternity saw Him—
 And his bright armies in celestial ways;
 Around high battlements it heard them hymn
 His glories—as they glitter'd in the rays
 Of his approval—multiplying praise

Akh-Aten knew ! no need for him to tell
 This radiant Majesty, Whom all obey'd—
 Benign yet terrible, whose servants dwell
 With pure and perfect Truth - and thus array'd
 The Pharaoh knelt and worshipp'd undismayed.

Gone is the vision ! once again he sees
 The Night's eternal calm, her azure skies,
 Yet feels no more the solitude of these,
 The weight of kingship lessens in his eyes,
 A sure and certain way before him lies—

Its joy ineffable ! What dawn like this?
 For fargrant odours clung where angels stood,
 Oh ! subtle memory akin to bliss—

His spirit mix'd with theirs. He understood
 That the elect have but one Fatherhood!

The 'Watchers of the Night' had dream'd strange dreams

Not one throughout the Nome his vigils kept—
 White tablets held no records; so it seems

Astrologers on their high pylons slept...
 Nef-iti and Tye had pray'd and wept.

[VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

AFFORESTATION IN THE UNITED PROVINCES.

The sources of wealth and commercial development in these Provinces are agriculture and forests but very few people realize how dependent the former is on the latter. The general public has an idea that the jungles are places to avoid owing to the dangerous wild animals and fever which they harbour. This paper is, therefore, intended to convert those persons to realize the physical and economic importance of the forests for the prosperity of the country.

Physical importance of forests.—A new country is invariably covered with dense forests which are gradually cleared away by the first settlers to make room for agriculture and to improve the general salubrity of their surroundings. This process has continued through centuries with the development of almost every country and the forests gradually have receded to those regions topographically unfit for agriculture and even here they have often been destroyed by physical causes consequent on the wholesale clearance of forests elsewhere. Forests are nature's means of dealing with the meteorological forces. It is believed that all rain clouds are derived from the sea, and are driven over the continent where they deposit their moisture, becoming poorer in moisture content the further they travel inland until they reach a point where they

become exhausted. A forest air and soil is always far damper than outside and the continuous transpiration of a forest creates a wet halo which serves to enrich the winds with moisture and enables them to precipitate further inland. The geographical position of forests is, therefore, of great importance.

Forests by means of their foliage, root-system and litter serve as a protection to the earth against erosion and the rapid run off of water from the soil. In this way the rain water has time to soak into the substratum to enrich the springs and is a source of perennial water supply to the rivers of the country. Forests are consequently of great physical importance on mountains and hills in checking the rapid wastage of water and for the prevention of floods causing the erosion of the country further downstream.

Economic importance of forests.— With regard to the economic importance of forests this is appreciated to a great extent. The forests excluding artificial groves of which there are considerable numbers, form, however, only about 8% of the whole area of the Province against an estimated 20% considered necessary in more advanced countries for the industrial and domestic requirements of the country. The exceptionally high price of timber and the distance of the forests from the industrial centres are serious obstacles in the way of industrial progress in this country. The great war now raging has awakened the Empire to the national importance of the forests and forest conservancy. In Germany you will often see the forests stretching right into the industrial cities and providing the industries with raw material at their doors: these industries are so varied that it was estimated that

before the war 3,000,000 persons depended on the forests, in some way or other, for their livelihood. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the very large potentialities of the forests of these Provinces which are capable of supplying most of the commodities previously obtained from foreign sources. During the last two years the surplus revenue has been more than doubled as a result of the development of indigenous supply.

Effect of disforestation.—Having briefly outlined the physical and economic importance of forests to these Provinces we will go back to the changes affected by unregulated forest clearances in different parts of the world and in these Provinces.

We know that the sands of the Sahara and Arabia now cover what was once a fertile land and that many countries, such as Greece, Tripoli and Palestine, are now only able to support a fraction of their previous populations. We hear from the ancient historians of the intense cold of Greece, then densely wooded, and the perpetual spring of Babylon. The Babylonian tablets of great antiquity refer to the attempts to reclaim the country thrown out of cultivation by the sinking of the spring level and erosion but these were of temporary benefit. The floods from the mountains increased year by year, the beds of the rivers were scoured out and irrigation eventually became impossible, for as with canals so with rivers the flow is regulated by control at the head waters. All these countries are now more or less desert, and it will be interesting to see how far the effect of forest clearances has been felt in the United Provinces. It is proposed, however, to deal with the country washed by the Jumna river. The Jumna takes its rise in latitude $31^{\circ} 2'$ longitude 70°

27' about 5 miles north of Jumnotri and 8 miles west of Bundarpunoh peak in the Himalayas. Its length from source to confluence with the Ganges is 860 miles. It has 17 tributaries of which 5 rise in the Himalayas, 3 in the Siwaliks, 3 in the Vindhya Hills, 1 in the Satpura Hills, and 5 in the plains of the Doab. If the reader will pick up a map showing the distribution of forests in relation to these rivers he will see how insufficient is the regulating belt of forest to control the head waters and in many cases this is absent altogether. In addition to this insufficiency many of the forests are open to grazing and browsing of cattle resulting in the protective covering of grass being cleared off the ground and the young forest seedlings are eaten down or die through having no depth of soil; in this way the forests eventually become exhausted and disappear. Anybody who has visited the Dehra Dun and Saharanpur districts cannot fail to be impressed with the enormous damage done by sudden floods from the Himalayas and Siwaliks and it is not surprising to find that the area under cultivation in many villages of the Saharanpur Tarai has decreased during the last 50 years. The sub-montane rivers have been continually changing their courses ever since the hills came into existence causing the land to be covered with a deep boulder deposit. If grazing were entirely excluded the old beds would very quickly become covered over with a dense *shisham* and khair forest which forms very efficient natural training and obstruction works against the force of the floods. Unfortunately a large portion of these forests are open to grazing and the young seedlings are browsed down every year, the beds have widened and the force of the floods has increased. The vegetation on the neighbouring hills is of a very poor

description after centuries of abuse and, owing to much of the soil having been carried off, the water flows away with great rapidity thereby increasing the volume of the torrents and leaving the beds dry a few hours after a storm. Irrigation works have been destroyed by these sudden floods and they are a source of anxiety to the engineer. A similar state of affairs can be found on almost every hill tributary of the Jumna.

The accumulated effect of this flooding and scouring has resulted in the bed of the Jumna at Etawah being lowered 60 feet in the last 500 years and a corresponding sinking of the spring level. The cold weather level of the river in the Etawah and Jalaun districts is often 120-200 feet below the general level of the surrounding country. The sinking of the bed of the river is draining the country and the well water levels are sometimes as low as 200 feet. The banks of the Jumna in the Agra, Etawah and Jalaun districts are now so completely drained that they have become almost destitute of vegetation except a desert flora and even this is disappearing. This dry belt is increasing at the rate of 250 acres each year in the Etawah district alone. The absence of protective vegetation on the banks and the flow of water from the high plateau to the river has caused a complicated network of ravines to be formed. These ravines often start suddenly at the edge of cultivation with a drop of some 80 feet or they may be less severe and they take up a meandering course joining up with other systems eventually falling into the river. The actual area of these ravines in the Etawah district alone is 120,000 acres and the area of similar land in the Provinces is some millions

of acres. The land is at present almost valueless to the owners as it yields grazing of the very poorest description. Cultivation beyond this desert belt is precarious, even in years of normal rainfall, and drinking water often becomes so rare as to necessitate the migration of whole villages, and throughout the whole expanse of the ravines there is no water to be found except in the main rivers. A study of the soil will show that it is very fertile but it is too cut up and arid for cultivation. The monsoon rains only sink to a depth of a few inches and below this the soil is quite dry till the spring level is struck. It would appear that the present tree growth is of very great age which has continued to reproduce itself by coppice shoots and the root system has kept pace with the sinking spring level: natural reproduction invariably dies down as soon as the rains cease. The drying up of the country is a most serious matter which may be temporarily relieved by the expenditure of lakhs of rupees on irrigation but, if the erosion of the country continues at the present rate, irrigation projects will be hampered and may eventually become impossible. The Etawah district was once covered with *sal* forests and many villages are named after the tree. Sakhi Sakrauli—Sakhua, Sakhopur and it is recorded that the Emperor Babar hunted in these forests. The *Sal* tree requires a moist climate but the conditions have so changed that there is not a single tree between the Himalayan Tarai and the Satpuras. The drop in the Jumna level is established by the prevalence of old sugar mills in the Etawah trans-Jumna area where the water level is now far too low to admit of irrigation and also in the fort at Shergadh near Aaraya the curb of the large well in use in 1550 is now sixty feet above mean flood level.

Ravine reclamation. The question of utilizing these waste lands in the Agra, Etawah and adjoining districts for fuel and fodder reserves has often been the subject of investigation by Government. The earliest report on record is that of Dr. D. Brandis, then Inspector General of Forests to the Government of India. The measures recommended in this report for the encouragement of forest growth were (i) Fire Protection (2) restriction of grazing (3) protection from all wood cutting (4) filling up of blanks by planting and sowing. Enquiries were shortly afterwards made as to the areas of waste lands throughout the Provinces which could be utilized as fuel and fodder reserves but action was deferred on the grounds of the enormous expense involved. However, in 1882 Mr. T. E. Fisher, Collector for Etawah, called together the zamindars who owned the tracts of ravine land to the west of the town of Etawah and these owners agreed to hand over their land for the protection of the ground from erosion and further deterioration. The owners of the land were to provide the necessary funds and in return the profits were to be divided *pro rata* according to the money furnished and the land held in each case. The management of the reserve was entrusted to the Collector who placed the area under working in the same year. Grazing was prohibited, the soil broken with country plough and the seed of *babul*, *shisham* and *neem* sown: in order to dam up the rain water and locally raise the spring level bandhs were thrown across the ravines in suitable places. It appears from the scanty information available that the small expenditure incurred was more than recouped by the sale of grass and subsequently by grazing dues and light

fellings. The scheme worked well for a time and there was eventually a fairly good crop of babul sufficiently dense and valuable to encourage a firm to take over the forest for the extraction of tan bark on a lease of 50 years on payment of approximately Rs. 2—per acre and an annual rental of Rs. 1—per acre.

Experiments in Etawah.—In 1912 the Local Government having defined its policy with regard to the re-afforestation of denuded areas and the establishment of fuel and fodder reserves, a preliminary survey was made of existing waste lands and a report was submitted recommending in the first instance the reclamation and utilization of ravines along the Jamna and Chambal rivers in the Etawah district. The owners of the land were approached, and a scheme somewhat on the lines already referred to in connection with the Fisher forest was agreed upon, but in this case Government undertook to pay the cost of afforestation and to recoup the expenditure out of the revenue eventually handing back the lands when the debt had been cleared. In this way the area taken over for reclamation up to date is 22,000 acres and additional land has been promised.

The first two years of operations have been of an experimental nature and they have beyond doubt proved the possibility of reclaiming and utilizing these lands as fuel and fodder reserves: there is also every prospect of raising small timber. That plantations successfully raised would be of great economic importance is certain, the high price and scarcity of building timber is well known, there is an ever-increasing demand for firewood and the demand for tan stuffs is almost unlimited. Local

industries are sure to spring up and will add to the prosperity of the district.

The soil of the ravines is of an alluvial type differing in texture from place to place. This class of soil requires constant cultivation as, owing to its fineness, natural aeration is obstructed and on drying the soil solidifies to the consistency of rock. The re-establishment of sufficiently favourable conditions for vegetation is the preliminary object; this can only be done by improving the soil aeration and moisture content and can be at once effected by breaking up the compact surface soil and so aiding the gaseous exchange between the soil and air, this operation also assists the penetration of moisture into the substratum. It is also necessary to preserve the continuous gaseous interchange between the soil and atmosphere, and to prevent further consolidation. Irrigation is, of course, impossible owing to the ruggedness of the ground. Soil cultivation extended over several years is impracticable in a forest estate, owing to the comparatively low final yields and could only be carried out for two years at the most, even if only valuable tree species were raised. It is considered, however, that if once a forest can be established the roots will penetrate in all directions into the subsoil and will break it up sufficiently to allow of aeration and moisture soakage. The shade of the trees will doubtless prevent excessive consolidation, the litter and grass growth will retard the present rain wastage, and the water which escapes can be caught in small ponds held up by bands thrown across the ravines, or by blind ditches and embankments on the higher ground. It is also very important that cattle should be kept out of the plantations until they are established as, besides

browsing, the tread of cattle hardens the crust of the soil and destroys all the effect of cultivation. For breaking up the soil no better instrument can be found than the Sabul plough but, owing to the roughness of the ground a great deal of work has to be done by hand. The Changa Manga plantations near Lahore, which form perhaps one of the finest afforestation achievements in the world, exist entirely by irrigation, whereas in Etawah, where irrigation is not feasible the plantations depend solely upon intense initial cultivation. It is not possible at present to say which system will produce the greatest net return, but, the Etawah plantations are no doubt hardier and less liable to insect and fungoidal attacks.

The first noticeable effect of breaking up the soil and conserving the water is the disappearance of the original worthless grasses and their replacement by those of good feeding value. The water wastage is further checked by the heavy grass growth and the beds of the *nālās* become covered with turf. Sowings of various forest trees have been made on the fresh by broken up lands and it is found that many valuable species can be raised among which may be mentioned Teak, Shisham, Kambhar and Babul. The success of these sowings during the last two years has been very satisfactory and in many places the growth is so dense that it is almost impossible to walk through it. Many of the trees sown in 1915 are more than 20 feet in height and are already fit for fuel.

An examination of the conditions after these operations shows that the moisture penetration has very

materially improved; and that erosion has been effectively arrested, it is, however, essential that a broad protective belt of land at the head of the ravines should be afforested to prevent further encroachment inland. Some portions of the areas, less liable to erosion, will be reclaimed as grazing grounds and will be maintained by periodic cultivation. The improvement of village grazing grounds throughout the Province by working them on an interchangeable rotation is a matter which deserves the attention of the country so as to relieve the forests of grazing.

Up to March 1917, 1,325 acres of ravines had been reclaimed and afforested at a cost of Rs. 78,368 or approximately Rs. 60 per acre inclusive of all charges. There is every indication that the cost can be considerably reduced and that the ravines can be profitably utilized for fuel and fodder reserves, the plantations require very great attention and care during the first few years as they are subject to the attacks of all kinds of enemies.

The reclamation of ravines as famine relief works has recently received the approval of the Government. This form of relief work has the advantage that it can be closed down at any time without leaving it incomplete, and the reserves of fodder will be a safeguard against future fodder scarcities, which are unfortunately of frequent occurrence in these uninviting tracts.

The reclamation of ravines is, in the writer's opinion, however, somewhat similar to curing the pain without eradicating the main cause of the malady: the cause can be traced to the forest denudation at the distant

head waters of the rivers and it is important that it should be also dealt with there. Much has be done during the past few years to preserve and extend the existing forests in the Himalayas, but much still remains to be done, or we may expect the fate of Babylon. Champollion in referring to the deserts of northern Africa wrote "does any crime against nature draw down a more dreadful curse than that of stripping mother earth of her sylvan covering."

E. BENSKIN.

IS A GERMAN INVASION OF INDIA PROBABLE ?

The Premier's message to the Viceroy first opened India's eyes to this new danger beyond her frontiers. It was emphasised in a post-prandial oration at Benares shortly afterwards by His Honor the Lieut. Governor of the United Provinces, who pooh-poohed the possibility of a German-*cum*-Turkish attack on India. An absurd rumour had gained credence in the bazars that we were in imminent danger of invasion. Most educated Indians would at any other time have laughed the idea of such an enterprise to scorn as midsummer madness. The canard was "not worth the trouble of contradiction" admitted His Honour; yet he deliberately set himself "authoritatively and most absolutely" to contradict it. It is not the way of eagles to catch flies; nor of bureaucratic rulers, accustomed to official reserve, to sound an alarm. The Viceroy has expressly stated that Germany has not, and in view of her pre-occupation in the West, could not yet have made any military move in the direction of India; but he also made it clear that the door is open for her to do so and there is very real danger ahead. The cry of "wolf" from Downing street, from Delhi and from Benares is, therefore, suggestive,

Germany's coercion of Turkey to enter the war, her incitements of treacherous Boer generals to mutiny and desertion, and her machinations to stir up Irish malcontents to strife, and set China and Japan by the ears, all show that she sets power and expediency above everything. Was it likely that the Hotspurs of Pan-Germanism who urged the Turks to attack Egypt, egged on the Bedouins to cross the Egyptian frontier, and planned the capture of the Suez canal, would in an outburst of benevolence have displayed a sudden forbearance towards India? If Germany has foregone the temptation to attack India so far, it is simply and solely because she has lacked the ability to do so.

Apart from the immense distance and hardship of any landward route which, let us say, the Turkish-German invaders might adopt, the difficulties of transport, of keeping their line of communications clear, and of feeding several army corps so far away from their base, would be so insuperable as to foredoom the enterprise to failure. Further, in view of the crisis in the West, it is exceedingly improbable that the Germans would venture to withdraw from Europe, or could spare, anything like the colossal army necessary for the execution of so hazardous and uncertain a project which might prove as difficult of accomplishment and as disastrous in its result as Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812.

On the other hand, the trend of the war situation in Asia and recent happenings in South-East Europe should tend to stimulate, rather than damp, German military ardour. It may be noted that Germany is now in military occupation of Little Russia and is thrusting herself into

the Crimea; that the back of the new Turkish offensive in Palestine and Mesopotamia notwithstanding brilliant British successes, has not yet been broken, and that the Turkish campaign in Caucasia has half redeemed their failures in the Middle East and yielded them considerable fresh territory. Again, if the anarchy in European Russia is any index of the state of things in Russian Central Asia, it should encourage German ambition; for Russian impotence spells a practical return to the political *status quo* which preceded the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907. This agreement, ratified by the Anglo-Russian *Entente*, effected a pacific settlement of outstanding differences between England and Russia, chiefly in regard to the middle East and the approaches to India. Russia's secession from the Triple *Entente*, caused by her treaty of peace with Germany, has not been followed by the severance of diplomatic relations between her and Great Britain. The convention is, therefore, strictly, still binding on the two Powers but the fact that Russia, though she may have the will, has no longer the power to continue its observance, renders it in practice worthless. The gates to India which it had for a decade kept closed, are now, as a result, left insecure. It is this that tends to bring the menace near to India's borders and makes an imperative call on Indians to safeguard the soil of their motherland.

The question—Is a German invasion of India probable or practicable in the near future?—is best answered by an examination of the strategic value of the recognised avenues of approach to India through Eastern Persia and Afghanistan; or in other words, their feasibility as highways for an invading army seeking to enter India from Central Asia. Time was when the problem of Indian frontier

defence was confined to safe-guarding the landward gates that lay within the borders of Afghanistan, to the north and west of the Peninsula. The seeds of English interference in that frontier kingdom were sown in 1832 when Lord William Bentinck, at his famous meeting with Ranjit Singh at Rupar, discussed the restoration of Shah Sujah to the throne of Kabul. From that date to the annexation of Upper Burma in 1886, and even to the close of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty in 1905 for three-quarters of a century, Indian frontier policy was mainly confined to dealings with the Afghan buffer-land ; and was directed to turning that strange land of strife and unrest into a strong barbican, to be held by a trusty guardian. The royal janitor had to be both friendly and vigilant enough to keep a sharp, constant look-out for the approach of the Russian Bear. The defeat of Russia by Japan in 1904-05, the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in August, 1905 and the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian convention two years later, materially modified, one might say practically put an end to, this policy. The huge bubble of Russian invasion through Afghanistan was pricked ; and the Cossack bogey no longer terrifies the Indian Foreign Office. The danger zone in the North-West had latterly shifted from Northern Afghanistan to Eastern Persia and Western Beluchistan in the West ; the fulcrum of British dominion in Asia having oscillated to the highways of Herat, Seistan—the so-called " granary of Asia " and the Magran valley has, in view of the German menace from Central Asia, veered back once again to the north and west of the Punjab.

The landward isolation of India is a thing of the past. Each step forward in the extension of her boundaries has

brought her into fresh and increased contact with foreign Powers and States—European and Asiatic. The political (as distinct from the administrative) frontiers of British India either touch, or are conterminous with, those of France, Siam, China, and Tibet in the North-East. At Gwattar, on the Mekran coast, the frontier of Persia is contiguous with that of British India ; while those of Russia, Persia and Afghanistan meet at Zulfikar, on the Hari Rud, a hundred miles South-West of Panjdeh. This town, in the Murghab valley, will long be remembered as the scene of the Russian attack on the Afghans, which brought England to the verge of war with Russia in 1885. It is the apex of a triangle with Zulfikar and Herat at the base corners. The latter is within easy reach of the Russian border and is still the gateway to Kandahar. It was a chief centre of Central Asian trade in mediæval times ; and is still one of the highways for *khafilas* to India *via* the plains of Kandahar and the ford of the Helmund river at Girishk.

The first western explorer to have travelled from Herat to Kandahar was the American, Masson. His trip was shortly before Captain (afterwards Sir Alexander) Burnes' memorable commercial mission to Kabul and the consequent disastrous Afghan war of 1839-40. Then came the intrepid French soldier of fortune Ferrier, who, four years after the British evacuation of Afghanistan, made a most hazardous journey from Herat to Kandahar by the direct post-road used some years previously by Burnes' Mission. This route, albeit an old and much-trodden one and the straightest, is known to be about the most dangerous in all Afghanistan owing to its truculent Durani environment. As affording a not

impracticable—even a tolerably easy—passage for a German force seeking to enter India, this gateway is a vulnerable link in the formidable mountain chain which Nature has set up as a defensive wall against all-comers by way of the north-west. This open highway from Herat to the Indian frontier is five hundred miles long, and is connected at either end with the Russian and Indian Railway systems.

In the north and north-west are other well-known gates to India. That most unattractive of mountain tracks, the Karakoram or Mustagh route, reaches from Chinese Turkistan to the Trans-Indus hinterland of Cashmere. It is one of the oldest and most familiar of trade routes to India from the plateau land of Central Asia. It is worth recalling that this most barren and arid of mountain ways was traversed by a Mongol army with the object of invading Tibet. Needless to add that the attempt ended in disaster. The army wasted two years in discovering a way out of the mountains into the plains below and suffered worse hardships than the battered remnant under Napoleon which retreated from Moscow in the winter of 1812. Further west, between the giant Mustagh and the Hinduk Kush, where the Pamirs border Kashmir, are narrow tracks which in times past afforded a precarious passage to pushful Chinese hordes, at least as far as the Hunza country. In the far north again, from western China to Chinese Turkistan, past Khotan, across the Pamirs to Badakshan, thence *via* Balkh to Kabul and the Panjab stretch the old Buddhist pilgrimage routes to India. They converge on Leh and Gilgit and are ice-bound and impracticable for eight months of

the year. These uplifted north-western doorways are none the less unwelcome breaks in the continuity of India's natural defences, and are not unimportant from the view point of India's security.

It is the prevalent view of military experts that, in the north-west, the highways of Herat and Seistan alone are practicable for purposes of invasion, and so constitute a real menace to the defence of India's "scientific frontier." The strategic importance of Seistan will be apparent from its geographical situation. Centuries before the period of Alexander's invasion a broad highway connecting Europe with India ran through Mesopotamia. It passed through Seistan and was in easy communication with Makran. The hosts of Tiglath Pileser, the founder of the Second Assyrian Empire, trod this path from Nineveh to Baktria and from Herat to the Indus valley. With the overthrow of the Abbasides by the Mongols this ancient highway fell into disuse; but it has latterly been revived as the Teheran—Meshed—Nushki trade route. North and south of the once extensive satrapy of Seistan or Drangiana are the meeting points of many frontiers. Its eastern border is conterminous with Afghanistan or Baluchistan. It commands the Helmund valley and the Herat-Kandahar highway. It is the half-way house between the Russian Trans-Caspian line and the sea, and offers a convenient base for a German army seeking to invade India.

It will be clear from the foregoing that there are at least two really practicable avenues for military approach to the north-west frontier. One is the open Herat-Kandahar Quetta highway which runs through Afghanistan; the other is a parallel road to Seistan from the

Trans-Caspian Railway across the Elburz mountains, thence to the Helmund and Kandahar, lying in Persian territory. The most direct route from the extreme northern corner of India to Afghanistan is that from Peshawar to Kabul across the Khaibar. At the entrance to the Pass is Jamrud, which is connected by a railway, ten miles long, with Peshawar. From the serai at Jamrud a fine military road, flanked on both sides by steep towering mountains, climbs up the pass to its summit at Landi Kotal. This is the central fort in the Khaibar and is reached in five hours. Caravans to, or from, Merv and Bokhara and even beyond, guarded by the Afridi Rifles, choke the Pass on Tuesdays and Fridays. The Pass is opened in the morning and the up going caravan meets that coming down at Ali Musjid, the fort at the Khaibar entrance. It has been ascertained that the main body of Alexander's troops under his General Hyphaestion entered the plains of the Panjab from the Kabul region by way of the Khaibar. It is interesting to note that the Macedonian king followed the Helmund until its junction with the Argandab; and from Kandahar to the Afghan capital, he traversed the same direct high-road used by Lord Roberts in his celebrated march to the relief of Kandahar in 1830. Indeed, the latter city itself, according to tradition, was founded by Alexander. He journeyed to Bactria by way of Herat—which city some authorities suppose to be Alexandria—and the great Teheran-Meshed road. He eventually left the Panjab sailing down the Indus to Karachi, thence to Persia by way of the Gulf and the Makran wilderness. He retired from Makran by the historic gateway by which successive waves of Arab traders entered Western India, in the wake

of the victorious Mahomed Kasim who conquered this region in A. D. 712. The Arabs continued masters of the Indus valley until A. D. 1005, when Mahmud of Ghazni ousted them from Multan. The Khaibar route was adopted by Masson and Burnes in their trips to Kabul and Bokhara, and appears to have been a popular one in their time. The pass has, however, now been made so strong and secure that it is scarcely possible for a foreign foe to use it against us: we could close it at will or guard it when open.

There are three distinct direct routes from the Oxus region to Kabul. Two of these pass through Afghan Turkistan. The third passes through Badakshan, the ancient Bactria, and was a recognised commercial highway in mediaeval times. Narrow tracks still exist connecting the Pamir region with the broad plains enclosed by the great bend of the Oxus river. Southward lies the mountain wilderness of Kafirstan, which is still an unexplored country. From north of Chitral to the Khawak Pass, the Panjshir doorway to Kabul, is the Kafirstan divide of the Hindu Kush. North, of this Pass is the Anjuman river. The Anjuman is the chief route which traverses Badakshan and Kafirstan. The Andarab valley, the scene of ancient Baktrian and Greek colonisation, strategically, is one of the most important in Afghanistan; for it commands the Khawak and other chief passes across the Hindu Kush. The Badakshan—Kafirstan route crosses the Nawa pass, east of the Andarab, and passes along the Anjuman region to Jirm and Faizabad. The former was the ancient, and the latter is the modern capital of Badakshan, whose uplands may not inaptly be

described as a second Kashmir. Jirm is the easternmost, and the Anjuman the westernmost, approach to this road, the route by Jirm being only a narrow footpath. The Anjuman is a well-trodden, all-the year-round route from Kabul to Badakshan, known to history from the tenth century A. D. but there are a good many routes connecting Kabul with Afghan Turkistan. These are the Parwan route, named after the once famous city of that name the seat of Sabaktagin and Timur; and the roads leading through Bamian, a former Muhammadan capital and Buddhist centre and the Unai, Kaoshan Walian and Chahardar Passes. Over and above these, there is an excellent road, fit for motor traffic constructed by the late Amir. From the important strategical position of Charikar, north of Kabul this road rises and coils and writhes along the Ghorband valley and over the Chahardar Pass into Afghan Turkistan. The Dorah and Nurkan agains, are well-known Passes across the Hindu Kush leading to Chitral. The first of these is an important commercial link between upper Badakashan and the Chitral valley. It is open all the year round; but the extreme inaccessibility of its approaches practically closes it to an invading force. A good motor road passes through the Nuskan from Kabul to Badakshan. The great highway to Afghan Turkistan from Kabul is by the Bamian route, northward to Kunduz, the Uzbek capital. This route connects the Oxus valley by the southern Passes of the Hindu Kush with Kabul. It is utterly impracticable for military movements, as it is made up of innumerable sharp ascents up mountain tracks and rough descents down gorges and defiles into narrow valleys, involving the crossing of as many as seven Passes.

It has been well said that the best prophet of the future is the past. The past of the landward gates of India is a matter of history; and I have in the present article endeavoured to assess their strategic value, in the light of their geographical conditions and past history, as a key to the right understanding of the present situation. It has been possible to indicate, within the space at my disposal, only the better known and more feasible of the many routes by which a German force might attempt to enter India from Central Asia. For fuller and more detailed information on the subject, the reader should turn to the works of Sir Thomas Holdich, Stein, Sven Hedin and others. It will be seen that these routes, barring a very few, are impracticable for the movement of a large enemy force with artillery. The door to India through them is closed to the enemy by insurmountable physical obstacles. Rough roads and steep passes are bad enough; but fierce snow-storms and impassable snow-drifts must effectually stop the invader. These formidable barriers neither military roads and railways nor aircraft can overcome. A modern army marches on its stomach; and to keep it alive in the bleak sterile mountains, a railway line connecting its front with its base of supply would be imperative.

A German army, marching from the Oxus plains southward, could thus with comparative facility cross the Passes of the Badakshan uplands by way of Afghan Turkistan; but once it reaches the foot of the snow-clad serrated ramparts of the Hindu Kush, its progress must come to a dead stop. On the farther side of this towering

defensive wall lie the plains of Kabul ; but the mountain ways leading to them have lost their traditionary vogue as open doors to India. They have ceased to be beaten tracks for immigrants and invading armies. Modern warfare engineering have so revolutionised old conditions, that a second Alexander or Tamerlane can no more cross them with ease. These are some of the considerations which militate against the probability of a German invasion of India.

The staunch friendship and loyal support of His Majesty the Amir of Afghanistan is another great asset His Excellency the Viceroy in his speech at Delhi spoke with proud satisfaction of Afghanistan as "a bulwark against German intrigue and German machinations" in the north and he added that never before were Anglo-Afghan relations "more cordial or mutually confident". These are glad tidings of joy. Such an assertion could not indeed have been made by Lord Auckland and Lord Lytton, and in more recent times by Lord Elgin or Lord Curzon himself. Our uninformed diplomacy had "dished" us so completely in 1904-05—when the Dane mission secured from the present Amir Habibulla a Treaty in which they almost surrendered to him all points—as in 1837-39. The failure of the Burnes negotiations in Auckland's time had results no less far reaching and deplorable. It estranged the Amir Dost Muhammad from us; forced him to espouse Persian designs in Afghanistan and throw himself at the mercy of Russia: events which culminated in a series of unparalleled disasters to the British arms. The relations of Lord Lytton to the Amir Shere Ali and his son Yakub Khan were for no length of time happy.

We have His Excellency the Viceroy's high word for it that the Amir Habibulla's attitude is distinctly cordial and with the Amir of Afghanistan as our ally the gates of India are not only barred but powerfully manned.

U. B. NAIR,
Kavalappara.
(Via) Shoranur.
South Malabar. India.

THE TRANSMUTATION OF MONEY.

The longer the war lasts, and the bigger the war-bill becomes, the more clearly loom forth two conclusions:—

First, that no economist of the orthodox schools has any idea how the huge bill is to be paid.

Second, that the one and only way to pay the bill will be to abolish the private ownership of money and of all important industries and enterprises.

Private ownership of anything which belongs to the life of the nation as a whole, and without which that life is restricted and interfered with, is manifestly and axiomatically wrong. Articles of general need, or of national use, must be sold at a fixed price by the State, and the monopoly of the supply of such articles must be removed for ever from private hands. The irresistible arithmetic of the war is driving this axiom home into the thick skull of John Bull with greater and greater force every day, and it is safe to say that before many years have passed, any one denying it, or attempting to assert private rights in such things, will be shut up as a dangerous lunatic. The day of the domination of the capitalist is over, and the hawking of stocks and shares will, sooner or later, die a natural death of inanition, paralysed by the war's colossal taxation of capital.

People who say that money is not really disappearing, as it still remains within the pockets of the war workers, are deluding themselves with a false idea of what money is. Money which will not *move* is as valueless as a railway wagon which lies for ever on a siding. Money only has value when it has the *power of movement*. In this respect it is like energy. Money which is paralysed by an exorbitant or impossible tax will not move. It will have lost its potential. Money is kept moving now by the illusory credit of the British Government. That credit will last just so long as the Government asserts its rights over capital. But the moment the capitalist asserts his counter-claims that credit will disappear into thin air, and with it will disappear the movement of capital itself. We shall be again faced with the financial collapse which Mr. Lloyd George tided over at the out-break of the war in 1914. If the Chairman of the P. & O. Company could only see this elementary truth, he would cease pressing the Government to restore the Company its business at the close of the war. On the contrary, he would beg the Government to keep his ships and take over his business indefinitely.

The nationalisation of capital must take place along with the nationalisation of all the other needs of the nation, such as land, food, coal, railways, gas and electricity, shipping, implements of war, drugs, stimulants, and so on. All existing rights in these articles must be purchased by the State, and all future enterprises undertaken by the State after careful estimate by State officials of their financial soundness. No one contends that people should have the right to travel free, or to use electricity without paying for it. And no one contends that new

enterprises should be undertaken without regard to dividends. But for a fixed unvarying sum per mile of railway, or per kilowatt of electricity, any one should at all times be able to command the service of railway travel or electric power, and similarly any one should at all times be able to command the services of capital at a fixed rate of interest. No one should have the right to restrict the natural flow of money by withholding capital, nor to force up the price of money, nor should any one be allowed to compete for its service by offering more than the national rate of interest. Joint stock enterprise might or might not be allowed to continue, but if allowed, it could only be within State control, and subject to State purchase after a fixed term of years. But probably joint stock enterprise shorn of the hope of extravagant profits (for all such profits should be annexed by the State), would languish, and a good thing too! And with it would go all the machinery of credit which in spite of its seeming help to business, is really an unmixed evil from a national point of view. And with this false fabric of credit, luxury, gambling and parasitism in all its various forms would disappear, and Society would re-organise itself on a healthy cash basis. Fashion and snobbery would vanish like bad dreams, town and country would no longer be made hideous with unsightly advertisements, and we should know where we are, and where to go, and what to pay for everything.

All this will come about naturally as soon as the world wakes up to the fact that the private ownership of the means of exchange, now held by banks, is wrong, just as the private ownership of natural sources of energy, or of human labour, is wrong, bringing as it does wealth

to a few at the expense of much greater loss to the nation as a whole. Money and energy are different forms of the same thing. So much money and so many foot-pounds of energy should be mutually convertible. As long as there is a certain number of people in a community, they will require a certain amount of electricity, water, gas, coal, and so on, for their daily consumption, and a certain amount of money. also. Those favoured individuals who by rendering greater service to the community, by patenting useful inventions and so on, are able to amass wealth for themselves, might be permitted to command more of the services of the various forms of energy or of money and property, *during their life times*, but no longer. But Society cannot be burdened with supporting idle people, and money must be made to flow, and converted into its equivalent of energy for the public benefit.

The curse, which has strangled the life of the world hitherto, has been the private ownership of capital. That which should be a blessing to the many has become a curse owing to its being monopolised by a few for the enslavement of the many. The labour of honest men has been preyed upon by financial betting rings, sharks and parasites, who have played see-saw with prices for their own ends, until legitimate buying and selling has become impossible. Supply and demand are hard enough task-masters, but when the gambler comes in he creates a veritable reign of terror, and turns earth into a hell. The lying tongue of Rumour has been enlisted to bolster up a false fabric of credit which has stimulated all manner of piracy and greed under the pretence of befriending enterprise. And it is under this cruel rule

that the wealth and commerce of the British Empire has been built up. Small wonder that the fell power of this monster, this Beast of Revelations, who imprints his false trade mark on everything which is bought and sold, has operated to call into existence the unspeakably infamous horde of human devils in Germany who have spread ruin and desolation far and wide. This German Frankenstein is the Nemesis that our tarnished civilisation has called into existence. These Napoleons of evil appear in the world from time to time, like plagues, to chastise mankind, and separate the evil from the good. Such a monster, such a dragon cannot be overcome by any agency akin to itself. A sword must be forged having, no flaw in its temper, and must be wielded by a sort of St. Michael of righteousness, before victory can be assured. And the mournful fact must be faced that, up to now, no such sword, and no such hero to wield it, has been produced by Britain and her allies.

If we had only had, at the head of affairs, when the war broke out, some such combination of hero, seer, and man of affairs, how differently the task would have been undertaken. For one thing, there would have been no room for war profiteering, for the prices of all materials required for the war would have been decreed finally by Government at the start. No fortunes would have been made in coal, jute, steel or rubber, no fancy rates allowed in ocean transport. All attempts to exploit the nation's necessity would have been ruthlessly put down by the severest penalties. Neither would Government have pandered to the cupidity of individuals by offering 50% increase in the rate of interest for loans, thus ruining thousands of holders of paper bearing interest at the old rates.

Instead, the nation would have been warned at the outset that capital must enlist itself at the normal rates to the full extent required, just as men must enlist; and that failing voluntary enlistment it would be liable to conscription. Where is the sense or justice in pricing blood lower than money, and expecting young men to offer their lives freely, while the owners of money bags have to be coaxed, and bribed, to untie them, by keeping up the monstrous pretence that war can be conducted on a dividend-paying basis like the enterprises of peace time?

But this is an old story! When money has been the national god is times of peace, and human life dirt in comparison, it is not to be expected that this standard of valuation is going to alter suddenly, as by the waving of a magic wand, when war comes. Such magic indeed, could have been wielded by our Statesman-Seer, and all the mighty influence of organised Mammon would have been powerless to gain say him. The nation's peril would have armed him with power enough to muzzle all opposition, if any had been offered, which is most unlikely. An appeal to patriotism, to the principle that the individual should sacrifice his all for the State, that war is not money-making, but money-giving,—this would surely have been enough for the most confirmed money-getter, even if the threat "Stand and deliver, or you will lose all" was insufficient. But neither appeal nor threat has ever been made. "Business as usual" has been our method of waging war, and business as usual it will be till the trump of doom sounds!

A young man who joins the new army, sacrificing all at the cause of duty, gives up, for country's sake, what to

him is more precious than all his wealth to a millionaire. He surrenders his young life itself, with all its promise of adventure. He does not say to the State "Here I am, you can have me at so much per cent, and you must pay back the whole of my value to my people if I am killed". He does not look upon himself as a loan, but offers himself as a free gift, and leaves all return to the conscience of his country. Not so the capitalist! He has to be propitiated, and coaxed, and tempted with high interest, and must have his money back after a term of years. He is to risk nothing, and to give nothing! It is sufficient virtue for him if he put a moiety of what he turns over in coal and shipping shares into the modest $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent war-loan. But in a world-war such as this, in which high-ideals are more effective than high explosives, we want some better principle than this to help us to win. There must be the same voluntary sacrifice on the part of capital that there has been on the part of labour. We must throw overboard at once the accursed load of greed which has, threatened our empire with destruction, and rise to a nobler conception of what empire means. Wealth, riches, and empire are good things when shared by all, but wholly evil things when monopolised by one class at the expense of others.

But the longer the war lasts, and the bigger the bill grows, the more certain the doom of capitalism becomes! Not all the resources of the British Empire will suffice to create the wealth which will pay the interest on eight or ten thousand millions, which will be the amount of our debt when we have finally cleared up the mess, disbanded the armies, pensioned widows and orphans, provided for the cripples, and re-started the industries, if those industries

are to be made over to the greedy hands of capital. The mere promise to hand them back would bring the nation face to face with bankruptcy in a week! Steam for the ship of State could not be got up. Motive power would be wanting and if applied by force, strikes, blood shed, and civil war would be substituted for international carnage. All this is as certain as "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*".

In one way, and in one way only, will the potential energy of money be restored. When it dawns upon the conscience of the nation that the blood of its sons does not happen to be worthless, or cheap because it has no exchange value in terms of precious metal ; that he who makes dividends out of the war is trading on that blood, and that the sacrifice of the lives of a million youths should be paid for by the sacrifice, on the part of capitalists, of at least a million times the sum which *each* of those youths might have earned had he lived; when that time comes, and capital bears the burden which it is now evading and shirking, then the tide will turn, and the nation will realise the true path of duty. A large share of the war-bill will possibly be voluntarily written off by those who can most afford to bear the loss. Interest on war-stock promised when the loan was raised will doubtless be paid, but interest afterwards will be fixed at pre-war rates. The nation will gradually learn the limits within which private gain is a good thing, and beyond which it becomes a crime. Above all it will be felt that the first duty is to the workers, to those who suffered hardship and misery owing to wrong conditions of life before the war, and yet turned to and fought and saved Britain when the great call came. Never more must *they* be allowed to want

the primary necessities of life, clothing, shelter, honest work free from fear and care, education, leisure and the pleasures of art and love—in fact the full scope to develop naturally and freely to the utmost that nature intends.

This will mean the abolition of all slums and sweating dens, and the nationalisation of the land, and will be a gigantic task. But nothing will be impossible to the nation when it has once made up its mind that the old conditions are horrible, monstrous and obscene, and are not to be suffered for an instant longer than can be helped. And such an awakening of the nation's conscience is inevitable, once this war is finished.

England will remember, when she analyses and diagnoses the social diseases which brought about this war, that her own national poet made a similar diagnosis some sixty years ago * and prophesied a great war which would purge away the evils of peace. It will be as clear as day light to us, then, that this monstrous and unchecked domination of capital and private property is *the* breeding ground for the disease of war, and that until this root of the malady is removed from the home-life of the nation, no conceivable international policy, no league of peace among nations will take any effect. We must begin with morality at home before we can enforce morality abroad.

What a blessed day—what a splendid day—will dawn for England when she discovers that in sober truth "it is more blessed to give than to receive"; when patriotism comes into its own, and King, nobility and the

* See introduction to "Maud", by Alfred Tennyson.

aristocracy of wealth will compete with each other for the priceless honour of giving their all to the nation and keeping as little as possible for themselves. For it will not be as if wealth, luxury, and comforts, and the treasures of art and beauty were found to be evil in themselves, and we were confronted with an ideal of poverty and asceticism impossible to be realised by a young nation. Rather, all these good things will be added unto us when we cease to seek them for ourselves, and our own small circle, or class, and insist on sharing them with the people. The love of wealth and of an ever fuller and ampler civilisation will still be there, and the efforts to produce it will be undiminished. But the petty god of self will be cast out and discredited for ever, and our god then will be England, and all the best that England stands for, including full freedom of development for the humblest of her sons.

And what of the British Empire? Shall we continue to refuse the great principle of freedom and full citizenship, which we have granted to all of British blood, to our adopted sons of other race and religion? Are we to preserve for ever a ring-fence enclosing only the white races of Christendom, and excluding our coloured sons who are of alien faith from their full rights as children of the Empire? If we *dare* to do this, then assuredly the fabric of our Christian morality will be torn in shreds, and our own national life will dissolve. But thank God, such an event will be impossible. Once the accursed incubus of greed and gain is removed from our own home-land, it will be removed from the uttermost bounds of the Empire as well. Freedom will not tolerate anything but itself *anywhere* within the limits of Britain's

sway. The new life of Brotherhood will burst asunder all bonds of colour or creed, and the new generation of Britons will laugh to think that their fathers could have tolerated such futile and antiquated pretence and snobbery.

The ferment of this new life will penetrate India too, and she will awaken from her long sleep, and destroy her prison of caste and sex-domination and the iniquitous tyranny of the money-lender. Hand in hand, India and England will go forward leading the van of a mightier civilisation than the world has yet seen. India will no longer produce only philosophers and mystics, but men of action and industry, great inventors, scientists, doctors, and administrators. The love and trust of England will call forth in abundance that which generations of mistrust and contempt failed to produce, the flower of a strong and robust nationality, looking the whole world in the face, and ashamed of no man.

One is tempted to pursue the dream; to foretell the advent of a mighty Personality, who will gather up within His own strong and beautiful hands the reins of guidance which will sway the whole world! Who will focus in Himself the love and faith of the whole of Humanity, that love and faith which has for centuries been groping blindly forth from warring creeds and sects. One who by an irresistible authority will proclaim and prove Himself to be the Hero and Inspirer of all faiths, and their Synthesiser, and who will persuade the world to give up war for ever. And then, perhaps, in the wake of His footsteps will come a marvellous Renaissance for this weary planet, a blossoming forth of art, and industry, and practical religion, and following this possibly the discovery of a wonderful new universal power, which, now

that men can be trusted to harness it for purposes of life instead of death, will transform the world and do away with much of the slavery and sordid struggle which disfigures life at present.

Is this an idle dream? A dream possibly, but idle—no! Is any dream too wonderful, or too beautiful, to make up to the world for the deluge of suffering it is undergoing to-day?

July 1918.

H. L. S. WILKINSON.

THE WORLD WAR.

CAUSES AND PORTENTS—III.

IF the considerations we have passed under review were in the minds of the Teuton leaders, when making their great stroke in August 1914 for world supremacy, they must have felt confident of their power to deal with them. One may surmise their reasons here. Their elaborate secret service would have made them familiar with the strength and weakness—especially weakness—of expected opponents. The double allegiance of compatriots in countries a little doubtful, like the United States, could be counted upon to exert public influence on their side under the guise of promoting national interest. Money would be freely spent among neutrals in purchasing or provoking sympathy in favour of their cause, in the complex ramifications of commerce. And even in enemy, or possible enemy countries similar means would be found to support any element of pro-German interests or any "pacifist" "anti-national," or "seditious" leanings; it being an axiom of Teuton policy that anyone can be bought anywhere if a sufficiently tempting price be offered, even if it meant selling one's very soul. Thus at the moment of hostilities a subterranean psychic force would be set up, co-operating with the action of physical force,

and weakening at various points, like an internal malady that of the enemy.

As to the factor of physical force itself, reliance must be placed in the superior organisation of the German military systems all along the line, backed by a surpassing mechanical equipment and industry of War. Rapidity of mobilisation, facility of movement and transport, concentration wherever needed on interior lines aided by better strategical railways, unity of command, iron discipline, higher training among the General Staff, an abundance of light and heavy artillery would give the initial advantage, both as to numbers and in every other respect as compared with the preparedness of likely opponents. Then should the emergency demand it, there were in reserve several surprise weapons, not it is true approved by recognised war conventions, poison gas, liquid fire, and the like. But as a violation of most international conventions was involved in the very nature of the enterprise, one or two more would scarcely matter. The end must justify the means. For the German host had no sentimental chivalry about it of the Napoleonic type, encouraging individual bravery and initiative. It was a piece of ruthless machinery, wherein the rank and file were but docile instruments trained to unquestioning obedience, urged on by an elect officer caste in blind faith in its invincibility as a whole ; where the machine gun was as important as the rifle, and where " mass tactics " supported by overwhelming artillery and concentration of numbers by perfection of leadership at the decisive moment would not but assure success.

All these factors again, employed on a grand scale, would give effect to the higher strategy of the campaign or campaigns. The enemy, wherever found, was to be

beaten down by rapid overpowering strokes. The initiative must be won and kept throughout. These achievements would hearten the nation and stir enthusiasm for vast^r enterprises once the appetite for conquest had been whetted. The chief enemy would be the combination of France, Russia and Serbia. England was doubtful, but if she came in there were special weapons available for her. Italy, that tepid partner in the Triple Alliance, would at least keep neutral. If it was necessary to use neutral territory for strategical purposes and any obstruction was put in the way, the civil population must be cowed into submission by one or two "frightful" examples. So with the peoples of enemy countries. While the Russians were slowly mobilising the French armies would be rolled up by a super-Sedan, then the great machine in turn would hold those of Russia, and meanwhile that audacious, troublesome Kingdom of Serbia would be wiped off the map, absorbed into the new Austrian Empire—its pretentious claims settled for good. With Bulgaria and the other Balkan States brought into willing or enforced agreement with the policy of the Central Powers the road was clear to Constantinople and an alliance with Turkey. A buffer State formed out of conquered Russian territory would permanently limit Russian action and influence in Europe. With the highway into Asia and the Eastern Mediterranean under Teuton control, masters of Europe and vital strategical points, they could dictate their own terms of settlement to the vanquished and would occupy the best position for meeting any further hostility to their onward march, especially if presented by the British Empire.

Ah ! the British Empire ! that amorphous dominion bestraddling the globe, so imposing to outward view—so

weak and unstably constituted in reality as would be shown if once exposed to a sufficiently rude and searching test !

It is a point that awaits a definite interpretation as to what was the Teuton view of Britain's probable attitude in this crisis—a factor not altogether negligible, all the same. There is reason to believe that owing to specious blandishments exerted just prior to hostilities after relations had been strained for some time, and the alleged local nature of the cause of conflict, she might be seduced into neutrality—at least at the outset. Afterwards, there would be ample means for dealing with her isolated and discredited, should she prove aggressive. If we can take General Bernhardt's view as that of the mind of the General Staff,* the amount of military aid she could furnish in a modern continental war was insignificant, even if she came in at the start. And owing to the world wide duties imposed on her large Navy, a less powerful but more concentrated fleet might contain it in home waters. Then German secret agents were in touch with every disaffected element throughout her scattered dominions, and could stir up an amount of trouble that would paralyse the action of her colonial garrisons outside their territorial responsibilities. Such forces as availed from the British Colonies themselves were far distant, imperfectly organised, and would not be enthusiastic over European adventures. There were serious social conflicts threatening Civil War in the Island Kingdom itself. The risk was worth taking.

So with a preponderance of skill, cunning and cannon fodder, abetted by "frightfulness" of various orders, a

* Set forth in *Germany and the next War*, published a year or two before it broke out.

poisoned political atmosphere and the "Will-to-stick at nothing," the Teuton hosts would move forward on their lofty mission to sweep aside decadent rivals and plant triumphantly in the van of dominion and power the standards of their superior KULTUR.

Certainly these methods have been pursued for all they are worth in the bloody strife that has followed. Such a reversion to what must be classed as scientific barbarism and its relation to the foundations of modern civilisation, open up questions of a character that require a special treatment in themselves. We hope to deal with them later.

But, in the casual sequence before us, since Britain's action has proved of a nature far removed from the anticipations suggested above, Germany adopts another tone. In an attitude of injured innocence she charges her with interfering in a quarrel that did not concern her, in order to injure a kindred nation with whom she was closely connected from hatred of a strong commercial rival. Now it is true that relations of a more or less intimate character have existed between England and the German world during the last two centuries. Waterloo is still a memory. Various cultural elements have also exerted an intellectual influence in the modern period. But in the formative era of European history they lived largely apart excepting a limited amount of commercial intercourse. Ethnically regarded, if some of the tribes making up the British people are remotely connected with Teuton ancestors, this people is mainly of Celtic and Scandinavian rather than of Teuton origin. In its social aspect the line of development of the two peoples has been quite distinct. The Norman conquest brought in its train numerous

French influences during four hundred years of territorial associations that followed. With the extinction of English dominion in France these nations again have evolved along separate paths. Yet in peace and war they have continually reacted on each other to the present day. Victor Hugo well sums up the issue of their later rivalry: "Thank Heaven, nations are great without the lugubrious feats of the sword. Neither England, nor France, nor Germany is held in a scabbard A vast dawn of ideas is the peculiarity of our century, and in that dawn England and Germany have a magnificent radiance. They are majestic because they think. The aggrandisement which they have brought to the nineteenth century has not Waterloo as its source. Civilised people, especially in our day, are neither elevated nor abased by the good or bad fortune of a Captain. Their specific gravity in the human family results from something more than a combat."

Now that the sword has reappeared as a decisive factor in human affairs there is an historic fitness in England helping to preserve the French entity from submergence in a Teutonised Europe.

During the Bismarckian epoch and the founding of Imperial Germany, if English Liberalism of that day looked askance at its methods English sympathy with the nationality principle and the current policy of aloofness from continental embroilments gave a general acquiescence therein. Dynastic ties, however, did not make for cordial feelings between the two nations. With this epoch there appears a school of German thought distinctly hostile to England and everything English, aggressively assertive of everything German, preaching the doctrine that the British system stood in the way of legitimate

German realisations and was growing effete at the same time. This, too, when higher phases of German intellect and culture were influencing English life and thought, and when British ports were freely open everywhere to expanding German trade. The advent of *welt-politik*—a world policy under the present Kaiser accentuated this feeling which found open and violent popular expression during the Boer War. A subtle undercurrent of antagonism that followed, shown in all directions in German high policy, rendered futile tentative overtures for a working agreement. Gradually there appeared on Britain's horizon the cloud of a German "menace;" * and British statesmen, abandoning the isolation attitude of the last century, began early in the present one to form ententes and alliances, to dispose of outstanding differences capable of accommodation with other Powers, so as to strengthen their position for whatever this cloud might portend. The complete opinion of our Foreign Office chiefs on this head has yet to be disclosed. Maybe it was thought that by multiplying obstacles, if Germany had definite warlike intentions they could be in this way countered for a time. Once War was decided on, whatever the alleged excuse, Britain joined issue immediately for reasons perfectly understood on both sides. She struck—and rightly struck—for self-preservation.

As between Britain and Germany, standing as they do for separate and incompatible types of "power" the War becomes a mortal duel as to which entity is to be supreme. German propagandist attacks on England represent, or misrepresent, her as posing as the champion

* Among various discussions in English circles of this problem, since the Boer War, was a penetrating study of *The German Peril* in the *Quarterly Review* some ten years back, closely examining the phenomena referred to above.

of freedom whilst exercising an arbitrary control over numerous subject peoples, over vast territories and the ocean at large for her own benefit. The real grievance is—Germany desires this envious position for herself. The paradoxical character of British "imperialism" is only too apparent to those of us who have had occasion to study some of its extraordinary problems. It is the growth of several centuries, reaching its widest expansion in the 19th century, a great racial achievement following no purposive design but working simultaneously at different enterprises under differing circumstances in all parts of the world. The independent action of strong personalities has played as important a part in its creation as that of directive policy. The result is a singular aggregate combining, under a common sovereignty, opposing factors in race, nationality, creed and Government under divergent geographical and physical conditions.

If a considerable territory is peopled by alien populations under British authority, the greater portion consists of self-governing dominions colonised by British and Europeans. The tendency of modern British policy towards the remainder is to introduce representative institutions, to associate these peoples more and more with their rulers, to respect their just rights, beliefs and traditions. Throughout the whole, administrative action is subject to the play of Public Opinion exerted through numerous independent agencies. In this sense, then, it claims to be a "free" Empire.

Moreover, despite incongruous elements, so long as dangerous forces exist in the world the security of its various divisions is inter dependent. Command of the sea, the control of certain strategical positions are vital to the

safety of what is by nature a defensive combination pure and simple. It was an open question, indeed before the War how so complex and delicate a system would meet the strain of any deadly attack. The all but spontaneous response from the outset, the tenacity of resistance shown is some testimony to its fundamental soundness. The "disaffected" elements are proved to be a small, if not negligible, minority.

The World War has now entered upon its fourth year of unparalleled strife. What then is the relative position of the protagonists and their causes examined in the preceding pages?

It is no part of the present purpose to discuss operations of War, or to venture into the field of prophecy—already sufficiently discredited. To live for two years in its atmosphere, to meet continually with actors from every field of service makes at least for definite impressions; and certain broad conclusions suggest themselves.

British intervention brought in early in the conflict Japan and Portugal. The Central Powers secured the aid of Bulgaria and Turkey, and through dynastic influence almost won that of Greece. Later, other States besides Italy have joined what for convenience is classed as the Entente Powers against this Quadruple Alliance.

The Teuton alliance holds Belgium all but the strip that still guards the Channel, holds the Baltic provinces of Russia and Poland, controls the Balkans including the best part of Roumania so linking with Turkey, has invaded Italy, struck from her grasp the results of two years of effort, and occupies some of the most valuable departments of Northern France. Russia is in chaos, her old regime

overthrown, and is, temporarily, in the hands of a revolutionary camarilla. Against that, the Entente has held from the beginning command of the sea, swept therefrom German commerce, and blockaded the alliance ports. Germany has lost all her Colonies; her objective in the near East, and the Mediterranean has been baulked by the British occupation of Mesopotamia and Palestine, the Russian conquest of Armenia from Turkey, an Arabian revolt against Turkish suzerainty and the fortunate seizure by the Entente of a tactical position in the Balkan Peninsula from the Adriatic to the Greek Sea which nullifies Teuton successes in this région, and has kept Greece within Entente influence. A considerable Serbian army rescued from the country as in the case of Belgium still confronts the enemy on this line. The minor Entente allies have fared badly, and it would appear on the surface that the Teuton has reached his main European aims.

What, however, it was hoped to accomplish in a few months has taken nearly as many years. What were to have been overwhelming victories at a light cost have been won at length through stupendous exertion at an enormous sacrifice of life, treasure, and resources. And the plans of world conquest, what of them? Frustrated for the time being, and largely through British action itself; while important States, like China and Brazil, that count more on their economic than military side, have been led into an opposition to Teuton designs. And the United States has entered the contest with the full determination to use all her resources to force a decisive issue, though, from the time necessary to adequate preparation, this new Entente factor is only now beginning to make its weight felt. But the entry of this

country emphasises again the central issue;—Is the future course of civilisation to be determined under principles of Liberty or those of arbitrary authority,—Liberity, that is, in its widest connotation ?

For, as we have seen, different motives influenced different allied protagonists at the outset beyond a common instinct of self-defence. With their varying fortunes a leading motive has gradually asserted itself. From a general movement against a feared aggression it has passed into a vital conflict of Ideas equally with more mundane interests.

And that issue is still in the balance. The "Hun" has proved a powerful, wily, resourceful, unscrupulous foe. His plans were carefully and ingeniously laid. He correctly estimated the weaknesses of immediate opponents. He created a battle line extending from the North Sea and Baltic to Egypt and the Persian Gulf. His Army and Staff have been rapid and fertile in meeting fresh requirements, and prodigal of tremendous attacks. Again and again he came near to success. He might well have triumphed but for one under-estimated factor. Britain and her personal allies and sea power turned the scale against him.

The combined strength of the Entente has only been sufficient to contain his offensive at certain points; and defection of Russia released a force that, concentrated elsewhere and aided by temporary internal weakness, nearly broke the Italian line. The occupation of valuable tracts outside his frontiers by adding to his resources has modified to some extent the privation of the blockade which circumstances have prevented from being absolute.

America's action is limited by difficult questions of sea transport over thousands of miles and he has met the pressure of sea power by resort to a ruthless submarine warfare on shipping which, if not so decisive as he anticipated, has proved a serious obstacle to be overcome and makes immense drafts on the skill and strength of the Entente navy and marine.

One of the most singular features of the business is the conduct of Russia. Popular enthusiasm in the nation was soon vitiated by divided counsels in Court circles and treachery in high places. When, after a period of disaster a bold coup supported by the army, destroyed this sinister cabal, Russia, aided, by her allies, was better equipped to continue the war than ever before. But the new regime of "liberty" by liberating a number of political prisoners and exiles, including social visionaries of an extreme type, has introduced into her disturbed system a body of social dynamite that has split it into its primal elements. Some of these theorists, who are ready to compass their end by revolutionary violence under any constitution, have managed to get power in their hands, are imposing their notions on the country, have repudiated the obligations of the old Government and attempted negotiating a "moral peace" with the Teuton victoriously encamped on Russian soil. The country is dividing into independent republics. Germany is credited with the intention of profiting by this weakness by working to create a belt of Mohammedan States stretching from Constantinople through Central Asia to the Chinese province of Kansu, States which she would dominate through the Ottoman Empire. Here again German machinations must affect British Oriental interests.

The British domain itself has experienced to the full Teuton capacity for treacherous intrigue. Every troublesome element within or along its confines has been incited to create all possible disturbance, even to the remote Senussi movement in the Sahara which made an abortive inroad on the Western border of Egypt. Fortunately these intrigues were foiled, thanks to our own secret service and the steadfastness of all British peoples. We have given the Teuton one or two unpleasant surprises in return. Command of the sea was won in the first week of war. So far from being paralysed the whole Regular Army, British, Indian, and Native, was available at once wherever most required. Including Territorial and Colonial troops a million of men were utilised in the first months in various scenes of action from England so the Pacific. This Army has grown in response to successive demands to seven millions of war workers and fighters of every race in the Empire, three-fourths of whom were volunteers. The Navy has been doubled in personnel and nearly doubled in material, and a vast auxiliary service added. Beyond other work it has protected the transport across the seas of millions of men and horses, and over two hundred million tons of supplies and munitions, with a fractional loss. A huge munition industry has been built up; financial credit has been furnished of some thousands of millions of pounds. Whether these forces have been used to our own best advantage is an open question. We have had to consider our allies and, as a civic power, to learn by experience the conduct of war on an unexampled scale. What remains beyond question is the heroism and endurance, surpassing even their historic reputation, shown on occasion by men of all these races, not least by seamen of the Mercantile

Marine—one of the most important factors in the business.

A greater effort still is needed to force such a decision as shall give once more a stable settlement to a world in arms. The Entente, and its associates, now holds in hand a potent instrument to be used as necessity may demand. Excluding Russia altogether, it controls greater part of the world's economic force, most of the ports and all the tropics. When a preponderant military power has been created the world's market could be closed for good to the Teuton if he should then prove obdurate in coming to terms.

There are concerns in this connexion of another character to which we must return in a further consideration. The moral and intellectual bases of civilisation have to be shaped anew on the virtual dissolution of a social order under this barbaric reversion. Yet the central issue remains as we have said. And we are assured, at this hour, that Britain's children will not fail, on their part, in the triumphant vindication of a principle so proudly linked with her name, without which Life itself would cease to possess either worth or dignity on earth.

AUSTEN VERNEY.

France.

GURU GOBIND SING.

It is asked why did Guru Gobind Singh wage war?

This question has been brought forward by Prof. Jadu Nath Sarkar and Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore. Guru Gobind Singh did not fight out of hatred, he fought out of love. He called his Sikhs to war to realise the Divine Goodness through self-denial which only the spirit of chivalry can inspire. First of all, we should have a glimpse into the ideals of the Ten Gurus which are distinctly their own. Self-denial is the only Door to the Sikh Temple. But who can deny self? The religion of self-denial is the royal religion of the Strong and the Brave. No one else can aspire to it. He who can dare sacrifice his all is a more suitable candidate for the fiery baptism of discipleship of the Tenth Guru, than a weak man who has never tasted the dangers of life. Strangely enough in Japan, the symbol of chivalry is the fragile, delicate cherry flower whom an aimless breath of a wandering breeze does scatter in the forest air and in Sikhism humility and heroism mingle. The Sikh lives to serve but when he is filled with righteous wrath he marches forth to conquer unrighteousness.

Guru Gobind Singh is criticised in the land of his birth by some of the Hindu intellectualists, because their humanity has been reduced by centuries of inaction

and slavery to sheer impotence and cowardice. How can they realise the life of beauty and of freedom that prospers in danger and conquers death!

It is good to be a cherry-blossom adorning the Tree of Creation, but when God moves a hero to action, it is a transcendental act. To understand a great Sikh, a devotee, partaking in action, we perhaps need all the knowledge of Art and life and even then, perhaps, our understanding will fall short. Enough, if we *Love* them and worship them through the spirit of wonder as the deities of the Temple of our heart. Perhaps then, by a process of inspiration we may *live* the Truth they stood for though we may not fully understand it.

One thing that stands clear in the life of the Gurus is that they invite us to a life of continuous inspiration, to live here on earth as angels live in Heaven in perfect "*at-one-ment*" with the Divine life. Another aspect of their teachings is that Action is no barrier to our sympathy with the soul of the Universe.

People say we are man-worshippers. Yes, we are man-worshippers, because we believe we cannot realise the infinite but through the Divine Beauty of life revealed to us in the life of the Ten Gurus. This worship is to our mind, the worship of God. We worship the Gurus who lead us to the feet of the Most High. Secluded communion is not the only form of religion which we acknowledge. Not in the listlessness of inaction, but in gladsome throng, we realise the Divine. The Guru's Sikh picks up his life of spirit as he thinks, acts and sleeps. The simple secret is that the Sikh keeps his soul fixed on his God—feels the working of the Divine will in everything.

The Sikh life is the product of an altogether new

synthesis of the Ideals of life and meets the highest demands of the modern scientific mind. Sir Oliver Lodge will find in the Guru-system transcendental life beyond death illustrated by the Gurus.

The philosophic Hindu is more philosophic than religious, the pure *Brahman* is to be realised only away from great Illusion. In obedience to this, there is hardly a man of serious temperament in India who does not think of running away from the fields of action to have the tranquillity of mind, the solitude of soul for the Divine Vision, or as they say merging into the Absolute. Nobody under these systems of thought can seriously believe that a life of action can be a religious life, though Krishna preached it. The house-holder is conscious of his being lower in scale of spiritual life than the man who leads a forest life. These systems are grand, there is no denying the moral grandeur of the renunciation of a Sanyasi or of a Buddh Bikshu.

According to the Gurus, this sort of *vairagam*, however sublime, argues, in the depth of things a denial of the goodness of the Creator. According to the Guru spiritual life is a process of growth. The Guru bids the life to grow according to its own laws. The Guru forces nothing, makes nothing, but waters the divine seed which lies in every heart with the unceasing streams of Divine name till the Sikh finds himself in the Illumined Rapture of true life. God is not realised through arguments, however clever, nor is the spark of love kindled in us by mere thinking. It is only when the God enters the soul that life becomes one with His life. Nothing is wrong with the world, only we have not adjusted ourselves to divine life. By correct adjustment with the Divine, this very world becomes "an enchanted Garden of bliss".

This blossoming of life in the innocence of vito-joy as even of a babe holding the hand of its mother is the spontaneous and natural growth of man in God. The faculties with which we are endowed have to be nourished and fed properly for the final splendour of the flowers and the fruits. Religion is, according to the Gurus, to feel love and to live love. It is an *attitude* of the soul towards the Infinite, as that of the sunflower to the sun. It is the posture of the soul fixed on the Divine. By love, we neither mean stupid cupidity nor the still more stupid desire for self. Love in Sikhism means complete self-surrender which in reality means an ascension of divine life in place of the petty life of self to glorify God and God alone. "*Nam*" or "*Naming Him*" which is the religion of the Ten Gurus in one word is finally the state of mind that is fit to receive the inspiration of God and His Grace in all its abundance. We live with all the avowed dualism of common human nature, but we *see* it is all divine within and without. Love of God is all this if we "Name Him." "Naming Him" sanctifies our hearth-fires and makes holy our fatherhoods and motherhoods, aye, our wifehoods and husbandhoods. We are here only to be His. If we live this we are Sikhs, if not, we are not.

The Guru, however, does neither idealise Action, nor the Transcendental calm. To fall out from the Divine current of life is to go out of the Religion of the Gurus.

Islam failed because in the restlessness of action it lost the God realised of the prophet. Buddhism failed because it did not reconcile action with observance. Hinduism is lost in the mazes of speculation. It was through their inherent spirit of *Bushido* or "chivalry".* that Japan

* See Okakura's *Ideals of the East*."

interpreted the teachings of Buddhism and saved her soul. The Sikh Gurus kept their ideals of life free from both the danger of the "death from without" that is to be feared from an excess of Action and the "death from within" which is sure from an excess of *Nirvana*.

"Live", is the *Asis** of the Gurus, to the whole world. Their ideal comes like a blessing for both the science and the religions of the world. It has not yet been stated in the terms of intellect. Unfortunately, we the peasants of the Punjab have been its custodians. We only know to love our Guru and to die for him, we cannot argue. The Guru taught us to seek and not to argue, but we feel sure that our religion puts Islam, Hinduism and Buddhism, in the illumination of an actual realization of Truth.

What is it ?

"God's Nām",—"Naming Him."

"His will be done".

"Living for Him in His Name, all to glorify Him".

"A life of the total self-surrender to the Divine Beauty of the Guru"

"A life that moves as He moveth."

"A life of perpetual song of praise for the Divine Reality".

If Guru Govind Singh appeared to-day he would be to us "God or His Word in flesh," "the Name of God in the figure of man". We all will be equally inspired by His divine splendour. So it has been in the past and so it will be in the future. To say Guru Govind Singh was an extraordinary man, a saint, a teacher, a

reformer of Hindu society who abolished caste etc. is to narrow down his mission. He was like the sun, source of light and love for all.

True religion means surrender to the Highest. In Christianity, Christ, in Buddhism, Buddha, in Islam, Mohammed, and in the path of Divine Discipleship or Sikhi, Guru Nanak—Guru Gobind Singh. It is false religion that asks us to surrender to a vague metaphysical monster called the Absolute. Your highest man, choose you must. Man is to be your God, O Man! If it is not Guru Gobind Singh, ponder well, it is your own little miserable self. The protestant Christians ceased to deify Christ, they have practically deified themselves. God has gone out of them saying,—“if My Son cannot be good enough God for you, then good-bye, I cannot be.” It will be very sad, if the Sikhs also begin to think it a mistake to “deify” Guru Gobind Singh.

In the beautiful synthesis of the Gurus, the Islamic gospel of Action, which is also practically the gospel of modern science, has been combined with the Buddhistic gospel of *Nirvāṇ*, which, in its aesthetic transcendence, is practically the gospel of truth and this combination is further blended with the highest truth of God-worship through the inspiration of the *Guru or God when He comes to us as Man in Flesh, or as Word in Flesh*. The myriad splendours are revealed when we live as Sikhs and partake of the reality of Sikhism: of truth and love and labour. The Guru has raised a Temple for the Musalmans, the Hindus, and all those who yearn after the Life of truth. You and I have labeled again the religion of the Guru and narrowed it, but in its pristine beauty, behold it flowed like the river for the

refreshment of all. The rivers that run are neither Christian nor Hindu nor Mohammedan. The rocks of God stand nameless. But the Rivers sing His *Nām* and so do the rocks. It is all a "Naming Him."

Guru Gobind Singh who taught all this is not understood because we are bankrupt within. Those who saw him were filled with rapture.

Bhai Gurdas the second says:—

"Wonder, there comes the man,

The one whose second there is none,

The greatest,—Guru Gobind Singh."

Bhai Nand Lal says :—

"On Guru Gobind Singh recline the men of faith,
And from Him the perfect ones have attained
their perfection;"

On the other hand, let us see what his actual enemies thought of Him? When the Guru was besieged at Anand Pur and the investing armies were camped outside the fort, the Guru playfully shot an arrow which struck one of the legs of the bed seated on which the Moghul Commanders were playing chess, at a distance of about a mile and a half. They took up the arrow and recognised it to be the Guru's. The Chief said, "Is it a miracle of his art or spiritual power to shoot at us from such a distance and to strike just a leg of our bed?" As they were saying this, twanging through the air, came another striking the opposite leg of the bed and round the arrow was wrapped a paper, containing the following words :—

"No it is but my art. There is nothing mysterious about it."

The Chief said "True! that was art but what is this"?

The Hindus, the Mohammedans loved him alike. Truly one may say with the poet:— "Thank God! There comes the Brave Guru Gobind Singh, he is God in Flesh". The Guru goes forth into the battle-field to set an example, to prove that justice and freedom have to be fought for and privations must be endured to secure the victory of right. Anandpur is lost. His beloved mother dies a martyr. All the four sons die fighting in the field. Every forest and every city is his enemy. Once, for ninety hours, he had nothing to eat nor to drink. He is roaming all over the land barefooted. Many of his devoted Sikhs desert him. No one is with him. The servants and disciples practically say to him "O madman! We cannot give thee any shelter. There is no roof which can hide thy unbending head. Who will risk his all like you? Who will, like you, oppose the Emperor and get himself into endless suffering? Under these circumstances, the heart of Guru Gobind Singh still stands in its almighty resolve. No sadness comes over him nor does he give up the performance of his duty. Nor does he give up the cause of the people because the people were so ungrateful. The True King of man refused to have a kingdom and to live in alliance with the Moghul Emperor in peace. Poverty, loneliness, faithlessness of disciples, desertion by friends, loss of every thing—father, mother, sons the Sikhs—was welcome, but no compromise of his principles. The Glory Crested Guru Gobind Singh is rich in his divinity. His unbowing, unbending, invincible, unshakable mind stands unmoved, unaffected by failure or by success, and before such a will, life itself bows conquered it was his unconquerable spirit which he bequeathed to his Sikhs.

Such was the teacher whom the foreigners like Payne appreciate more than his countrymen. Payne says: "Guru Gobind Singh brought out the Khalsa ready-made from his brain as the Jupiter produced Minerva."

Why did Guru Gobind Singh wage war it is asked?

The high and deep spirituality moves neither for revenge nor for self-defence and the truth is transfigured in the lives of our Gurus. Bhai Mati Das goes to visit the *Ninth Guru* in the prison at Delhi. "Lord! Bid me, and I will reduce this imperial Delhi and Lahore to dust. The walls of Delhi will clash against the walls of Lahore. All shall be reduced to nothingness in a moment." Guru Tegh Bahadur smiles. He embraces the disciple. The embrace makes the Sikh powerless. "Move not, we are Sikhs, and we must obey orders. His will be done, says the Guru. We shall not defend ourselves." The Ninth Guru lays down his life. Guru Arjan Dev suffers the tortures. The Sikhs cry for revenge. "His will be done" says the Guru. "Name him, my Sikhs!" Personal wrongs never moved the Gurus. Guru Govind Singh was moved to action to help the helpless, to rehabilitate the nation with life, motion and faith and save it from stagnation and ruin which awaited it.

The Tenth Guru heard the call of Heaven and acted to fulfil his mission. And lo! a religious leader, a man without arms or ammunition, without support of empires, stood up against the might of the Moghul Empire. This decision alone was enough to stir his disciples to action. Hundreds of thousands of Sikhs flocked round him. Guru Govind Singh never stooped to compromise. Nothing could bend him not even a friendly invitation from Aurangzeb and not even the

friendship of Emperor Bahadur Shah. He hurled himself, his friends, his children and his hundreds of thousands of disciples against the Empire. All might go, but Guru Govind Singh shall not alter his plans. He shall not compromise. He wrote to Aurangzeb a long epistle in Persian asking him to awaken to his duties of a king, of a protector of the people. But he believed that unless people themselves were made strong to protect the 'privacy and purity of home life no one else would protect them.

This immensity of purpose and sacrifice was the inheritance which he left to Sikhs and which spelt the downfall of the Mughal Empire. If you see any poverty of spirit in his Sikhs to-day, it is because they have departed from his teachings.

That the Guru fought the battles of God is evident from the fact that a Mohammadan Saint-like Budhu Shah, a Sufi-Faqir with all his sons was on the side of the Guru ! The sons of Budhu Shah were all killed in action. Nabi Khan and Ghani Khan sided with him. The Hindu Rajas of the Punjab hills were against him. To the Guru, there was no Hindu, no Mohammadan. It was God arrayed against injustice and tyranny. All men of God whether Hindu or Mohammadan were on the side of the Guru and all men of the world against him. It is the Sikhs of Guru Govind Singh who in their goodness and love forestalled the spirit of the work of the modern Red Cross Society. Bhai (Brother) Kanahya, the Sikh of Guru Govind Singh was always seen walking on to the enemy's side giving water to the wounded and nursing them So did Bhai Mani Singh. These Sikhs were, many times, arrested and taken to the Commanders of the Moghul forces, but no, they were not only released, but respected. The enemies thought

every Sikh to be a saint, and an Angel of Heaven. Even today, in the Frontier races, the older Pathans acknowledge the fact that even they used to pay to the Sikh the reverence due to a Saint. Such was the reputation of Guru Govind Singh's "Soldiers". And why did brother Kanahya do this? He says: "O Guru! The eyes that thou hast given me, see nor "Hindu" nor "Mohammadan." I only see Thee in the wounded and in the thirsty. I offer water to Thee, O Lord!" Such was the reply of Kanahya to the Guru who bestowed on him, on this occasion, the title of "Bhai"! *Brother*. The whole sect of "*Sewa Panthis*" rose out of the following of such Sikhs and these Sikh sects count amongst them, the nurses and helpers before whose performance one has only to bow down in grateful acknowledgment.

The armed Saints marched to the music of death without fear, the fear of rulers and anxiety for self preservation could not paralyse them. The whole Sikh History bristles with examples of noble unselfishness inspired by the life-ideals of the Gurus. Perhaps no one has noticed a little item included in the *daily Ardas* (prayers) of the Sikh. "O God! may the rulers rule well and may the subjects be happy". This is a little piece of internal evidence to show that our politics mean an absolute indifference to politics. We are here to bless and not to beg anything from the pontiffs and potentates of this world. We as a nation are enjoined to live in peace with our God and His world. Well does a Persian poet say:—

"The Religion of Love hath no need of moving
with the world,

It differs from all,

The devotees of the Path of Love need but
the Beloved”.

Woe be to that day, when the Sikh will unsikh himself and barter his God-life for any gains of this world.

Guru Gobind Singh's Sikhs never fought for a kingdom. They did stumble on one or more correctly it was added unto them, but they could not keep it, for they departed from the path of Sikhi. Maharaja Ranjit Singh trembled with emotions when the beautiful canopy made of Damasc silk richly embroidered and decorated with diamond pendants was spread over him in the Hazuri garden of Lahore. He could not sit under it. With tears in his eyes, he cried out: "Take it to the Guru. Such a good thing is for Him and not for me his slave". That canopy is still in the treasury of the Golden Temple at Amritsar.

In Guru's retreat from Anandpore under the terms of the "White flag" treacherously offered by the investing forces of the Moghal Emperor and the Hindu Hill Rajahs, as the morning breaks and the bell is struck for the "Morning Song of praise"—or "*Asa ki Var*", the Guru halts there and then. The *keertan* begins. The Guru and the Sikhs sing His Praises almost right in the midst of an attack from the enemy. The song was sung undisturbed. The enemy falls on the Sikhs in prayer. Much was lost! But the song remains.

Such then is the deathless storey of this God-like strength of the Tenth Guru.

PURAN SINGH.

IN ALL LANDS.

**The German
Failure.**

The retreat of the German army before the Allies continued during the whole of last month. The enemy Press explained that troops had been transferred from France to Russia and the retirement was in accordance with a well devised plan. The re-transfer of some troops to Russia appears to be a fact, but the strength of the Allied pressure is equally patent, for the number of prisoners and the quantity of war material captured by the Allies admit of no other explanation. During the month and a half of the return tide, 100,000 prisoners and 2,000 guns are said to have been taken. The retreat is already causing alarm in Germany.

* * *

**America and
Germany.**

The last German offensive was launched before Russia had been effectively dealt with, in the expectation that Paris would be reached before Americans could save it. Much was expected from the submarines, but whatever else they might have accomplished, they could not stop or retard the influx of Americans, and the Kaiser dismissed Admiral von Capelle. Since then the tonnage sunk by them has shown a slight increase, but it is not known that the transfer of the troops

across the Atlantic has in any way been retarded. They are fresh and enthusiastic and their achievements in the field have been much applauded. About a million and a half were in France at the end of the month, and a sanguine Senator is reported to have declared that the Allies would not be satisfied until their flags floated in Berlin. It seems that four million Americans would be needed for the purpose.

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**Russia and
Siberia.** A second political assassination by the Counter-Revolutionaries during the month convinced Germany of the seriousness of the situation in Russia. What

exactly happens in that unhappy land is not clearly known to the outside world. Telegrams have been reporting peasant risings, the shooting of hundreds of counter-revolutionaries, actions between Bolsheviki and Czechs, and outbreaks of epidemics. Lenin and Trotzsky have practically disappeared and who exactly constitute the Government is a mystery. The Allies have penetrated Russia from the north and issued proclamations to the people that they will fight against the common enemy in the cause of Russian liberty. They have recognised the Czechs-Slovaks as a nation and are responding to the urgent appeals of the latter for help. It has not transpired if any of them have succeeded crossing over to America.

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Asia and the War. For a long time the attitude of Japan in the contest between the Bolsheviki and the anti-Bolsheviki seems to have been undecided, and perhaps it remains so even now. Mysterious telegrams spoke of pro-Germans

in Japan and alluded to the feeling in the Allied countries that she was unwilling to take anything like a prominent part in thwarting German designs at Vladivostok. American, British and Canadian troops have been landed there, and while Japan would not decline to co-operate, she would not take the lead. Even the offer of the command of the united forces to the Japanese General is said to have produced no effect. But the Germans are no longer content to support Bolshevik authority, they have invaded China. In Central Asia the Allies may be preparing for eventualities. From Mesopotamia they have sent troops to the shores of the Caspian.

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**Germany and
Democracy.** In many countries, not to speak of Russia, political thinkers expect that the present war will give a strong impetus to the march of democracy in the world, for the Allies have declared that they

fight for liberty and the principle of self-determination. Even German militarists apprehend this result and are trying to obviate it. In Finland they have insisted on the establishment of a monarchy, and the feud between republicans and the willing or unwilling monarchists is said to have caused much bloodshed. One of the first conditions of peace dictated to the Bolsheviks was that they should not preach their political philosophy outside Russia. It appears, however, that revolutionary doctrines are spreading in the German Army, and soldiers on leave are prohibited from taking part in the movement.

After the collapse of Russia the German militarists spoke as if they had become the practical masters of Europe. The Chancellor, indeed, avowed that the dream of a world dominion, attributed to them, could enter the brain only of a Napoleon, but the way in which they dealt with Holland demonstrated their aspiration to dictate to nations all round. The tide has turned, and with it the tone of the Kaiser's advisers. Spain had for a long time patiently submitted to the losses caused by indiscriminate submarinism, and indeed it was suspected that pro-Germanism was paralysing the determination of the Government, even if the Government could muster the courage for a strong protest. It appears that last month a strong representation was made and Germany consented to the appropriation of her shipping by Spain in compensation for destroyed ships.

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It appears that the report originally published by the British Press about the adoption of preferential tariffs by the Imperial War Conference was not quite accurate. Sir Robert Borden first corrected the impression and subsequent explanations in Parliament showed that while Great Britain committed herself to a willingness to accept that fiscal policy, the Colonies did not and no general resolution was passed. In the official summary of the proceedings published in India no reference is made to the subject and one may take it for granted that the Government of India is not committed, though the fiscal policy of India may be influenced by the principles favoured by Parliament. The National Congress insists

The Imperial Conference.

on fiscal independence and the hands of the Government, are not likely to be tied.

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**India and the
Colonies.**

From the Indian standpoint the most important decision arrived at by the Imperial Conference related to the rights of Indians in the Colonies. The principle of reciprocity had already been laid down last year, and the details were settled this year. Every part of the British Empire, India as much as the Colonies will have the power to determine the composition of its own population. Indians may visit the Colonies for pleasure, commerce, or education. But the Colonies may exclude Indian labour, and disallow permanent settlement by Indians in the Colonies. Those that have already settled may each bring one wife and her children, as certified by the Government of India. As a result of the deliberations of the Conference, India as well as the self-governing Colonies will each have a representative in London, who can directly approach the Prime Minister. Will India be represented always by the Secretary of State?

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**India in Parlia-
ment.**

Before Parliament adjourned, the Indian Budget gave an opportunity for the discussion of the reforms proposed in the Montagu-Chelmsford report. The result of the discussion was merely to endorse the announcement of policy made by the Secretary of State last year. Even this was not unnecessary, for the National Congress—not yet the Moderate Party—has taken exception to the declaration that “the British Government and the Government of India must be judges

of the time and measure of each advance." The Congress asserted last month that the people of India are already fit for responsible Government and refused to accept the view that the devolution of responsibility must first be tried in the provinces, and the result of the experiment watched. The speakers maintained that India was fit for self Government before the British set foot on Indian soil!

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Mr. Montagu has explained in Parliament that the reform scheme will be reconsidered in the light of suggestions received. His call for suggestions has not fallen on deaf ears. The National Congress

**Reforms and the
War.**

has made about fifty suggestions in modification of his proposals. More will come from other quarters and if they are all to be adopted, the Report submitted to the Cabinet will have to be withdrawn, and another substituted, before a Bill can be introduced in Parliament. Then again, the Electorates Committee will collect statistics regarding the literacy and the property qualifications of the voters and may be invited to consider the effect of the present proposals on the distribution of political power among various classes in each province. Some of the questions believed to be settled may be reopened. In the interests of humanity one may hope the war to terminate before these differences are composed.

The distinction between Moderates and Extremists, to which Lord Morley gave his sanction ten years ago, has been revived by the discussion of the Montagu-Chelmsford proposals. The Moderate Party has, for the purposes of this discussion, formally seceded from

**Moderates and
Others.**

the Congress, which is said to be in the hands of the Extremists. The Moderate Congress will be held next month and the National Congress has tried to anticipate it in some respects. What differences will remain after both have spoken is not at present clear. Both parties suggest modifications of the official scheme, and both were responsible for the Congress-League scheme. Both have acknowledged the sincerity of the Secretary of State and H. E. the Viceroy, though it appears that at some of the provincial conferences the Moderates were treated with disrespect for demanding a graceful appreciation of the labours of the high authorities. The parties are likely to coalesce ere long.

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Several committees are investigating the methods of developing the economic resources of India after the War. every part of the Empire after the war.

It is by no means certain that the present war will be the last on this planet, though President Wilson hopes so, and years of steady, application to economic development will be required to repair the wastage caused by the present war. As Mr. Montagu said some time ago, efforts will be made to enable India to stand on her own legs in respect of many of her requirements. The war has demonstrated alike the necessity of making India self-contained and the possibility of achieving that end to a large extent. Then again, the army may provide employment to more people than hitherto. Dr. Mullick has been impressing on his countrymen that apart from patriotism, the military profession ought to attract "many a lad who is eating his heart out in some uncongenial occupation."

EAST & WEST.

VOL. XVI.

OCTOBER 1918.

No. 204.

FROM CLOUDLAND.

Four years of determined effort and ceaseless sacrifices are at last bearing fruit. In the West
The day of Victory. the Hindenburg Line is broken and we have captured 200,000 prisoners, 3,000 guns and 20,000 machine guns. Bulgaria has surrendered unconditionally and her army of 300,000 men has laid down its arms in the East. Our victorious armies defeating the Turkish forces in Palestine now occupy Damascus. This is the beginning of the end. Who knows in a few days Turkey may seek her old ally and in England find her truest friend? We have won all along the line. Halifax was right in holding, "The man who is master of patience is master of everything."

President Wilson has set forth clearly the peace terms. He has declared that the issue is
World Ideals in Conflict. neither the victory nor defeat of nations engaged in the world war, but the establishment of a stable world order guaranteeing freedom, security, peace, equality to all

the nations of the world, weak and strong at the bar of a covenanted civilization. "Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of the peoples over whom they have no right to rule except by right of force; shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purposes and interests; shall peoples be ruled and dominated even in their own internal affairs by arbitrary and irresponsible force or by their own will and choice: shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress; shall assertion of right be haphazard and by casual alliance or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights?" he asks and answers himself.

"No man, no group of men chose these to be the issues of it and they must be settled by no arrangement or compromise or adjustment of interests but definitely and once for all and with the full unequivocal acceptance of the principle that the interest of the weakest is as sacred as the interest of the strongest. This is what we mean when we speak of permanent peace if we speak sincerely and intelligently and with a real knowledge and comprehension of the matter we deal with." The conscious development of this new sense of service by the strong nations to the weak, in the mind and conscience of great statesmen has been immeasurably the most momentous event of the war. It is impossible to foretell the actions and reactions of the measureless world forces which will follow the world war. But if President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George have read aright the future, the end of the war will mean the beginning of

permanent and stable world order. President Wilson seems to have no misgivings. The future is big with promise ; vast horizons are opening before the world, and their nature and their consequence will depend on the statesmen of the Allied Nations ; if they in the noontide of victory can be faithful to the principles which they have so clearly set forth in the dark days of the war, they will herald the radiant dawn of a new time. Much will depend on their fidelity to these principles and their sense of duty to humanity. The new German Chancellor has not been long in seizing the opportunity afforded by President Wilson's speech.

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The close of the autumn session of the Legislative Council also coincides with the close
Simla Season. of the Simla Season. Simla enjoyed exceptionally dry weather, and various Departments of the Government have been busy with the problems which are always arising in the affairs of a great Empire like India. The Simla Session of the Legislative Council has been gaining in importance every year and more business is transacted in Simla than in the Imperial Town of Delhi. Indeed it seems inevitable that Simla must in reality remain for many years the real capital of India. The idea of ruling India from the hill tops has been often ridiculed but Simla still offers the ideal place to be the workshop of the Empire. In the ancient times sages sought the sheltered security of the hills and in the new times weary men from the plains will find in the coolness and fragrance of the hills the necessary environment to dream great dreams and work towards their realisation. In India winter is the time for

work and summer the time for slumber, speculation, and ease, when men seek refreshment of the soul in the solitude of the hills. Simla offers the wonderful opportunity of combining pleasure with service of the country. In days to come it will be at Simla that the Imperial Council will take up questions of public utility and beneficence. It will be here that great Schemes will be conceived and definitely resolved both by the officials and non-officials.

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For many years Government has been afraid of the natural growth of the summer capital. Indeed serious attempts have been made to prevent its growth, with the result that while demand has been growing the city fathers have been doing nothing to meet the demand, and available accommodation in many cases has been overcrowded. What Simla needs is a bold scheme of extension and development to meet all the present and immediate needs of the future. There is immense room for expansion.

Take the two arms of the hill which towers above the Mashobra tunnel, treeless and without much habitation. If these two hills were levelled down to the Sanjoui Bazar they would provide room for a new town centred in the heart of Mashobra and Simla with wonderful views on all sides. The cost of levelling could be realised by the sale of sites. The stone for building would also bring an additional income. One can dream of broad streets opening in all directions, avenues of fragrant full blossoming trees, and splendid council chambers, hotels, clubs and restaurants and central play grounds. The place is capable of tremendous development. If Lord Chelmsford

takes it up, he will be creating a town such as the dignity of the summer capital demands. The idea is full of promise and may come to fruit; more unlikely things have happened.

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**The Dawn of
Responsibility.**

The autumn session of the Legislative Council has been notable in this sense that it has been free from ordinary camouflage. Members have voted with a growing sense of responsibility. The couple of extremists in the Council have been completely isolated. The resolutions regarding Financial assistance in respect of the cost of the military forces now being raised, the Reform Scheme and the Rowlatt Committees report secured overwhelming majorities. The opposition was reduced to two or three votes. Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee in green old age is astonishingly vigorous, and Mr. Srinevas Sastri has greatly added to his reputation. On the Government side Sir William Vincent and Sir George Lowndes intervened in the discussions with great success. Mr. J. P. Thompson's maiden speech gives promise of a great career for him in the Imperial assembly. The considered recommendations of the Committee of the Legislative Council on Reform will no doubt receive the attention they deserve. The suggestions if accepted will go a long way in making the Scheme as complete as the united will of the leaders of public opinion demands.

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Sir Michael O'Dwyer in a happy speech described the services rendered by the province under his guidance, and the assistance he received both from the people and the C.I.D. to root out crime. Sir Michael O'Dwyer has

The Punjab.

never spared himself and the success which has attended his efforts is the fruit of his labours, as much as of the inherent loyalty of the province. It is said that he has definitely decided to relinquish the reins. The Punjab is greatly interested in the appointment of his successor and so far as the Punjab is concerned Sir Edward Maclagan fills the public eye. The Province in the coming five years needs a Governor who commands popular confidence and knows the Province. Sir Edward Maclagan fulfils both these conditions. The popularity of his appointment will ensure the success of his administration in the eventful years which are ahead of the Province.

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The welcome that the Reform Scheme has received all over India abundantly proves that

**Pure Despotism
Or Reform.**

it has come at the opportune moment. Extremists both in India and England have raised their cry against it,

but they have proposed no constructive scheme of their own, which could meet the need of the country. Lord Sydenham and Mrs. Flora Annie Steel have both confessed their love of India, but their love is so darkened by preconceived ideas of an ideal state that they can subscribe to no scheme which is likely to help India towards larger and broader life. Their arguments are in the nature of special pleading. They say India is spiritually arrogant, and India suffers willingly the horrors of temples, castes and creeds. India must be left alone to get rid of these horrors and left unhelped till she stands strong in her own strength. It is like telling a man who is struggling with the waves, we love you, and we will welcome and help you when you have struggled your way

to the shore. The extremists in India are no less unreasonable. They want Home Rule immediately and believe in no gradual process of growth. Extremists both in England and India are out of court. Practical politics demand that we must come to grips with the problem. Broad-visioned men and women in both countries recognise that India can reach the goal of self-government only by gradual stages. The announcement that His Majesty's Government is now prepared to go forward has given satisfaction to the prince and peasant alike. The political atmosphere in India has changed. There is hope and faith in the air. People talk of large possibilities and happier days. Indeed India was at the parting of the ways and the Government had to choose between pure despotism or Reform. The choice has been made by His Majesty's Government and is irrevocable. Any tampering with the Scheme will be regarded as a breach of faith, and faith is the rock on which the British empire is founded in India. The Scheme has not "sprung unbidden from the brain of Mr. Montagu," but is the outcome of British policy pursued in India for long years. It is nothing short of mischievous to attempt to spoil this well considered scheme. The sooner it is brought into operation the stronger will become the links which unite India and England.

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A writer in the "Times" gives an account of the system which has been adopted by the Japanese for the training of military officers. Boys of any class of society, between the ages of 13 and 14 are received from an elementary school into a local military preparatory school, where they study for three years. The

**How Japan Educa-
tes Her Officers.**

instruction consists chiefly of languages, mathematics, other sciences, and drawing, only three hours a week being devoted to specially military instruction which includes gymnastics. After passing the final examination at the local military school the schoolboy takes a higher course at the Central Military School, Tokyo. Here two years are spent. More time is devoted to military studies including riding, but the civil instruction in mathematics, science and foreign languages still occupies the greater part of the student's time. At the age of 18 or thereabouts, a student leaves the Central School and joins the army as a cadet for a period of six months: during which he serves in the ranks and gains a practical knowledge of everything which affects a common soldier. From the ranks he proceeds to the Royal Military Academy at Tokyo. After 18 months spent in this institution the cadet is appointed a probationary officer for 14 months after which he is made a second lieutenant. Officers of special abilities can study in a staff college, and there are special schools for the technical branches of the service. The cost of this education to the student is small and certain classes of candidates are educated free.

The Advantages of the system. The inevitable virtue of this system of military education is that as it is carried on until a student reaches his 18th year, it fits a young man quite as well for a civil as for a military vocation. Many students find that they have no taste or no aptitude for the army. Their time in the military schools, however, has not been lost. They have been well equipped for any kind of ordinary life. From the military point of view it

is an admirable thing that the young officers should be chosen from so many classes in society. In this way the nation is likely to obtain the good brains which are required for regimental, staff and technical officers. The knowledge of the experience of the common soldier which the young Japanese officer is required to gain is also an admirable thing. One remark more :—Would not all men benefit by a training such as the young Japanese officer is obliged to undergo : and is it not extraordinary that such a fine system of training should be created for the sake of national self-preservation, surpassing many systems of education which have been created out of the love of education or 'culture.'?

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The principal feature of the new English Education Act, which has received the Royal assent is the raising of the elementary school age in England from a minimum of 14 years to a minimum of 16 years. A "young person," by which the Act means a boy or a girl, can indeed leave the elementary school at the age of 14, but as soon as the Act comes fully into force all young persons who do not stay at school until they are 16 will have to attend a continuation school for three hundred and twenty hours in each year until they are 18. The most careful regulations are made to prevent any interference with this requirement upon the part of employers or other persons. This is the most striking step forward made in an Act which has been passed "with a view to the establishment of a national system of education available for all persons capable of profiting thereby."

There are other interesting provisions. Education authorities, for instance, are empowered to provide

"practical instruction," suited to the ages, abilities and requirements of the children. "The expression 'practical instruction' " says the Act "means instruction in cookery, laundry work, housewifery, dairy work, handicrafts and gardening, and such other subjects" as an authority declares to be "practical instruction." Here at last is education ! By attending to the lowliest things, educators in England are about to serve the interests of the highest. Reading and writing are good, but the foundation of a girl's education is household management: just as there are few men who are more than useless whatever they may have learnt in school or college if they are unable to do something which helps to carry on the necessary work of the world. There is nothing higher than the service of life. A woman who can take proper care of the welfare of her home is an educated woman. A man who can serve the world in some capacity, however humble, is an educated man. Service to home life and social life is the highest function of which human beings are capable: and the spirit of such service is the highest spirit to which a woman or man can rise. If what is ordinarily called "culture" is allowed to supplant usefulness, the result is a degradation and not an education. The greatest things in life and in the world are best cared for by looking after the lowliest things which are the foundation both of intelligence and character. Religion and everything else worth having is rooted in taking wise care of the home, and in doing whatever we have to do well and intelligently. Take care of common sense and usefulness, and 'culture' and 'higher education' will take care of themselves. Here is a very valuable lesson for India.

**Advanced
Instruction.** Classes for advanced instruction are to be set up wherever they are necessary in elementary schools, and local education authorities are to have enlarged powers

for attending to the health and physical condition of their children. Could anything be more important to a child than its health, or to a nation than people? We hope these, the health of its young, provisions in the Act will be applied as widely and as generously as legislators seem to intend them. The human body is the king of all forms on the earth, and it is the instrument of the highest intelligence among the planetary inhabitants. Immense reverence ought to be bestowed upon it: and society ought to learn that its first duty to a child is to the child's body, and that if this first duty is neglected, the second duty which is to a child's mind cannot be accomplished. Religious people and moral people search for sacred duties, and the most sacred duties are the simplest of all: so simple that it is easy to overlook them. Every child must be cared for, as far as looking after its eyes and its teeth and its skin and its limbs and its freedom from disease and its health generally can be carried by the help of profoundest physical and medical knowledge. Devotion to the child is the highest form of human devotion and devotion to the child's body is the best way of devoting oneself to preparation for the development of the child's mind. The words 'physical condition' in the Act, seem to imply that legislators desire that every child should be well fed. The proper way to care for a child's mind and spirit is to care first for its health and its proper feeding. A starving child is a reproach to civilization.

In the days when a large portion of Roman soil was occupied by enemies of the Roman people, a Roman citizen manifested his confidence in victory by bidding a high price for a plot of ground upon which the enemy was encamped at that very moment. The English Houses of Parliament in an equally remarkable manner have proclaimed their faith in the future destiny of the land by passing the most remarkable Education Act of recent years. At the moment when the enemy are at the gates, they have promised a brighter prospect to the nation's children. At a time when the financial burdens of the war are crushing, they have drawn up a programme for largely increased expenditure upon a national service. This is the strength of heart which beats in the Old Country. This is wisdom procured by heroism. The painful lessons of the war, the awakening of all men's minds throughout the world to problems of national welfare, questions of what life shall be lived for, when peace returns, promise progress and higher mindedness to every branch of humanity.



There was an interesting discussion on Manners at the "East and West Circle" meeting at Simla. His Grace the Archbishop of Simla, Sir Stanley Reed, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Richey on the one side and Hon'ble Nawab Zulfiqar Ali Khan, Hon'ble Mian Mohammad Shafi and Khan Bahadur Maula Baksh took part in the discussion on the other. The East mostly kept to the outside observance, though Nawab Zulfiqar Ali

Khan rightly observed that manners in the East had their root in religion. There was general agreement that the question of manners is more than of ordinary interest in India. There is no surer school of bad manners than arrogance and there are many wrong ways of doing the right thing; often the smallest ripple on the surface reveals the spirit of a man or woman. "The highest culture" says Mrs. Wilcox "is to speak no ill." "The comfort of two worlds is the fruit of two things, expression of love for friends and kindness to enemies," says a Persian poet. Both in the East and the West spontaneous courtesy is the hall mark of breeding and no end of harm is done when Indians or Englishmen forget their natural and national manners. The place of manners is very tersely indicated by the following conversation:—"Manners," said the youth across the table. "Manners don't matter." "But surely" said the soldier, "Germany's manners will have lost her the war and the world".



The New East edited by Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott has just been celebrating its anniversary. The Editor is to be congratulated on the success of his venture in these times of great difficulties. The Editor has been able to induce many eminent writers to contribute to the pages of the New East and thus establishes a link between the land of the rising sun and his own. Incidentally the Review has much matter of interest for Indian readers, as it places them in touch with the great movement of thought and achievements in the two worlds and from them both, India has much to learn.

The war has led to the introduction of the One Rupee Note and the One Rupee Note has come to stay. There is no better currency than a paper currency. Government has to spend and lose a great deal of money to supply silver and gold coin. India has to buy her silver and gold ; both metals are expensive to buy and expensive to handle. On every crore of silver India loses 5 lakhs in interest alone besides the middle-man's profits and the cost of coinage. The increased circulation of notes is a very good thing and will mean an enormous saving. Aristotle wrote, " money itself is only a frivolity, a futility. It has value only by Law and not by Nature inasmuch as a change of agreement among those who use it can depreciate it completely and render it entirely unfit to satisfy our wants." In the past a stroke of the pen has once or twice written down the savings of millions, and the opportunity for such financial tampering should be closed in the future.

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The extreme Home Rulers do not believe in beginning with the Home. In the arena of politics they believe in equality but will do nothing to help in the building of an Indian nationhood founded on equal opportunities for men of all castes and creeds. Mr. Patel's Bill, as Sir George Lowndes pointed out merely aims at securing Legislative sanction to a custom which was recognised in the old days. The new times have created a class of men and women who are not prepared to yield submission to tradition, and they have as much right to legislative protection as the defenders of degenerate custom. India needs

**Hindu Marriage
Validity Bill.**

a Registration of Marriages Act and Mr. Patel's Bill is a harmless measure which deserves support.

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At the 15th meeting of the Imperial Conference held on July 24th reciprocity between India and the Dominions was discussed and, in pursuance of a resolution that effect should now be given to last year's acceptance of the principle of reciprocity, the Conference agreed as follows :—

**India and the
Dominions.**

(1) It is an inherent function of the Governments of the several communities of the British Commonwealth, including India, that each should enjoy complete control over the composition of its own population by means of restriction on immigration from any other communities.

(2) British citizens domiciled in any British country, including India, should be admitted into any other British country for visits for the purpose of pleasure or commerce, including temporary residence for the purpose of education. The conditions of such visits should be regulated as follows :—

(a) The right of the Government of India is recognized to enact laws which shall have the effect of subjecting British citizens domiciled in any other British country to the same conditions in visiting India as those imposed on Indians desiring to visit such country ; (b) Such right of visiting or temporary residence shall in each individual case be embodied in a passport ; (c) such right shall not extend to a visit or temporary residence for labour purposes or to permanent settlement.

(3) Indians already permanently domiciled in other

British countries should be allowed to bring in their wives and minor children on condition (a) that not more than one wife and her children shall be admitted for each such Indian and (b) that each individual so admitted shall be certified by the Government of India as being the lawful wife or child of such Indian.

(4) The Conference recommends the other questions covered by the memoranda presented this year to the Conference by the representatives of India, in so far as they are not dealt with in the foregoing paragraphs to the various Governments concerned, with a view to early consideration.

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At Grasse in France passed away a true friend of India. George Clifford Whitworth—
The late Mr. G. G. Whitworth. Bombay Civil Service—whose 35 years of service were given unselfishly and conscientiously for the welfare of the country and people of India. He was a personal friend of the late Mr. Malabari for whose life and character he had a profound appreciation and whose views he shared in many respects. He was specially interested in the future of women in India and believed that their higher education and their ensuing emancipation would advance the interests of India in the best way possible. He considered that the regeneration of India lay in the amelioration of the condition of the Depressed Classes and modifications of the caste system. He worked steadily and sympathetically for the improvement of conditions in India during his service in the country and even beyond it but his indifferent health of late years hampered his efforts to some

extent though he still wrote much on them and kindred subjects both in Indian and English papers. He retired in 1904 with unabated interest in the people with whom and for whom he had worked so long, giving all that was best in him and of him. In the words of the "Recluse" it may be truly said of him "He wore the badge of no party and the livery of no faction. He never regarded public powers when he was in office as private utilities. The orchard of his soul he reserved for God's own planting, he took its flowers to the humblest of God's children. He had no palsied heart, no jaundiced eye. His love, welling up from deep fountains, was all unconscious of itself." India is poorer in having lost such a friend.

“CAN THE CHURCH PRESERVE PEACE?”

THE Church is not a political institution. Properly conceived the churches of the present day are broken fragments of that great spiritual movement, which emanated from the manifestation of the Christ. The slender handful of his followers, mightily reinforced and inspired by the happenings of the Day of Pentecost, became a strong and increasing organization, that spread with remarkable rapidity throughout the Roman Empire. At first, the Emperors and their advisors suspected the primitive church of being a secret society with political aspirations and designs. It was long before they understood that the King and Kingdom of which Christians spoke offered no menace to Cæsar and his empire.

For about 200 years the Church retained its spiritual integrity; and then, by her compact with Constantine, she entered definitely into alliance with the ambitions and polity of the Roman Empire, which was then approaching its period of dissolution. Since that time the alliance has been maintained with more or less persistence, to the Church's great detriment. Various sections have broken off from the main body, because of their divergence of view on this vital issue, but the main trend of the

visible Church has been one of constant inter-action with state-craft and its implications.

But though not a political organization, the Church,—using that word as expressive of average Christian opinion and action,—has had a profound influence on the nations, first by the high standard of morals which she has proclaimed; secondly, by the men and women who have been trained under her influence; and thirdly, by the atmosphere which she has created and spread abroad. And it is to these avenues of influence that we must look for the strongest and most enduring effect upon the present age.

It is a mistake, as we view it, for the Church, in her efforts on the behalf of Peace, which must ever be her weal, as it is that of our foremost statesmen, to formulate conditions as to the cession of territory or the delimitation of frontiers. In all these matters she has no special function. Her sources of information are shared by statesmen, essayists, newspaper-editors, and others. However oracular her tone may be, her opinions must be judged by the criteria with which those of others, who set themselves up to be guides, must be tested. Her leaders indeed run the grave danger of minimizing their spiritual influence, when they speak of subjects of which they are not specially informed, and for which their education and training are often a disqualification.

When, therefore, we are called to discuss the questions of the direction in which the Church can preserve Peace, when once more the Angel of Peace settles down on this distracted planet, we must turn our thoughts rather to the spiritual than the political forces that she is able to command.

· If she is to preserve Peace, when the war is ended, why did the Church not keep the war from beginning? What warrant have we for supposing that her influence will be any more potent in the future than in the past? To that the reply is simple enough. Everything depends on whether the Church has learnt her lesson. Before the war she was materialised by the materialism around her. Instead of keeping to her high spiritual and ethical standards, she truckled to wealth and fashion, to the softness and effeminacy of the age. She proposed no heroic programmes for her youth and winked at the lowered temperature of the pew. She made her boast in the culture and eloquence of her ministry, the architectural beauty of her edifices, the number and splendour of her philanthropic humanities. Except in a comparatively small proportion, the dominant note was not that of the spirit, but of the flesh.

This war has been searching the Church like fire, and exposed the vast amount of wood, hay, and stubble, which has been covered with veneer and painted to look like enduring marble. The process is painful but wholesome; and the effect on the Church and Society will be highly beneficial and, we may hope, permanent. She did not stop the war, because she permitted amongst her own members and in her own bosom the discordant passions of jealousy, suspicion, and misunderstanding which are in close kinship to similar passions that have been smouldering in Europe for years, and, of which this world-conflagration is the natural outcome. Beelzebub cannot cast out demons. You must be rid of the beam, before you can extract the mote.

The hope of the world of today, to which men's hearts are turning and their hearts straining, is the League of Nations. This is one of the ideals of Scripture. For long it was only a pious dream; but it was launched as a practical proposition at the Cornell University, U. S. A. on May 16, 1915. Its most eloquent and convincing presentation, however, has been given in the superb utterances of President Wilson. His memorable utterances on this subject are historic. He speaks of "the international concert, which must hereafter hold the world at peace." He says that "Peace must be followed by the definite concert of the Powers, which will make it virtually impossible that any such catastrophe should ever overwhelm us again."

But he goes on to make this admission, that a force must be created as a guarantor of the permanency of the settlement, so that no nation, or probable combination of nations could face or withstand it. Other authorities on the subject speak of an international Police Force. We understand what this means, but the creation, maintenance, and direction of this force will be a very delicate business. After all, are not the Allied Armies acting very largely in that capacity at the present time? Policemen don't transform burglars and murderers into saints; and sometime the forces of misrule are too fierce and strong to be kept in check by the constabulary! What can the Police of Russia do to keep order, when the whole country is in revolt!

We shall need something more than a League of Nations; something more cohesive and compelling than a general agreement of war-weary statesmen; something

more spiritual than an international police. There must be a new atmosphere in the world. The spirit of Brotherhood and Altruism must be engendered and maintained. Each must consider not his own interests only, but those of his fellows. The spirit of grab and gain must yield before the policy of the sermon on the Mount. Co-operation must be substituted for competition, goodwill for suspicion, and love for hate. But the exchange cannot be achieved by enactments or armies. There must be a preponderance of spiritual ideals, and a predominance of spiritual energies; but these ideals and energies are essentially the sphere of the Church, when she is purified and cleansed, and realises the original designing of her creation. Our answer to the question, which heads this article, is in the affirmative, on the one indispensable condition that the Church is unworldly and spiritual in her temper and her members.

F. B. MEYER.

SECTIONAL DIFFERENCES AND THE WAR. AN APPEAL FOR UNITY:

AT first sight the heading of this article may appear to be controversial, but the context will show that there is not a word in it to which the most captious individual can take exception. And indeed my antecedents should be a guarantee for this, for during a long period of years, by my contributions to the press and an active co-operation in the work of the National Congress, I venture to say I had earned the good will and esteem of my countrymen, which I hope I have not forfeited during my enforced silence of the past few years, due to the pressure of official duties. Now that I have practically retired from the active work of my profession I am free to pursue my literary pursuits, which once upon a time were a labour of love to me.

It is generally admitted that we are passing through a most critical period in the history of India, and if only we fully realised the gravity of the situation, I feel sure we would be ready to sink all petty differences, and in the words of that great and lifelong friend of India, Sir W. Wedderburn, we would, in this momentous occasion, "stand by England as faithful and trusted colleagues, co-operating in a settlement that will bring happiness to

India and peace to the world." It is but a few weeks ago that the King-Emperor in his message to India expressed the confident hope that the people of this country would realise to a full extent their duty to the empire and crush the German barbarism in its iniquitous designs on India by "a spirit of unity, concentration of purpose and activity and cheerful acceptance of sacrifices" rendered necessary by the situation in Europe. There can be no doubt that this appeal has profoundly touched the imagination of the people of this country, and has evoked a generous response from representatives of all classes and communities. Mr. Chiman Lal Sitalvad, Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University, in his address in opening the new Arts College said that it is "the clear duty of every patriotic son of India to declare that, sinking all differences for the moment, he will unconditionally do all that lies in his power to defend the empire and country against the common danger which threatens to overwhelm all and enslave the world, everything should for the moment be subordinated to the supreme necessity of winning the war." And Mr. Bepan Chander Pal, an out and out Home Ruler, is no less emphatic in an article contributed to the press "I think there is no desire in any responsible quarter to ignore the extreme gravity of the situation, or refuse to respond to His Majesty's call or shirk the responsibilities however trying these may be, to their patience and patriotism, which it imposes upon them." Here are two persons holding divergent political views, but they are at one in their opinion as regards our duty at the present moment. And indeed there is a practical unanimity on this point, promising the most hopeful results.

But it would be idle to disguise the fact that, in spite of this unanimity, sectional differences stand in the way of a whole-hearted and concerted action in respect to this cause, and are calculated to strangle the most generous sentiments. The community now called Anglo-Indian is at the present moment in the throes of an intense excitement, and its members are indulging in mutual recriminations and making frantic appeals for unity, in that in the progress of events two rival Associations have come into existence, each of which declines to give way to the other, so as to make possible a combined action for their own welfare or for the urgent necessities of the moment. The Indian Christians present the curious spectacle of being split up into divergent sections, due in South India to caste feeling and in the country at large to the difference in the Articles of their political faith, one section disassociating itself from the non-Christian population and making this a ground for the conferment on them of official favours, and another section casting in its lot, whether for weal or for woe, with the communities whose blood flows in their veins. The result is utter stagnation. The Hindus and Mahomedans though fully conscious that their material and social and political advancement rests on their presenting a united front, yet are unable to restrain themselves from rushing at each others throats and bringing about catastrophies such as the Behar and Allahabad riots. The Mahomedans pin their faith on to sectional institutions, as if salvation from the various ills of life could only be secured by schools and colleges which appeal to their predilections either as Shias or Sunnis, never mind whether the foster-mother is a Christian

Governor or official. The Anjumans of sorts in all important towns and the rival Leagues claiming to represent all India bear eloquent testimony to the spirit of disintegration pervading amongst them, paralysing individual efforts for their advancement and hindering them from joining the rest of the population of India in the promotion of any common purpose. If anything, the Hindus are worse off, for they are split up into a larger number of sections by the existence of a multitude of castes, each of which has its own Sabha and its own Conference and seeks its individual advancement. The all-Hindu Sabha is practically a moribund institution. To expect any concerted action on the part of Hindus generally is like trying to get blood out of a stone. The Arya Samajists are reformers of a militant type who spare neither kith nor kin in their onslaughts much less the poor Sanathanists from whom they have sprung. In an early period of their career they split into flesh-eating and vegetable sections, which maintain a mutual and perpetual distrust. Perhaps vegetable products generate greater vitality, for at the present moment the temple of the vegetable section at Lahore is in the hands of the Police by reason of the members having become over-lively, for instead of devotional exercises they were indulging in brawls and in the breaking of heads. A civil court has to decide who are the elect to whose hands the temple is to be entrusted. So engrossed are the Arya Samajists in the advancement of their own welfare, that they have neither the time nor the inclination for making common cause with the rest of the communities of India.

The leaders of political thought in India have set for themselves the task of securing Local Self-Government

under the aegis of the British Crown, and to attain this end they have split up into two sections, the one having unfurled the flag of a moderate and the other that of an extremist; the striking feature common to them being the energy with which each hurls anathemas against the other. In the year of grace 1918 came into existence in Calcutta the National Liberal League. A few days later the birth of the Bengal Peoples Association was announced. The paternity of the first is admitted by the Hon'ble Surendra Nath Bannerji who figures as the President, but the labours and the pains attendant on the birth of the other were borne by Mr. Moti Lal Ghose who quietly foisted his off spring on poor Sir Rash Behari Ghose as President. This reminds me of what Mr. Hume told me in England that "Moti Lal Ghose could put a dozen Surendra Naths in his pocket." Any how the two ducklings have issued their respective manifestos. What is the difference in the two? Well, a disinterested authority, the Englishman, while patting Hon'ble S. N. Bannerji on the back and calling him a good boy, says, "We shall probably find ourselves in course of time in quite as serious a conflict of opinion with this body (Liberal League) as with the Home Rule League." But I ought not to be too hard on these good old friends of mine who are their progenitors, for they have afforded for nearly quarter of a century considerable amusement to their friends by their mutual dallings. They have wrangled and blustered, have appeared together in public, and on the platform have embraced each other with penitential tears and have each gone to their respective offices and indicated an article vehemently attacking the other and winding up by the exclamation "Look at that man!" And as if one had

not a surfeit of Association of sorts, we find a new crop springing up every year. Bengal has given us this year the Liberal League, and the Peoples Association, and in South India the non-Brahman have proclaimed a crusade against the Brahman while the depressed classes are said to be in revolt against both. In the early days of the Congress the non-Brahmans were as active and as influential as the Brahmans in fighting for political reform, but now there must needs be cleavage; and as to the depressed classes their present condition is indeed to be deplored, though it is worth considering whether a forced or violent agitation, over the heads of the people concerned, is calculated to remove an evil which forms part of a social organisation that has existed for centuries. The Pan-chammas have under British Rule the same rights and privileges as the Brahmans, but at present they exhibit no keen desire for a seat on the High Court Bench or on the Executive Council, though I hope the day is not far distant when the scope of their aspirations will, as the result of a liberal education, be considerably enlarged and the sphere of their activities equally extended.

Now it is a matter of experience that these various organisations may be useful for local or sectional purposes, but they constitute a source of weakness in respect to larger questions which bear on the welfare of the whole country. It is also unfortunately the case that most, if not all of these organisations are dominated by some individual or individuals, who need to be placated if their co-operation is to be secured, for they are ready to resent any fancied slight or indifference shown to them. Then again each one of these organisations has certain ideas or

shibboleths, which sometimes mean self-advancement to the exclusion of others and sometimes the assertion of certain ideas to which all else must be subordinated. We have not yet advanced beyond the elementary stage in the art of politics, and often are unable to discriminate between questions of parochial, provincial or imperial interest. Even in those matters which we are convinced are of supreme importance to the country at large and need immediate action we display an inclination to grind our own axe, entirely oblivious of the harm we are doing to the nation. In respect to this very question of our duty at the present moment there is no doubt a unanimity of sentiment, but it would be idle to disguise the fact that in some quarters a certain amount of lukewarmness and hesitation is being exhibited in putting into action this sentiment. The Hon'ble Mr. Jinnah was no doubt quite sincere when he stated that "the response to the message of the King-Emperor, *viz*, the assurance of the determination of the Presidency to continue to do her duty to her utmost capacity on the great crisis through which the Empire was passing, had the support of the entire educated community of India. There were also no two opinions at this crisis that India should go forward—nay it was imperative that India should develop her man power and utilise her resources to the fullest extent possible"—but he had some ideas. I take it we have all some ideas and these may be in agreement with those of Mr. Jinnah or they may not. It, however, seems to me if we deliberately and in good faith give utterance to sentiments expressive of our determination to discharge a solemn and pressing duty there should be no hesitation displayed in respect to it. The more public-spirited a man is the greater is the scope of his

duties, but if an occasion should arise demanding the immediate discharge of a duty of supreme importance it sounds strange for him to say "I have made a bundle of all my duties and will discharge them all or none at all."

The proposition that we have at this critical period a duty to perform has received universal assent, never mind what be our respective predilections. The reasons are varied and overwhelming why we should render to the Government at this juncture a complete and whole-hearted co-operation in the conduct of this war, and in preserving the strength and liberty of the British Dominions.

(a) Here is an opportunity afforded us for developing ideas of nationality in that we will be working for the common good even to the length of subordinating our individual interests and inclinations for an object which we believe deserves our sympathy. It will be a novel experience for the various communities to be working side by side with those whom they have hitherto regarded either with hostility or with indifference, and it is only when we are found doing this freely and frequently that we will begin to realise that we are members of one nation and that the feeling of nationality imposes on us certain obligations.

(b) Our presenting a united front at the present moment will serve as an object lesson to the English nation and the English Government. Hitherto we have been reckoned as factors that need not be reckoned with, in that we were split up into a hundred and one factions each engrossed in its own interests and ready to flout his next door neighbour. The moral effect of a combined action at

the present moment will be to carry conviction that we are indeed imbibing ideas of nationality and are preparing to take our place in a free common-wealth, which in time will probably govern the destiny of the British Empire. India united is bound to feel the consciousness of self-respecting and self-determining national life, and will have a right to claim gradual emancipation from the leading strings which have so far been found to be necessary for its guidance.

(c) The sacrifice, voluntarily and without bargaining, made by India, in the supply of men, money, foodstuffs, munitions and equipments has received a generous meed of acknowledgement at the hands of English statesmen and the highest officials in this country. Having gone so far it is needlessly stultifying ourselves if we adopt at this critical moment a hesitating attitude, and this without any adequate reason. I firmly believe the more disinterestedly we act the greater will be our gain hereafter. We are desirous that India should be lifted from the position of a dependency to that of an equal partner in the empire with the self-governing Dominions. Why then should we not take on ourselves the self-imposed obligations of the colonies? We know how they have shed their blood in the cause of the Empire, how they have placed their material resources at the disposal of England, and how each colony has added millions to the State debt so as to supplement its resources. Our duty is obvious.

(d) So long as the British nation rules over India it is our duty to help the Government, for if the rule is good, gratitude and self-interest ought to impel us to do this. While England has done a good deal for India, I am prepared to admit that, owing to the frailty of human nature,

it has done some things it ought not to have done and left undone certain things it should have done. But I think there is a consensus of opinion that on the whole British Rule has been beneficial in India and that the English nation is well disposed towards it. The Hon'ble Srinavas Sastri gives expression to the commonly accepted view when he says, "we should realise our duty to the Empire which has moulded our destinies hitherto, for in spite of reactions and temporary vacillations there was behind the British Empire a principle of progress and self-determining freedom." And even Mr. Jinnah is ready to proclaim his "faith in the democracy and statemanship of Great Britain, the great freedom-loving nation, whose rule has made no small contribution to the building of modern India, which believes firmly that she will not be disappointed." But if the rule of England over India is bad, then we ought to look at the problem squarely in the face, and our aim should be either to rule ourselves or to replace this bad government by another. Can we rule ourselves? The previous pages by no means exaggerate the hopelessly divided condition of the country, and if to this we add the fact that for long centuries India has been the prey of foreign nations, by whom it has been ruled, this does not lend encouragement to the view that there is any prospect, immediate or remote, of our being able to govern ourselves. As matters stand any attempt to do this will lead to anarchy pure and simple.

(e) The only alternative is the substitution of some other foreign rule. Germany has certainly of late cast longing eyes at India, and would be delighted if invited by the people of the country to rule over them or could do so

in spite of them. What the result would be I will allow Mr. Bepin Chander Pal to speak ; "Everybody who counts in our present political life feels that the success of the German intrigues in Central Asia will bring not freedom to India, in any shape or form, but will lead first to universal disorder and anarchy, and then to another spell of a new foreign domination, or in the alternative, it will break up the unity of India so laboriously built up for a hundred and fifty years, and result in the parcelling out of the continent among various powers, Asiatic and European. And though possibly one or two Indian States may emerge, either temporarily, or permanently, out of this universal chaos, the hope of building up a great pan-Indian democracy which will be able to take up its rightful place in coming world-history, and world-evolution will be killed, practically for good". If we cannot govern ourselves and if we do not want Germany to do this for us, then the instinct of self-preservation should lead us to continue our active interest in the war and thus to help to overthrow a nation which has carried its intrigues and its designs into effect by penetrating into the eastern lands beyond our frontiers, which makes possible the danger of an attack on India. For should the German arms be victorious this threatened danger will become an accomplished fact, and all the associations of sorts and our ideas and dreams of the future of our country will go into the melting pot of military despotism. Russia is ruining the day it sued for peace, for far from getting it, anarchy has spread over the land and its entity as a free nation has been wiped out. Whether it be Russia or Finland, the Ukraine or Roumania each have had the bitter experience that the conquerors have exploited

everything for their own use and aggrandisement and have left these countries shattered and helpless.

(f) History tells us of savage conquerors, who, fired by the lust of dominions or wealth, advanced with their armies and ravaged weaker countries, which they annexed or not as it suited them. The victims fought single-handed for their hearths and homes and submitted to their fate. We now witness a strange spectacle of almost the whole world in arms united in the effort to pull down a nation which, while boasting of its high intellectual, material and even spiritual attainments, has sunk back into complete barbarism and is pursuing her aim of universal domination with "persistent and elaborate care and with ruthless cold-blooded determination". What is the motive power of this combination? It is that the rest of the world recognises the immense progress of civilisation and the obligations attendant thereto, a love of peace and truth, justice and morality and a humanity which has the most tender regard for age and sex. The Huns, following their prototype, glory in the denial of these obligations. A German writer Trietschke says:—"The polished man of the world and the savage have both the brute in them," while General Von Fseytag—Loringhoren in a book published by him on the World War writes, "War has its basis in human nature, and as long as human nature remains unaltered, war will continue to exist, as it has existed already for thousands of years", and he proceeds to expound how brutality is a concomitant of war, and thus he tries to vindicate his countrymen from the bestial savagery with which they are carrying on the war. But the old time brutality was one of the accidents of the war, it was not as

a rule premeditated and always had its limitations. Indian history of mediaeval times abounds with acts of chivalry and humanity performed by opposing armies. But the present war will remain distinguished for its deliberate, infamous and scientific brutality, unredeemed by any pleasing features, so far as one of the contending parties is concerned. The bombing of defenceless towns and thereby killing women and children, the bombardment of Paris on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Corpus Christi day when people were bound to go to Church, while whining for Cologne being spared on Corpus Christi Day (a prayer conceded to by the allies) reveals the abyss that divides the German and English conceptions of what is right and humane. The sinking of the *Lusitania* was celebrated by the ringing of bells, and the torpedoing of the hospital ship *Llandovery Castle* was regarded with callous indifference. The introduction of poisoned gas is one of the great achievements of the present-day Huns; though in poisoning wells, in the brutality towards prisoners, in the debauchery of the women of the country they traversed and which they ruthlessly plundered they may have imagined they were merely imitating their prototypes. By their stigmatising solemn treaties as mere scraps of paper, by their utter disregard for international rights and by the persistent assertion of the principle that might is right they have certainly placed themselves beyond the pale of civilisation. Can it be wondered that the nations which have the slightest claim to be called civilised, such even as Hayti, should be prepared to stake their lives and their resources as a protest against these iniquitous doctrines and infamous practices, and that they should have

on their side the sympathy and approval of even those nations who are at present standing out as neutrals? To what end all this savagery is intended has been summed up by President Wilson in a speech delivered at Baltimore in April last:—"Their purpose is undoubtedly to make all the Slavic people, all the free and ambitious nations of the Balkan Peninsula, all the lands that Turkey has dominated and misruled, subject to their will and ambition, and build upon that dominion an empire of force upon which they fancy they can then erect an empire of gain and commercial supermacy, an empire as hostile to the Americas as to the Europe which it will overawe, an empire which will ultimately master Persia, India and the peoples of the Far East. In such a programme our ideals, the ideals of justice and humanity and liberty, the principle of the free self-determination of nations, upon which all the modern world exists, can play no part". India claims to be a civilised nation, and it has at the back ground centuries of civilisation, when darkness overshadowed the West. India wishes now to march in a line with other civilised nations. Let it then take to heart the words of President Wilson.

Is it not, therefore, incumbent on us, to whatever section of society we belong and what ever be our personal predilections, to subordinate these for the general weal, so that by a concerted action we may help in fighting for the right to live and be free and for the sacred rights of free men everywhere.? Unless we are united heart and soul we cannot do this. In England we find party Government has been abolished, and all controversial matters have for the present been put aside, and yet Lord

Curzon found it necessary to emphasize the evils of disunion. He said "At such a time as this, bickerings and dissensions and quarrellings at Home are not only bad and despicable in themselves, but they almost amount to treason to the empire; they almost constitute a public crime. It is playing the game of the enemy at this moment if we cannot be united at Home. The national sentiment at the moment, I believe, to be this: There is only one thing that is worth thinking about, one thing that we ought to prosecute, one thing that we cannot afford to lose—that is the war". The Labour Ministers have issued a manifesto in which they appeal to every body in the Labour ranks to do nothing which would tend to destroy national unity in war time, because upon the people of Great Britain largely depends the future freedom of the world.

This freedom has indeed been ruthlessly assailed, and the only remedy is that proposed by President Wilson, "force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force, which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust".

Dehra Dun.

ALFRED NUNDY.

WORDSWORTH AS AN APOSTLE OF PATRIOTISM.

TWO wonderful centuries separate Shakespeare from Wordsworth: and the England in which Wordsworth lived was in consequence different in many ways from the England of Shakespeare. The latter had lived during an age of discovery in a "brave new world" of wonderful people. In his world all was young and fresh and buoyant: objects of wonder were to be met with on all sides: and in many respects the age was childlike in its simplicity and youthfulness. But in the succeeding centuries very much had happened. Discovery and colonisation had spread the British race over the known world; civil strife and political quarrels at home had resulted in the adoption of a form of government very different from that of Elizabeth. The general conditions of life in town and country had become in many ways superior to those of the preceding age. The improvements begun in Elizabethan days had been steadily maintained, and the standard of comfort had risen materially. It was the period in our history when the town reigned supreme. Fashion's laws were eagerly obeyed by fashion's devotees; dress, manners, conversation, and all the everyday

events of life were governed by a strict code of regulations, and good form and good breeding were very highly valued.

Yet, in the main, coarseness and brutality are the marks of the eighteenth century, for this artificial age which prided itself upon being the age of common sense, was the age of the prize fight and the duel, of the drunkard and the gambler, of the rake and the bully. The religious zeal of the Puritan epoch was replaced by general indifference towards all matters of religious thought and practice. Religious enthusiasm was looked upon with disfavour; all alike seemed to regard common sense as the most valuable of virtues and the safest guide of comfort. Imagination was repressed in matters religious as it was also subordinated in art and in literature. The development of scientific thought during the seventeenth century had changed men's conception of the universe, and there was a strong desire to appeal in all things to the emotions.

In literature, indeed, the reaction was most pronounced. Early in the eighteenth century the heroic couplet reached perfection in the work of Pope; and poetry became as artificial as all else in this artificial age; in subject matter it neglected nature and confined itself to man and society; the lyrical passion of the Elizabethans held in abhorrence; common sense and correctness of poetic diction reigned supreme.

Although we have written of England alone, the conditions of this "age of prose" in England are true also of Western Europe generally; and are to be found in their intensest form in the France of Louis XV and Louis XVI. In France, too, they were associated with serious errors,

of government, and with an outworn and degraded feudalism, which sought to retain all its obsolete privileges at the expense of an overburdened and degraded populace, at a time when a century of unsuccessful warfare had severely taxed the financial and economic resources of the community. Hence, when the reaction against the artificiality of this age of reason began to gather head, it showed itself in France especially in a claim for political equality and economic freedom; whereas in England its effects were most visible in a great religious revival and in a clear demand for freedom and simplicity of thought and action in the realm of literature. Yet England too felt this call for political freedom; and the boyhood of Wordsworth was marked by the successful revolt of the American colonists from the blundering domination of the mother country. But on the whole it was a time when the patriotic spirit was running very low in England; patriotism was being exploited to serve party purposes and private ends; whence the well-known dictum of Dr. Johnson that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel.

Then came the French Revolution with its appeal to liberty, equality, and fraternity; a Revolution which seemed to many Englishmen the beginning of a new era, and a portent of the greatest promise. Of these supporters of the early Revolution, Wordsworth was one; and he has left us a record of his feelings and of the disillusionment which the excesses of the Revolutionists produced in him, in the *Prelude*: (1805-6). In 1791-2 he was himself in France, and indeed was in danger there, for there was at one time a possibility that he might join the Girondists with whom he found himself in sympathy. But he was compelled by his friends to return to England, and there

his enthusiastic sympathy with the Revolution slowly faded as France embarked upon a career of conquest under Napoleon. How strongly he had been moved by the stirring events of its commencement may best be seen in his own words:—

“ O pleasant exercise of hope and joy !
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
Upon our side, us who were strong in love !
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven ! ”

and again

“ Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast.”

and he tells us in another place that

“ my heart was all
Given to the people and my love was theirs.”

But when the French became oppressors in their turn and “ changed a war of self-defence for one of conquest,” he could support them no longer ; though he still remained in sympathy with their earlier ideals and found consolation in the fact that there is

“ One great society alone on earth ;
The noble Living and the noble Dead.”

And, indeed, those very principles which he had supported in the Revolution remained with him to the end ; though on reflection he found that they existed in England in a greater measure than elsewhere ; and that England was

of all the European nations the champion of Liberty and Freedom.

His early life among the dalesmen of the Lake Country had shown him the noble character of the peasantry who were struggling with poverty there ; and fraternity and equality were with him in consequence no light and empty words. We may well say of him what he himself has said of another, that,

“ Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

and this same experience had taught him the virtues of that liberty which he is always ready to associate with islanders and mountaineers.

Hence when Napoleon attacked his native land and those other lands of Europe which were to him the homes of liberty, Wordsworth poured forth his soul in a series of poems, in which he declared his love of his native land, and his love of liberty. Under the influence of Milton's writings, he generally used in this connection the sonnet, a form well fitted for the expression of the hopes and fears, the enthusiasms and despairs of a long continued period of warfare. It is scarcely necessary to add that he proved himself a master in this difficult form.

Like a true patriot he is not afraid of pointing out in these poems the errors and defects of his countrymen. His life in the country had early taught him the virtue of simplicity of life, and he laments the luxury and decadence of his contemporaries, and tries to call them back to the former way of life. He deplors the

extravagance, the luxury and the waste which he sees around him, the

“ Folly, vice

Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress.

And all the strife of singularity.”

and wishes that a Milton could return and raise up the people to their former state of noble simplicity.

“ Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour ;

England hath need of thee; she is a fen

Of stagnant waters; altar, sword and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;

Oh ! raise us up, return to us again;

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.”

Again and again he returned to this thought; to the need of greater simplicity of life to the “ plain living and high thinking” of which he was himself a living example. He felt that commerce had degraded the nation, and is at times despondent as to the future. Riches, he felt, are not likely to produce brave and reliant souls ;

“ These times strike monied worldlings with dismay ;

Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air

With words of apprehension and despair.”

and the cause of all this was that

“ The world is too much with us ; late and soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;

Little we see in Nature that is ours ;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.”

The vain pomp and empty show of London annoyed him :

“ We must run glittering like a brook

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;

The wealthiest man among us is the best ;
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry ; and these we adore."

England had indeed become "a fen of stagnant waters", and Wordsworth called in trumpet tones for a return to older ways, to manners, virtue, freedom and power ; to cheerful godliness, and to the willing performance of life's lowliest duties.

For he still retained his faith in his countrymen and in their ability to preserve their country :

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

And so he appealed again and again to them to be the vanguard of Liberty and to resist the attacks of the French upon their freedom.

Like so many of our present poets, he intermingles praises of England and English scenes freely in his work. On his return from France to England, in 1802, he feels that

"Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more,"
 and he revels in the sights and sounds of the green vales of Kent, in the boys at play upon the village greens, and in the sound of the waves as they break upon the chalky shore

"Thou art free.
 My country ! and 'tis joy enough and pride
 For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
 Of England once again."

while a few hours previously he had stood by the sea at Calais and had watched the evening star setting over his

native land and had thought of it in its cleanness and steadfastness as England's fitting emblem.

But above all in Wordsworth there is conspicuous his belief in the invincible power of a brave people fighting for freedom, and liberty, and hope. We find him following with closest interest the progress of events upon the continent through these eventful years ; troubled at times when news of disaster reaches him ; hopeful when patriot hero or patriot people struggle against the foe, though their efforts may not always be successful. Hence he mourns when Switzerland is subjugated, that mighty mountain voice which had striven long for liberty ; when the victory at Jena, 1806, had left Napoleon supreme in Germany ; when Austria had been crushed at Wagram and had made a disgraceful peace with her conqueror ; when the Venetian Republic the safeguard of the west, the maiden City and the eldest child of Liberty had been extinguished by being handed over to Austrian control ; and above all he mourns the decay of the France in which he had once so greatly believed, and of her people, the French who now in frenzy and in drunken mirth, were impatient to put out the only light of Liberty that yet remained on earth, and who were suffering

“ a bondage, worse, far worse, to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary thrall.”

It is this trust in the power of the people that causes him to retain hope to the end, the deeds of heroes and heroic people rouse him again and again to the pitch of highest enthusiasm ; in a sonnet, which all should know he praises Toussaint L'Ouverture, the renowned negro

leader of the people of San Domingo, whom he addresses as

“Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men,”
and of whom after his betrayal to the French and his imprisonment by them, he writes

“Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.”

and in other sonnets he sings the praises of the heroic Spanish defenders of Saragossa under Palafox, and many brave compeers of noble mind ; and the brave insurrection of the Tyrolese, under the leadership of the redoubtable Andreas Hofer ; all examples, be it noted, of small nationalities struggling to preserve their liberty. For it is here especially that his sympathies are found, and he can well claim of his work

“at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope,
In the worst moment of these evil days.”

It is always in the might of the people that he puts his trust. As Swinburne has well said of him ; “He alone could put into his verse the whole soul of a nation armed or arming for self-devoted self-defence ; could so fill his meditation with the spirit of a whole people, that in the act of giving it a voice and an expression he might inform and renovate this spirit with the purity and sublimity of his own.”

For Wordsworth clearly realised a century ago what these latest days have again revealed to us, that the most highly disciplined and equipped of armies, strong in its belief in the efficacy of the mailed fist and of the will to power is unable to effect its purpose in the face of the opposition of a people united in patriotic defence of the right.

“ The power of armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space ;
But who the limits of that power shall trace,
Which a brave people into light can bring
Or hide at will,—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed ? No foot may chase
No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and near ;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, we find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

F. W. TICKNER.

IN THE LAND OF DREAMS.

There's a cottage there, in the Land of Dreams,
 It's called the "Cottage of Flowers;"
 On the walls the honeysuckle twines
 With ivy, and the green-leaved vines :—
 In the garden there is southernwood,
 Briar-rose and blue monkshood—
 Noble sunflower, modest violet,
 Tall hollyhocks and mignonette,
 There rosemary, for remembrance' sake,
 For thought, the pansies grow,
 Forget-me-not and marigold,
 Nasturtiums growing low—
 All the dear old-fashioned flowers
 That bring such sweetness to this world of ours.

In the Land of Dreams, there's an elfin wood
 Of silver birch trees, tall—
 No sound breaks the silence still
 But the leaves as they gently fall,—
 Here primroses and bluebells grow,
 Anemones and violets sweet,
 Grasses tall and soft green moss
 Fill the place where the fairies meet ;
 Hark ! the fairy bells are ringing,
 The elves dance on in ceaseless streams
 Fairies, Brownies, Fays and Goblins,
 People from the Land of Dreams.

THOUGHTS ON THE REPORT.

I do not know of any State document that has created more excitement in India than the joint report on Indian Constitutional Reforms. The Indian Councils Act of 1909 drafted as it was by the most reputed of living Statesman-literature is overshadowed by the report issued by his disciple. Mr. Montagu has more than justified his schooling in the philosophic liberalism of the greatest of living Victorians. The world since Lord Morley's time has moved many a pace, and to measure that advance in terms of years is to miss the true meaning and import of the tremendous times we are living in. India has marched with the world. And the greatest tribute to Lord Morley's work in India as Mr. Montagu wisely observed in a recent speech at the National Liberal Club

"Was that something more was necessary and wanting.

Since Lord Morley's reforms were instituted the political development of India had been so great as to be unbelievable unless one had seen it at its beginning and to-day. Things which Lord Morley and his colleagues did and taught the world I determined, however great the difficulty and however loud the opposition to go on with, and, wherever I may be,

work all I can to place India on the indisputable road to the final vindication and justification of the glorious British connection, with an Indian India, responsible, complete and self-governed.

If the keen and wide-spread interest in the Report is due to the general awakening of the National consciousness it is no less in part due to the extraordinary circumstances which made these proposals almost inevitable. The war has stimulated what was already latent in the aspirations of the nation, *viz.*, the desire for a strong, self-sufficing and autonomous India forming an integral part of a well-established federation of equal nationalities called the British Empire. The first sign of impatience against the unsatisfactory condition of affairs was the presentation of the memorandum of the nineteen non-official members of the Imperial Legislative Council which suggested some modifications in the existing machinery, so as to bring the Governance of India more in harmony with the legitimate aspirations of the people and in consonance with modern conceptions of political thought in the world. Press and platform alike took up the scheme with an eagerness for which there has been no parallel in this country and the Congress and the League prepared a scheme of reforms based on the leading ideas of the Memorandum. Then came the historic Pronouncement of August 20th, defining the goal of the Imperial Policy in India as the "progressive realisation of responsible Government in India as an integral part of the British Empire."

The rest of the story is pretty familiar and too recent to need recapitulation. Suffice it to say that to carry

out the intentions of His Majesty's Government Mr. Montagu came to India and with H.E. the Viceroy made a thorough investigation of the Indian problem. The Schemes that were presented by the innumerable organisations all over the country pressed for Reforms with a unanimity which could not be ignored. I wonder what those huge dusky volumes of monster petitions, reposing in some uncared for archives in Delhi, would mean to coming generations unfamiliar with all the labour and agony, all the hopes and fears which they represent.

The Chelmsford Montagu Report will remain as the symbol of the high purpose of British Policy and of British statesmanship. I do not know if it will rank with Lord Durham's great work in Canada, or compare favourably with Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman's inspiring Charter of Self-Government for South Africa ; but there is no doubt of the great patience, thoroughness and knowledge and above all the marvellous capacity of temper and serenity the illustrious authors have brought to bear upon this momentous task. As Montaigne says, "So many innovations of estates so many falls of princes, and changes of public fortune, may and ought to teach us not to make so great account of ours." The Report admits the truth of this saying and marks a great step forward in formulating proposals for the beginnings of Responsible Government in India. And I hope India will reach the goal of Responsible government with bigger strides than the report contemplates. Only nine years ago Lord Morley said with characteristic Victorian placidity:

"If I were attempting to set up a Parliamentary system in India, or if it could be said that this chapter of

reforms led directly or necessarily up to the establishment of a Parliamentary system in India, I, for one, would have nothing at all to do with it. If my existence, either officially or corporeally, were prolonged twenty times longer than either of them is likely to be, a Parliamentary system in India is not at all the goal to which I would for one moment aspire."

Mr. Montagu has shown to-day:

"The old structure does not admit of development. All that could be done with it would be to increase the size of the non-official part of the councils—a step that would deprive those responsible for the government of the country of obtaining necessary legislation. We must, therefore, create a new structure."

The authors of the Report devote a whole chapter for the examination of the Congress League Scheme which is justly referred to "as the latest, most complete, most authoritative presentation of the claims of the leading Indian political organisations." It is not, therefore, correct to say that the leading scheme of the nation has been "lightly discarded." And though the Report claims to run on original lines there is no justification for the needless emphasis on the term "responsible Government" as if the country was demanding an irresponsible system of administration. But still it is something to have a regular machinery for Responsible Government—a Government progressively responsible to a properly constituted electorate. Nobody claims the Congress League Scheme is an ideal one; neither is the new scheme nor any system devised by the wit of man. But those who condemn the Congress proposals in the light of the criticisms contained in the Report must bear in mind one or two simple facts.

The Congress League Scheme was drafted long before the Announcement defining the scope and intentions of the Imperial Government : it was a simple expansion of the existing machinery without any pretensions to drastic, revolutionary changes. It asked for two Indians where there was only one and such like broadening of the popular element in a sort of what I may call linear expansion. And yet there were not wanting men who cried danger ! I wonder what those same people would have said if the Congress and the League had damned the whole existing constitution, created the unprecedented method of ministerial Government, Standing Committees, Council of State, Council of Princes, Privy Council and all the great changes recommended by the illustrious authors of the Report. I am sure officials in India would have all held up their hands in horror and cried in dismay, as if we were on the eve of dissolution.

It is only proper that we should recognise that some of the essential features of the Congress League Scheme are by no means absent in the new proposals. Some of them are transplanted in their entirety while others are preserved in the new arrangement though in different forms. I shall not waste my time any more and tire the reader's patience with a complete catalogue of our demands. Some of them may be summarised as follows :

- (1) Placing the salary of the Secretary of State on the British Estimates.
- (2) Parliamentary Committees.
- (3) Increase of the Indian Element in the Executives.
- (4) Increase of the elected in the Legislative Councils.
- (5) General increase of Indians in the public services.
- (6) Provincial autonomy with Council Government.

(7) Popular control of local bodies. (8) Enlargement of councils with elected majorities. (9) General powers of discussion. (10) Periodical enquiries.

These indeed are some of the old leaves from the Congress Book. With regard to other reforms I believe with Sir S. P. Sinha that the difference between what was asked for and what is proposed to be given is one of procedure and not of principle. We welcome the principle of Responsible Government and we ask, "Let us have a fair beginning." For instance the demand for four-fifths of the councils to be elected is only a trifle above the two-thirds granted in the new proposals. And then even in the Congress League Scheme there were some reserved subjects, such as the control of foreign affairs, army and navy, political relations and the making of war or peace ; perhaps it would be wise not to extend these reserved subjects still further. Personally I believe the views of the Report on the question of Communal representation are at once correct and sane. But Congressmen have made a compact among themselves as to the percentage of Muslim representatives and if our Mahomedan friends acquiesce in the wisdom of the new arrangement we shall have nothing to complain. But politics is not a matter of apprehending theoretical justice and if *they* demur, I think it is the duty of the Congress to press for modification as Hindu-Muslim Unity is relatively more important than all the reforms put together.

Now the authors of the Report in conformity with the formulae that "The provinces are the domain in which the earliest steps towards the Progressive realisation of

responsible Government should be taken" have adumbrated certain devices which are generally sound. The appointment of Indian ministers with separate portfolios is a distinct advance on present conditions. The power and responsibility which they will now be able to wield coupled with the largely elected body of legislators is a welcome feature of the new proposals. And we look forward to an early and complete devolution of even the reserved subjects which to begin with may be reasonably restricted to law, justice and the police. The proposed independence of the provinces from incessant superior control will make them more and more sensible to their responsibility. The introduction of Standing Committees to be attached to each department or groups of departments will afford a necessary training ground to irresponsible critics in the art of practical administration. But to drive the Indian Minister, at the very start, to the necessity of proposing new taxation to meet the growing demands of his departments is to court failure. That agreeable task might well be reserved to more experienced and efficient hands! Nor is there any need for additional ministers without portfolio who can have no specific and responsible function in the actual Governance of the Provinces. It is also reasonable to hope that the minister will be selected from among the most popular men of the elected councillors so as to ensure the confidence of the electorates. While according general approval to the leading features of provincial legislation in the new arrangement politicians of all schools have assailed with some warmth the validity of what is pedantically called the third Formulæ, the

soundness of which is questioned in a luminous memorandum on the reforms prepared by Sir Dinshaw Watcha and others in Bombay. That Formulae may be transcribed for the convenience of the readers.

"The Government of India must remain wholly responsible to Parliament and saving such responsibility, its authority in essential matters must remain indisputable pending experience of the effect of the changes now to be introduced in the Provinces. In the meantime the Indian Legislative Council should be enlarged and made more representative and its opportunities of influencing Government increased".

The authors of the memorandum rightly observe

"We beg to question not only the soundness of the principle and policy embodied in this proposition, but also its compatibility with the terms of the announcement of August 20, 1917. How can it be said that the position enunciated in the formula is in consonance with the terms of that announcement. When *no attempt whatever* is made in the reconstruction of the Government of India itself towards "the *progressive* realisation of responsible Government" to however small an extent? We fail to see why 'the Government of India *must* remain *wholly* responsible to Parliament and why even the beginnings of responsible Government in the Government of India should be withheld until, perhaps, a majority of the provinces, advanced as well as backward, have made effective progress in responsible Government. Till this contingency happens, the Government of India is apparently to remain without even the seed of responsible Government introduced into its system. This we think, is wrong in

principle and is bound to lead to rigidity and unprogressiveness at the centre of the body politic, which would react on the freedom, elasticity, and growth of provincial administration.

In fact the Government of India as the Hon'ble Mr. Sastri has pointed out "is treated in the report with distant and reverential awe." In their anxiety to make it imposing, as befitting the Peacock throne at Delhi the authors of the report have tried to keep it out of the range of democracy. You first invent an arbitrary formulae for which there is no warrant in the Announcement and then argue like the school master in the *Deserted Village* that you must stick to that wonderful dictum at all cost. Is it seriously contended that the vivifying principle of responsible Government, so invaluable to the provinces, would ill become the Imperial Government? Are there not brains enough among a population of 300 millions to look after Customs, Salt, and Abkari, or will such devolution of responsibility bring the heavens down. I believe unless the Imperial assembly is invested with supreme responsibility it will not be able to inspire and control responsible Provincial Governments. Whereas there will be more power and sense of responsibility in the Provincial assembly with elected majorities and ministers with portfolio the Imperial assembly is only to increase in numbers, the proposal seems illogical and is not likely to remain unmodified.

The need for a second Chamber is altogether imaginary. Englishmen have a superstitious belief in the extraordinary efficacy of their own institutions. They seem to imagine that the British constitution is the most perfect in the world. We do not think the Upper House has been

very popular even in England and it has seldom been a success elsewhere. We do not want at the very outset of our constitutional advance an irritating Board of irresponsible (in the sense of the Announcement) elders whom no breath of popular aspiration can affect. The idea of grand Committees is not very hopeful either. Reform must not be afraid of itself and the less we have of checks and counter checks the better and stronger will be the growth of free and responsible institutions in India.

To sum up the liberalising of the Provincial Government without at least some corresponding improvement in the Indian Government is wrong in principle. Safe legislation can be insured by retaining any one of the processes proposed, by the illustrious authors of the scheme. And with the initiation of Parliamentary Government for the provinces simultaneously some measure of responsible Government should be vested in the central Imperial assembly.

I believe, the formula touching the independence of local bodies and the relaxation of parliamentary control over the Government of India *in proportion to the development of responsible Government*, are sound in principle.

But to my mind the most happy feature of the proposed Reforms is the provision for periodic inquiry "With a view to the progressive diminution and eventual disappearance of reserved subjects." The advantage of this important feature far outweighs any undesirable reservations arising from nervousness or distrust or whatever you might call it. The authors of the report are not unaware of the artificiality of their devices. They rightly say:—

"Hybrid executives, limited responsibility, assemblies partly elected and partly nominated, divisions of functions,

reservations general or particular are devices that can have no permanent abiding place. They bear on their faces their transitional character; and they can be worked only if it is clearly recognised that that is their justification and their purpose. They cannot be so devised as to be logical. They must be charged with potentialities of friction. Hope of avoiding mischief lies in facing the fact that they are temporary expedients for training purposes, and in providing that the goal is not merely kept in sight but made attainable, not by agitation but by the operation of machinery inherent in the scheme itself."

But they forget that to accept that their scheme is complex is no justification for not choosing a simple one. Throughout the Report we see this recurrent note that they are aware of all the objections and inadvisability of a process which they are forced to adopt. The Report makes it clear that it is not the will that is want-ary but inherent condition in India which make a large advance more or less a matter of experiment. And no statesman can launch on an uncertain experiment, hence key of the various safeguards. The strongest of all arguments for accepting the Scheme is that it places India on the road to Responsible Government and that pledges are given that substantial steps in that direction will be taken as soon as possible.

I have only touched the fringe of a subject of absorbing interest. It is impossible to attempt anything like a detailed criticism of the encyclopedic range of topics covered by the Report. There are still many features of the Report which do not directly concern the subject of Constitutional Reforms; but are yet vitally connected with the administration of the country. The Permanent

Services must be Indianised. And the Report has wisely conceded 33 per cent. of the higher posts in the Civil Service where the Public Services Commission recommended only 25 per cent. But agitation will not stop short of 50 per cent. and to throw open all the services for the benefit primarily of the people of the country. The deprivation of power and knowledge and experience, not to speak of the material and social advantages of superior offices, tell greatly on the *morale* of the people. By neglect of home industries and continued mismanagement the prices of cloths and foodstuffs have more than trebled. Food and raiment—the very wherewithals of life—are getting scarce. And the poor go hungry and naked. Speculation and profiteering add to the misery of the situation which has been created by this abominable War.

The plea of protecting the dumb, patient, and long suffering masses from the rapacity of the wild, educated classes cannot hold water any longer. The moment a villager picks up enough education to ask what he wants he is classed with the educated classes and condemned. Perhaps that is the reason why elementary education has not been made free or compulsory. Considering the great solicitude Government have always shown for the masses it has done surprisingly little to elevate them. Not all the pious commonplaces on the need for mutual forbearance and other virtues can take the load from off the back of the peasantry already groaning under the weight of taxation. I have no desire to close my article with a note of sadness, for my first instinct is one of thankfulness. But it looks like carrying coal to Newcastle to preach patience and tolerance to a people that have endured untold sufferings for ages.

It is this idea of divided interests and favoured classes that is at the root of the trouble in India, and it must be the business of our Statesman not to accentuate differences but to cement them. After all your ingenious methods at special nominations count for little in the actual life of millions of people. The bulk of the people are led by a clear intuition and sure understanding, inspired by generous humanity, loving peace on earth and good will among men and caring for no more than a modicum of comfort and liberty to pass their lives in peace. If responsible Government can ensure in some way to them the same freedom and opportunities that other people enjoy in other countries Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford would have deserved well of India and the Empire.

B. NATESAN.

RHINE—THE MULTI-NATIONAL.

IT is extremely difficult for the fortunate inhabitants of the British Isles to enter into, or at all comprehend the perpetual anguish of Continental Nations with regard to any frontier that is not strictly a *Natural* one. Surrounded as we are on all sides by our beloved guardian, the Sea, we are at a loss to understand the importance that can be attached to a river which appears to us to be such a feeble protection, a barrier so easily crossed, and whose opposition can be reduced to nothing in so short a time and without much expenditure. It is the complaint of France, that British incapacity to understand the value of the Rhine has been the cause of the greatest misfortunes that have happened to the country during the last century, and, to quote a sentence from a recent newspaper article on this vexed question, "As long as Prussia remains on the left bank of the Rhine, the equilibrium of Europe cannot be maintained." "It is well known," says this same article, "that the Statute of 1815 pertaining to the left bank of the Rhine, was the exclusive work of England," and, to quote still further "England, led astray in her ideas, never seemed to perceive the eccentricities of a position which permitted a violent intrusion of Central into

Western Europe, thus upsetting all Continental equilibrium and giving Prussia the means of dominating Europe."

It would be impossible here to follow the vicissitudes of the Rhine in history ; never has there been a river on whose banks more battles have been fought, or which has been crossed and re-crossed so many times by invading or retreating armies. Its fame has been sung in poetry of several languages, and which Nation it prefers, which Nation has left the stronger stamp on it, would be a little difficult to say. The legends pertaining to it, whose names are legion, have in turn a Celtic, Scandinavian, or Teutonic flavour, but very little of the Latin. One cannot imagine the Rhine entirely French, any more than we can think of the Rhône as German. The Lorelei, the Nibelungs, and the thousand and one fairies, water-sprites and nymphs, whose shades are still respected by the dwellers on its banks, could never have flourished in the clear light of exact history by which the Rhône is illuminated. Persons familiar with the Rhône will tell you that in the bitter winter of the year A.D. 39, Salome, daughter of Herodias, vanished from Rome, and was drowned while trying to cross the frozen river in Lyons, in order to dance before a company of Roman officers on the opposite bank. They will also point out the "Table du Roi," near Tain, where St. Louis of France dined with his knights in the middle of the river while on the way to the Crusades. But they would never admit a Lorelei combing her hair and singing, while luring fishermen to destruction, and, as for a Nibelung,—woe betide anyone who should mention such an individual

It is this multi-national flavour about the Rhine which makes it so pre-eminently suited to be a barrier, or, if one will, a meeting place where one nation commences to merge its individuality into that of another, and finally, on either hand, ceases, so as to make way for the other. Here the harsh yet fascinating mysticism of the Teuton meets the gentler and more romantic idealism of the Celt, and here the clear and somewhat matter-of-fact artistic elements of the Latin races are softened and given more charm, and less of fact and exactitude. Father Rhine is the arch-divider and protector of those essential and individual elements, so necessary to the full vigour and life of different nations, by the preservation of which can the balance of Europe alone be kept, the perfect equilibrium maintained. It is curious that England, exactly the opposite of Prussia in her policy, and usually so anxious that no one nation should have its personality merged in that of another, should have been so blind in 1815, and allowed so unjust a balance to be established, but alas, if we look into the case, we see that personal interests and not a little egoism, prompted her on that occasion. In 1815, England, although acting as arbitrator, was afraid of France. France held the coast-line of the North Sea from Brest to Hamburg. She thus dominated the whole of the north of Germany and could at any time have ruined British trade. She held Antwerp,—to use Napoleon's words,—“like a pistol pointed at England's throat,” and it was on November 13th, 1813, that Lord Castlereagh declared that “to leave Antwerp in France's hands would mean to England the expense of keeping up special and permanent preparations of defence.”

At that moment Holland was separated from France, and later by the treaty of Paris, Belgium was also separated, but annexed to Holland, both being put under the protectorship of England. The danger was thus removed for England, but there remained another. France occupied all the Rhine Provinces and was thus considered too strong, and consequently dangerous.

At the Congress of Vienna, when Prussia demanded the Kingdom of Saxony, England refused to give it to her in spite of the fact that Russia and Austria wished her to have it. Instead, England offered her the Rhine Provinces, together with the region of the Sarre, and the old French town of Sarrelouis. By this, Prussia found herself mistress of two gates into France, one by Belgium, the other by Lorraine, and Central Europe obtained an overbalancing of power it by no means merited. All thinking Frenchmen of that generation were loud in their lamentations. The Duc de Broglie, writing at this time says, "Nothing that has been imposed on us in the past has been as hard to bear as this, and nothing could be imagined which could more seriously threaten future security."

Luckily for France, King Louis Philippe, with the assistance of England, who already saw her error, was able to bring about the establishment of Belgium as a separate kingdom in the year 1830, and this diminished the danger. The Duc de Broglie calls this act "le dernier bienfait de la Monarchie," and certainly its value must not be under-estimated. Nevertheless, Prussia remained on the left bank of the Rhine, and from time to time France was thrilled anew with irritation at the thought,

and this irritation burst forth into literature, much of which has become famous.

In 1840 there was talk of war, and of France having her revenge for 1815. The Germans trembled for their left bank of the Rhine, and one Nicholas Becker, a student of Bonn, wrote a poem called "The German Rhine," which called forth an immediate reply in France in the form of a poem of the same name from the celebrated poet Alfred de Musset.

Roughly translated the two poems are as follows:—

"The German Rhine" by Becker.

"They shall not have the free German Rhine, though they
may scream for it like ravening crows.

As long as it flows in peace, wearing its green robe and as
long as an oar strikes its waters.

They shall not have the free German Rhine, as long as
there shall be hearts made gay by the drinking of its
sparkling wines.

As long as there be rocks rising from the midst of its stream:
as long as the high cathedrals are reflected in its mirror.

They shall not have the free German Rhine, as long as
strong young men shall make love to tall slim maidens.

They shall not have the free German Rhine, until the bones
of the last man shall be buried beneath its waves.

The German Rhine by A. de Musset.

A reply to Becker's Song.

We have had your German Rhine.

We have had it in our glass.

Does a refrain that one sings as one goes along

Efface the haughty traces of the feet of our horses bathed
in your blood?

We have had your German Rhine.

Its breast bears an open wound since the day when triumphant Condé tore its green robe.

There, where the father has passed, the child will follow.

We have had your German Rhine.

What were your German forces doing, when our almighty Caesar put your plains beneath his shadow?

Where did that last remaining bone fall?

We have had your German Rhine.

If you forget your history, surely your maidens have better memories of us.

They poured out your light white wine for us.

If the German Rhine is really yours,

Wash your uniforms in it, but brag about it a little less.

At the day of reckoning, how many of your crows hung about the dying eagle?

Let it flow in peace, your German Rhine.

May your gothic cathedrals be reflected modestly therein.

But be careful lest your bacchanalian airs awake the dead from their bloody repose!"

In these two poems are summed up the feelings of the two nations with regard to the much debated Rhine question, and as always, the French had the last word. No German ventured to answer DeMusset's taunts. In the month of November, 1914, an amusing dialogue occurred between the Eiffel Tower, the sender of wireless telegraphic messages for the French army, and the tower of Nauen, the German wireless transmitter on the right bank of the Rhine. The tower of Nauen began. "Where have you caused our plan to fail, and where have you thrown back our troops, Eiffel Tower?"

The Eiffel Tower, proud of her accomplishment, answered in excellent German, "O German Army, have you forgotten that Paris waited for you at lunch the day of the anniversary of Sedan ? Where did you get behind ? Apparently you preferred our good wine in the Valley of the Marne, but good wine is bad for the stealer of it. For our enemy only our steel is good."

Once more the Germans did not answer, and the French laughed to themselves. "Ah," said they, "we will have back the left bank of the Rhine this time ; we will fight until we get it. Father Rhine shall see us again conquerors as in Condé's time."

And all over France to-day everyone is saying the same thing. The talk is of the Rhine and what it is going to do to help to settle up matters at the end of the War. This time, I feel sure that no Frenchman will have to complain that England is against him in his wishes with regard to this, his natural boundary, also it is a certain fact that England, more than any nation, is anxious to see Central Europe restored to her proper position. If she were not, she would find, not a pistol, but a host of cannons pointed at her throat in Antwerp. The danger of 1815 was but mild when we compare it with the present. When, I wonder, will our Allied Armies see the green waters of the Rhine ?

MARGARITA YATES.

A GOOD TEMPER.

THERE are many kinds of good temper, such as the soldier's temper, or the saint's temper, or the Deputy-Commissioner's temper; useful and admirable in their various ways and upon their appropriate occasions. I am aiming at the description of a particular mode of good temper, which is appropriate like bread and wine, if not to every moment, to almost every day of life, and is necessary to personal dignity. It is the temper which looks upon life in its fundamental relationships—to the State, to the home, to physical welfare and power, to art, to science,—to everything—and comes to the conclusion that no day of life need be vulgar.

It has often been remarked that the animals have a finer self-possession and nobler manners than men and women. A monkey surpasses all except the sages in simplicity of behaviour. The cat on the hearth-rug sets an unattainable example of good-breeding and seriousness to every member of the household except the youngest children. In any Indian bazaar, the creature which is most suggestive of moral grandeur and infinite natural majesty is the bull harnessed to his wagon, and not the buyer or the seller, or the Deputy Commissioner riding past. Perhaps it was by comparing himself with the

animals that man came to look upon himself as a fallen creature, and laid his finger correctly upon the cause of the fall, the acquisition of knowledge. An uneasy self-consciousness and the preoccupation of the attention with trifling and feverish concerns rob mankind of the supremacy of self-demeanour which we should expect to find in creatures of the most advanced development. The bull is dignified because it has no knowledge of itself and no thought beyond a few simple desires and appetites: and the most dignified of human beings most resemble the bull in his mental condition,—peasants, for instance, and young Englishmen. So authoritative a witness as Goethe marvelled at the self-possession of young Englishmen and speculated upon the causes of the unconscious self-esteem of creatures who manifested so few recognisable signs of intelligence. The absence of thinking-faculty was half the secret, and the other half was conformity of dress and the life of exercise in the open air, which by quieting the nerves lulled self-consciousness to sleep.

One way of curing, then, the uneasiness of thought which has deprived mankind of dignity is by taking no thought at all: but in desperate cases, which are numerous, the remedy cannot be applied. The alternative treatment is a little more thought, or a little rightly guided thought,—the good temper to which I have already referred,—the temper which regards life in its elements, and makes the discovery that none of them is vulgar.

Many books have been written about this disposition: all poets are busy with it: men of science help to lay its foundations: and many schools of philosophy and even

many religions have made it their contemplation and ultimate practical aim. We find it wherever men have contrived to live without vulgarity,—in the epic poems of Homer for instance, or in the simplest and most dignified forms of ancient Roman religion.—The most remarkable character of the ancient Roman village paganism was the dignity which was felt to belong to all the natural surroundings and events and occupations of human existence. The cultivation of the wheat, the vine and the olive, the care of flocks and herds, preparations and appropriate duties for the changing seasons, the pieties of the family, occasions of joy and sorrow, whether public or private, such as birth and marriage and death, peace and war,—it is one of the goals of the highest culture furnished by universities to learn how the ancient Italian peasant felt to all of these things, and to receive upon the mind the definite regretful impression of an actual romance which has vanished away. Pagan farmers and their women-folk, pagan priests and thinkers singled out all that was most necessary and most beautiful in the lives which they lived together, and made these simplicities the roots of their habits and the topics of their meditations, often with the aid of religious ritual. It was their irresistible temper, a kind of unconscious conspiracy among them, to think well of life in every ordinary moment : not indeed to render a false verdict : not to shrink from painful duty or renunciation when it was thrust upon them : but by reflection in seasons of prosperity and peace to carry on into middle years and old age as much as could be preserved of the self-congratulation of the mood of youth. One of the most memorable examples of the ancient Roman temper is Cincinnatus,—

equally noble when he is going to war or grasping the handles of his plough,—meeting all vicissitudes with the same power of doing justice to them,—betraying in all his actions his belief that no necessity or condition of human life is mean.

In the Middle Ages of Europe we find much of the same dignity transferred to the dwellers in cities. Beautiful domestic and ecclesiastical buildings, conscientious craftsmanship withdraw our eyes from the villages which the pagan pieties had forsaken, and fasten them upon the towns, where the development of a new mode of life was taking place. Of ancient Roman cities we think only as they were spoilt by luxury: of mediaeval cities we think as centres wherein trade was piling up wealth, and wealth was applying itself to the equipment of domestic and civic life as the two things in addition to the church most necessary for man. The church was itself in these days, as in all fortunate days, a way of thinking well of mankind. It may be objected that the Roman Catholic church by insisting as much upon the fear of Hell and Purgatory as upon the prospect of Paradise taught no very noble opinion of human nature. The answer to the objection is in the zest with which the mediaeval masons carved over church doors and elsewhere representations of lost souls in their unhappy environment, and infernal spirits tormenting them. If man has Paradise or Purgatory or worse in front of him he is a creature of a glorious or a tragic destiny, a creature to be marvelled at. It is the teacher who tells us that we come to an end who lessens us in our own eyes. It is not my business, however, to enter any further

into the theological implications of a good temper towards ourselves. Churches, guildhalls and citizens' houses remain to show us that the Middle Ages had their own methods of holding men and women and the daily life of men and women in the highest estimation. The superstition of astrology which linked human fates with the stars was one of the most sweeping compliments which men ever paid to themselves.

It is the perception of beauty which most instils a good temper and a true understanding of life, and which most lends dignity to human manners.

Where Nature surrounds men, as the vineyards and pasture-lands surrounded the ancient pagans, beauty is present. In a city, nearly all beauty except that of human fate and character is lost, unless the city possesses craftsmen and architects. The first artists of the Middle Ages were all handicraftsmen. They made cups which it was a fortification to good wine and to self-esteem to drink out of. They made household vessels which by their form and perfect fitness for their purpose cheered the housewife's heart, and abolished the dreariness which housewives nowadays experience when they share in the business called "washing up." They made furniture which was durable and dignified, and seemed to express the soul of self-respect and hospitality. They made houses and streets and towns which are the despair of living town-planners; and they made churches,—we all know what kind of churches. All these things came before pictures, which were a wonderful re-invention, but became the monopoly of rich folk, and ministered to the idea that beauty is not a necessity of life for every body, but a luxury for the wealthy. In a way which historians

have explained, vessels and furniture and the houses which contained them became vulgarised. The craftsman died, and with him died for the majority of people the love of dignity and beauty in the nearest of human surroundings. The modern city appeared, the majority of the dwellers in which, whether rich or poor, are content with ugliness, and would not understand if they ever heard of it, the pagan love of Nature, or the mediaeval love of a cooking-pot or a gable. The temper of mankind towards life, therefore, had undergone a deterioration, and we shall not recover this particular aspect of a good temper until in some sort we recover the handicraftsman. We must not overlook the fact, however, that the present age has carried certain arts and certain works of beauty to heights undreamed of in former ages. No such works in metal, steam and electricity were ever created as are created to-day : locomotives, motor-cars, ships, æroplanes. By means of these things the world is being furnished as formerly men furnished their homes ; and when peace is restored perhaps some few survivors will enter into the possession of the new inheritance.

After the Middle Ages came the re-birth of science, which delivered a heavy blow to preconceptions about mankind. Mathematicians and observers conspired unknowingly together to make the beginnings of a new astronomy, and then Galileo invented a rude telescope and turned the miraculous plaything towards the heavens. His was the first human eye which beheld the moons of Jupiter pendent in a golden chain about their planet. Thenceforward the earth was no longer the centre of the transparent spheres, and with the reduction in the importance of his dwelling-place man himself

seemed to be reduced in importance. Every succeeding scientific theory and discovery has had the same effect of disillusioning us a little more of our conceit of ourselves. What was felt as the unkindest cut of all was the theory of Darwin, which related us to the apes and amphibians, and even to the blades of grass. The hand of man is derived from the fin of a fish: the brain of man has grown from a nerve-centre in the amphioxus,—something less than a fish. In this transformation of the thoughts of the educated world do we rejoice? Is it a loss to us that we can no longer think of the earth as the only stable portion of the universe, with the sun and the moon and the stars as mere ministers to us, and Heaven and Hell preoccupied with the contemplation of our sole fate? Is it a loss to us that all epic poems and cosmologies have been surpassed by the carrying back of the roots of human history through biological and geological eras to the unknown beginnings of life, when the earth perhaps had hardly ceased to be molten, and plant and animal were one? The first panic with which this revelation was received has passed away. There are two consoling reflections: (1) The universe has outgrown all human dreams of vastness and grandeur under the researches of modern investigators, and mankind as part of the whole acquire a terrible, undreamed of magnificence. (2) What we have lost in the privilege of astronomical situation we have more than made up for in the discovery of the dignity of the human mind. We had no notion of how great a thing is the reason in us before the world had launched upon the blind adventure of its astronomical, mechanical, physical and biological discoveries.

For these two reasons, then, men of science can be classified among aiders and abettors of the good temper with which wise and simple men strive to look upon human life. They took away, but by and by they taught us over again, reverence and awe, "He who has science and art," says Goethe, "has religion." Let us have no doubt that this is true for all serious minds. Darwin when he lived was attacked as irreligious. Nobody then had compared the flippant idle heads which many people take to church with the enormous, overwhelming awe in the mind of Darwin when he gazed, for instance, at the root of a plant. "The root of a plant," said Darwin, "is as intelligent as the brain of an animal," and this is a sentence as devout as any in the Prayer Book.

There is another aspect of the scientific handling of things which is relevant to the subject. There are flippant men of science, and there are men of science who leap to conclusions too hastily. The method of science is the method of analysis, which takes things to pieces. Philosophers have long ago exploded the illusion that a thing consists of its separated parts, and yet the idea still holds its ground where intelligence languishes. Thus, an unintelligent man of science, an exception among men of science, analyses water into oxygen and hydrogen, and thenceforward he professes that he can no longer see water, he can only see particles of oxygen and hydrogen. Yet, as Prof. Pringle-Pattison remarks, fishes do not live in oxygen and hydrogen: they live in water. Similarly, there have been attempts to explain the universe as matter and motion, and to explain thought and will and feeling as a secretion from the brain,—“as the liver secretes

bile." If this way of thinking became widespread it would make impossible the only appropriate temper in which men can regard themselves and the world. Fortunately common-sense and the exigencies of daily experience give it little chance. Atoms may be atoms, but things are also things, and men and women are men and women, the reality of whom always vanishes when we pull them to pieces by scientific or other methods. A brain and a body can house human thought and will but cannot produce them, because a man is more than an assemblage of atoms and organs. This has become clear as thought has gone on. Right scientific-mindedness, therefore, aids the good temper by increasing and not diminishing wonder.

Hence there is no quarrel fundamentally between the men of science and the poets,—the latter of whom are the chief priests of the best temper which men can cherish towards themselves and their surroundings. It is the fact that we know nothing properly until we have seized it in every possible way with the senses and the imagination and marvelled at it,—it is this fact which justifies the poet's assertion.

"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty."

To put the matter bluntly, none of us can live with decency until we have a good deal of the poet in us, and fortunately for us all children are born poets, and every common perception is a piece of poetry. We are all inspired with a superhuman vision when we say blade of grass, bird, starry heaven, child, man; and poetry keeps us permanently at this highest point of view. Have we not beheld mankind as Miranda beheld them when she gazed upon

the first human being whom she had seen from beyond her island :—

“I might call him
A thing divine ; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.”

Such was Shakespeare's temper in spite of Iago and Goneril and all that he knew of evil in the heart of man ; and such is the good temper of all the poets in spite of their occasional pessimism, and of children and of the men and women who best resemble children.

There is a good temper then, of which I have endeavoured to catch the suggestion in ancient paganism, in mediaeval cities, in modern science, and in poetry. I began by speaking of dignity of manners,—a symptom of a good temper,—and the superiority of the animals over most of mankind in this respect. By their self-possession and tranquility, the animals and the plants and the waves of the sea seem to proclaim that all is well with themselves and with the world. They are at one with their surroundings and this their perfect relatedness is their dignity. From human beings, we receive too often just the contrary impression. They are full of melancholies and anxieties and fault findings, and cynicisms and complaints and objurgations. The ugliness which we accept about us in dress or furniture or house or city proclaims us not at home with ourselves and the wonder of the universe and the crudeness of too many of our thoughts revealed in commonplaceness of word or selfishness of act is a consequence of our lack of perception. It is true that we are greater than our thoughts, but we share in the task that has been carried on through all human ages of making human

thoughts worthy of human nature. For this reason men search for the good temper with the aid of knowledge of the good, and art and science and poetry and every other resource. We have to play the game towards the universe;—to remain silent except we can speak well of ourselves and our home and our fellows.

P. E. RICHARDS.

MY MOTHER.

Mother—what noble thoughts the name inspires!
No word so sweet nor any so sublime;
Emblem of holy love that never tires,
Of peace and happiness the very prime.
Long, long these eyes haven't seen thy face divine;
But subtle inner eye that sees unseen,
And puts to shame the grosser outer ken,
Enjoys the pleasure of thy presence fine.
Awake, asleep, in pleasure or in pain,
I feel the impulse of thy conduct bright,
Pregnant with precepts wise that well unite
Good common sense with cautious prudence plain.
Goddess that movest oft before mine eye,
O, watch o'er me till I join thee on high.

SHUMBOO CHANDER DEY.

“THE VARNASRAMA” WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE Sanskrit name for the Indian caste system is *Varnasrama Dharma*. As the result of a comparative study of the various social systems of both East and West, several educated Indians consider that this system, if correctly understood and rightly practised, would be the Indian social disposition. In this view, they are prepared for the question on its merits. But they do not get a sufficient hearing. The movement is prejudged and condemned. It is assumed that it aims at perpetuating social gradation. It is also assumed that it seeks merely to vindicate and stabilise an objectless compartmental life in the matter of eating, marrying etc., in Indian society. It is, therefore, feared that while the perpetuation of social gradation must mean social injustice, the revival of compartmentalism must necessarily be an unpatriotic act and a standing bar to union and solidarity among castes in view to ultimate national unification.

2. Now, if the Varnasramist really means to keep up social gradations, and if the compartmental life of Indian castes is a bar to union, the Varnasramist certainly deserves all the blame that could be scraped up and heaped on him. But is that so? That is the question,

Varnasrama Dharma is the organisation of society on the matter of the world's cosmos. It is the principle that, to secure unity of interest amidst the diversity of God's creation, every civilised society must be modelled on the plan of nature which is His handicraft. According to that plan, everything is a part of a cosmic whole, and every such part must have, as in Nature, a fixed duty or *Dharma*. To neglect one's own Dharma or to trespass on the Dharma of another is wrong. Both this neglect and this trespass should be guarded against, not by force, but by obviating the need for them and explain their danger. In India, this system of *Dharma* has been authoritatively laid down and was in full vogue in the best days of its national life. It is not the *maintenance* of the system, but its *deterioration* under adverse conditions, that created both the need for trespass and the liability to be trespassed on; and *that* is the cause of all our troubles. And lastly, a Varnasrama Dharma society, viewed as above, is not a system of isolated self-sufficing gradations, but a nicely wrought machinery made up of inter-dependent and mutually responsible parts.

3. As for compartmental life in eating and marrying is mutual exclusiveness in such matters a necessary cause for grievance on any side? Can it be a source of disunion? Let us see by way of contrast what is the nature of the union among the freely inter-dining and freely inter-marrying people. In the presence of conflicting interest, has not all this free eating and marrying failed to knit people and classes together? Are the numerous Mahomedans and Christians, Burmese and Chinese a united people? And if they ever show a united front, or at least

seem to show it, is it shown except when there is a common enemy whom they want to attack or defend themselves against. The cementing factor is obviously not so much their love of each other. It is more the common hatred to a third party. Remove this common enemy, and the union falls through like a house of cards. But, take the case of the caste edifice. What is the thing that keeps its parts together? It is the interdependence, one on another. To provide man with his various wants, society has organised itself into groups, each group being entrusted with the right and duty of supplying one or more wants. In such a society, as long as these wants have to be supplied, it becomes the interest of each group to see to the preservation of all the others. Else, they must go without some or all these wants supplied. Occupational groups under the Indian caste system, in a proper state of working, are, therefore, united by mutual responsibility and love, and do not depend for their cohesion on any external force, such as the presence of a common foe. And as long as each group finds its occupation to be in due and proper demand and, therefore, well-paid and honored, that occupation descends from father to son, quite automatically. Now, our amiable friends, one of whom, speaking in Malabar sometime ago, bracketed the Varnasrama Dharma movement along with the non-Brahmana movement, and deplored their existence as so many enemies to national unity, do not unfortunately take pains to recognise that while from its very nature the former is a universal movement, the latter is quite a sectarian one.

4. Like most things on earth, Varnasrama Dharma has been *misused* in the past, with the result that the

minds of men are all directed towards helping its *disuse*. The Varnasrama Dharma or caste principle has on that account become much discredited, so much so that if, instead of styling the movement "The Varnasrama Dharma Movement," the promoters had called it "The Indian Sociological" or "Religio—sociological movement," the chances of its being approved and supported, at least of being not misunderstood and misrepresented, would have been perhaps greater. But those that cannot see eye to eye with it cannot be blamed. The word "caste" or "Varnasrama Dharma" has been applied to two distinct phenomena, "caste as it is" and "caste as it ought to be." Hence the confusion. But, in truth, the advocates of the caste ideal are as much against caste, as it now lies disorganised and in ruins, as the "reformers" themselves, though, unlike the latter, the Varnasramist programme is to repair and reconstruct society in the light of an ideal, and not to struggle out along the lines of least resistance. As I said in effect in my concluding address while presiding at the provincial Varnasrama Dharma Conference in Madura, I say again to all whom it may concern.

"Do you believe in an ideal or plan for the social fabric—a goal to which all social activities should be directed? If so, will you kindly note what the plan of Indian Society already is, however misshapen and disordered. It has all along presented a distribution of function and place in the form of castes and sub-castes. They are both occupational and territorial. The system has also provided as part of caste-structure, safeguards of various kinds against disturbance. These safeguards take the form of socio-religious prescriptions and proscriptions in

dining, marrying, travelling, functioning etc. As long as this structure exists and serves its intended function, there can be no disharmony or unhappiness among classes and peoples. This is the ideal caste system. It undoubtedly is now in great disrepair. But we have no right to disorganise it still further. Caste is now, it is sad to think, a mere matter of inter-dining and inter-marriage prohibition. Its basic principle of Dharma, or function to the rest of society, is vanishing out of sight. The Varnasramists want to check that process. This is proposed to be done by encouraging each caste in its own occupation, by honoring the ill-honored and well paying the ill-paid, and lastly by preserving, against all inroads due to ignorance and blind imitation, the distinctive structure of each social division. This is the Varnasrama Dharma plan. And this is its programme. To those that differ, it is asked, "What is your plan and what is your programme?"

While there have been innumerable people to point out the present-day defects and abuses of our system, and even to exaggerate them, in other words, to call a dog by a bad name and hang it, no one has felt adequate responsibility for ascertaining the cause of the disorder and repairing it.

5. There is another point that deserves to be taken note of. We of to-day are infected with the idea that going back to the old whatever it is, is "reaction," and that going forward to the new, whatever that may be, is alone "progress." But the pity of it is that we have set before ourselves no goal to progress to, or avoid falling off from. When difficult conditions arise, we think only of adjusting ourselves to those conditions and consider that adjustment a proper and justifiable act. We do not pause to

reflect whether the conditions to which we seek to adjust ourselves are healthy or unhealthy. And we call that act by the grandiloquent name "social reform." A mere stampeding out of a difficult situation cannot be reform or reconstruction, which must be a deliberate step taken as part of a programme of movement towards a definite goal. And we have no idea of enquiring into the nature and cause of difficulties and remedying them. In fact, instead of marching towards a goal with unfaltering purpose, we believe that stampeding is by itself a sovereign remedy. We have no time to think. We even seem to feel that elaborate thinking is not necessary. This is our trouble.

6. Again, the taunt is levelled against the advocates of caste, "why do not these platform protagonists, of whom the Brahmin seems to bulk largest, first go back to their own Dharma, *i.e.*, their traditional occupations and then come to preach." This kind of censure is wholly unwarranted. No Varnasramist is so insane as to propose a social *coup d'etat*. No member of any caste gave up his Dharma wantonly. Then alone would going back require but an effort of his will. He was actually forced out of his cherished calling by adverse conditions of wages and honour. What the Varnasrama Dharma creed proposes now is to make those conditions as favourable as they once were and must have been, so that, even if the present generation of strugglers should find it not possible to betake to their family functions, succeeding generations at least may be enabled to do so and prosper in their respective Dharmas. It is also wished as a condition necessary thereto that distinctiveness in form and structure, consisting of various customs, manners etc., or Acharas as we call them,

which "social reformers" are toiling hard to pull down, be preserved, so that, with the form intact, the re-infusing of life is all that will be thereafter needed. In these circumstances, it is an insult to say that to be consistent with the Varnasrama Dharma creed, every man who advocates that ideal should throw up *at once* his present occupation whatever it may be. Every man is an integral part of his society and cannot break off from it and its influence without harm to himself and to that society. He must on the other hand take that society with him in whatever he does, both for the purpose of solidarity of action and for the purpose of satisfying oneself that he is really right. All that is hoped for, therefore, by the Varnasramist school is that the ultimate goal may be kept in view and that we avoid all acts that would take us *away* from the goal and do everything that may take us nearer *to it*, be it ever so little. Is this asking too much to a man if he only honestly believes in the soundness of the ideal?

7. As for hereditary exercise of function in a society, it is not to be a matter of forced enactment at all. Function is *bound* to be hereditary as long as it is in demand. When the father finds his occupation good, he passes it on as being good enough for his son; and if society realises its duty to take that function from him, not only will that function descend in unbroken heredity but with increasing power without needing, ordinarily speaking, the establishment of any special teaching institutes.

8. Again, they say that the Varnasrama Dharma is a "pro-Brahmin" movement. Yes, the Varnasramist is pro-Brahmin. But he is so only in the sense that he wants to make the Brahmin or the religious organ effective

in its service to society. In this sense, he is not only a pro-Brahmin, he is a pro-blacksmith; he is a pro-barber; he is a pro-bricklayer; he is a pro-every functionary. But he is *not* pro-Brahmin in the sense of helping Brahmins with exceptional advantages in his encroachment on other classes in the struggle to live. In this sense, instead of being pro-Brahmin, he is really anti-Brahmin as matters now stand. Look how many Brahmins, good men and true, stand out of this movement, and are probably looking upon those in it as so many obstacles to the country's progress. In spite of their pre-natal and post-natal influences, these gentlemen do not perceive any virtue in the co-operative scheme of Varnasramic social life. They are unfortunately content to see in the stress and strife of competitive individualism their haven and their bliss. It may be said, of course, that in the Varnasramist movement, there are more Brahmins than anywhere else. Yes. But the Brahmins are there, *not* as members of a sectarian association to urge the claims of their community to public preferments and political rights, to build hostels for Brahmin students, to found scholarships for Brahmin young men going abroad for study. Their conference is only a *Sammalana* or coming together to do their age-long duty to the rest of their society. The function of the Brahmin is to think out universal ideals, propagate them for universal benefit, and to pray for their fruition, in due course, and in this view, it is only proper, if, of all others, the Brahmin should shoulder the chief responsibility for the Varnasramist movement such as it is. Unlike certain sectarian associations, the Varnasrama Dharma Samrakshana Sabha and the Varnasrama Dharma Conference are intended to

create and foster, not the spirit of self, but that of service among its members. One need hardly point out that the sectarian organisations above referred to must, unless very carefully worked, create rupture and envy among communities to some extent, sooner or later. In any case, while *they* are tolerated and even considered quite right and proper, a movement intended for universal service and abiding unity should certainly not be frowned upon. If it should be, can it be put down to anything else than a veritable irony of fate? However, if the non-Brahmin, therefore, Hindu or non-Hindu, should dread or distrust any species in the genus, Brahmin, it is certainly not the one that believes in the Gospel of Swadharma or the gospel of one's own function. He is not the Brahmin to be dreaded, who, even when he accepts other Dharmas or functions than his own, does so as emergency or *apath-dharmas* merely.

9. As for the political ideal of the Varnasrama Dharma movement, we need hardly say that it is responsible kingship exercised with the intelligent consent of the people. This is the principle. How it could be best worked out is a large question on which I do not now propose to enter.

N. SUBRAHMANYA AIYAR.

Travancore.

THE WORLD WAR.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL IMPLICATIONS.

AT a meeting on war aims in London, attended and addressed by the Chinese Ambassador, some caustic remarks were made by this gentleman on the spectacle presented by Western civilisation. He said that when China learned that war had broken out between Christian nations it was thought, at least, the conflict would be conducted in a gentlemanly spirit. But when they heard of the outrages that followed they were at once surprised and shocked, and hastened to place themselves in line with the Entente as representing the higher interests of humanity therein. China as the champion of outraged humanity is certainly an interesting figure, as her own wars have scarcely been models of restraint, yet the gibe is not without justification. So staggered, indeed, has been public feeling among some of the belligerents by the same thing that various theories are advanced to account for it. One view—popular by the way in certain English pro-Catholic circles—explains these sinister phenomena in terms of the virtual de-Christianisation of what is regarded as the leading Power in the business. All which opens up the general question of the relation of religion to the war.

Now if a European people had consciously abandoned Christian ethics and reverted in consequence to barbaric

standards as the result of a course of anti-Christian teaching, this would present a situation of deep moment to believers and non-believers all round. For that is what the charge against Germany—or rather “Prussianised Germany,” as it is put—amounts to; linking with this all critical interpretation of Christian theology and free thought, culminating in the latest philosopher of the kind, namely, Nietzsche. Prussia is treated here as the *diabolos ex machina*. This theory of a perverted Northern State as the chief agent among the Central Powers in this bloody business ignores, however, the equal responsibility of its partners. Germany is a Federal Empire wherein the Federal Council is the ruling body. And though the Serbian quarrel was only a pretext for launching into a vast adventure of ambition in which these Powers are mutually involved, Serbia is a special Austrian interest and its destruction was a special aim in Austrian policy.

What is, or was, the religious constitution of these Powers? According to the latest figures available (1910) the following is roughly a return of the different Christian Communion:—

		Population.
Germany	= 64 millions.
Protestants	...	= 40 „
Catholics	= 23 „
Austria-Hungary	...	= 51 „
Roman, Greek, Armenian and		
Catholics	...	= 36 „
Protestants	...	= 4½ „
Greek Orthodox ...		= 3½ „
Jews	= 2¼ „

That is to say, there are still declared Christians in these countries to the above extent, with a Catholic majority. Their ally, Bulgaria, has a National Church of the Orthodox Communion ; and their friend, Turkey is mainly of the Theistic faith of Islam. Roman Catholicism is still the national religion of Austria, which, through the changed relations of Church and State in other European countries, remains the leading Catholic Power. The Centre (Catholic) party of the German Reichstag or Parliament is the strongest party therein, and has successfully countered in the past special legislation affecting their Church. Even if Protestantism is strongest in Northern Germany, now known as Prussia, it is not confined there; and it is difficult to imagine a majority of Catholics becoming perverted by a minority of more or less relapsed Protestants.

Then this Prussia, with its assumed malign influence on the German world, only dates in its present form from the completion of German unity under Bismarck in 1871 when the Prussian King was elected German Kaiser by his fellow German princes. It includes historic States with characteristics of their own own distinct from those of the original Prussia. The work of Frederick in expanding Prussia in the 18th century by various unscrupulous means was largely undone by Napoleon, and the modern kingdom has developed from the struggle with Napoleonic domination and its successful overthrow. The "Prussian military system" of to-day has its roots in that period. Until deposed by the machinations of Bismarck, in 1866, Austria was the head of the German Confederation formed after 1815; and the name of Metternich, the Austrian Premier, has similar reactionary

associations in the first part of the 19th century to those linked later, in another form, with the Prussian leader. From the first Hohenzollern to become Prussian King early in the 18th century to Kaiser Wilhelm II the members of this House have professed a robust piety with the exception of Frederick the Great, who was an open "infidel." Its present head, so far from being an avowed disciple of Nietzsche, is insistent on his intimacy with the Almighty; and recently, on the occasion of his 59th birthday, thus delivered himself in a telegram to the Court Preacher:—"With deep thankfulness I commemorate on this day the great deeds of God for the German people. He gave historical successes to our colours. He removed many sorrows, and kept us through in the Fatherland, notwithstanding distress and privations. I hope that our Church will help me, after having victoriously finished the War, in peaceful competition with other Confessions, to heal wounds, to conciliate controversies, to unite and strengthen our people through all controversies in enthusiastic and unselfish devotion to our mutual Fatherland. My special sympathy belongs to the great tasks which will be set equally before the State and the Church in the reconstruction of family life and the education of a God-fearing and healthy young generation worthy of their fathers."

These sentiments, and the facts above cited, hardly support "de-Christianisation" as an explanation of the super-brutalities of a sufficiently brutal war, perpetrated by German forces. Remarks a contemporary on the matter in reference to Belgium*:—"Time would fail me

* Dr. H. Van Dyke, United States Minister to Holland,

to tell of the industrious little towns and the quaint old-world hamlets that were wrecked, or of the men and women and young children who were tortured, and had trial of mockings and bonds and imprisonment, and were slain by the sword and by fire.... Have I not heard with my own ears the agony of those whose parents were shot down before their eyes, whose children were slain or ravished, whose wives or husbands were carried into captivity, whose homes were made desolate, and who themselves barely escaped with their lives? "..... Moreover, assuming the Entente to be as 'blameless in this respect as its enemies are alleged to be guilty, outrages of an even more appalling character are charged against Austrians assisted by Bulgarians in their treatment of Serbia and elsewhere ; and the pious Turk, not to be outdone in maintaining this sinister distinction, has butchered in cold blood an entire people—the Armenians. In a manifesto addressed to the Russian revolutionaries over their "democratic peace" arrangement with the Germans by the Yugoslav Committee, this is how the latter speaks of the "leading Catholic Power" in its relation to its Yugoslav subjects, also mainly Christians of one Confession or other.

"We deny the title of the Austro-Hungarian Delegates to represent in a Peace Conference the Yugoslav lands inhabited by Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. The mandatories of Count Czernin are the oppressors of the Yugoslav people. There are no Yugoslavs or Czechs among the Austro-Hungarian Delegates, though their inclusion was explicitly demanded by the Yugoslav and Czech deputies in the Vienna Parliament. The Delegates thus represent only the despotic Governments of Vienna and Budapest.

“The Austrian and Hungarian constitutions which Czernin invokes are a delusion. The facts are that in the Austrian House of Representatives the Germans hold one-half of the seats, though the Germans of Austria are less than one-third of the population. In the Hungarian House of Representatives the Magyars, who form only one-third of the population of Hungary, have a monopoly of Parliamentary mandates. One-third of the Croatian Diet at Zagreb (Agram) is composed of foreign nobles and great land-owners, who sit without election. Bosnia is utterly unrepresented either in the Parliament of Vienna or in that of Budapest.

“The southern Slav territory, which covers one hundred and sixty thousand square kilometres, is wilfully split up into eleven totally distinct administrations. The people, numbering seven millions, are denied means of education and of railway communication. German and Magyar magnates, and Mussulman Beys of Bosnia, own the richest lands and forests. Thus shackled, our people is at the mercy of the corrupt terrorism of its alien rulers.... Our lands have been denuded of foodstuffs. Our people perish of hunger. Zagreb (Agram) alone shelters six thousand young children from the starving provinces. Thousands of our men and women have perished on the gallows and in prison. Our whole people has been outlawed, its voice is stifled. Therefore the Yugoslav Committee, which represents it, claims for it by this protest the right to live. We desire once for all to be freed from an atrocious despotism and to be united with our brethren of Serbia and Montenegro in democratic freedom and equality of right.

“Remember this when you seek to negotiate a democratic peace with the Delegates of Governments who are

the last remaining champions of autocracy, tyranny, and militarism."

Whatever may be the real state of mind on questions of belief among large sections of these peoples, it is evident that a profession of Faith is no restraint on barbaric practices at the dictates of policy—practices in themselves abhorrent to the finer cultivated sense of our age. The Roman Church, with its ceaseless claim to exercise temporal equally with spiritual sovereignty, is the natural ally of absolutism. Acquiescence in oppression of Catholic provinces, like Belgium, from reasons of high policy has caused heart searching among the suffering Faithful. There is reason to believe that the Vatican—the head of that Communion is in sympathy with the aims of the Central Powers, that they hope to advantage themselves by mutual support.* In a developed polity like that of Europe, with long historic antecedents, elements from a past stage of culture survive side by side with new forces evoked by later conditions and struggle for supremacy. So we find in the West to-day, autocracy, militarism, theocracy opposed to republicanism, individuality, free thought. Here we come to the crux of the religious problem of the war.

An English thinker, Hobbese speaks of the Papacy as the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof. He there sums up an entire system. Christianity, the nominal religion of Christendom, is to be regarded under three main aspects; its supernatural claims in their various interpretations, its human validity as a purely natural evolution, its political

* Which may explain the sympathy therewith shown by Catholic Spain.

and social signification. We can only deal with them shortly in their bearing on our main theme.

From the advent in Europe of the Christian Church as an organised religious force two distinct theories of its mission have been in conflict through its singular history. One is that the Church is a divinely ordained instrument for establishing an earthly Kingdom of God—a directive theocracy supreme over all other principalities and powers. The other view is a society concerned only with the spiritual welfare of its members, here and hereafter, bringing them by a constant aspiration after interior perfection and appropriate exercises to a "state of grace"; a communion of saints, that is of those "set apart" whose Kingdom is not of this world, rather than subjects of a temporal Christian Kingdom. The first theory finds its supreme expression in the Roman Catholic polity which, arising amid the chaos caused by the disintegration of the Empire and collapse of the antique civilisation, carries on the tradition of Imperial Rome in a new guise and imposes itself on the conquering northern barbarians as a fresh centre of supernatural authority. This polity, again, in its completed form when it makes its influence felt at this formative period is the product of several centuries of development. In a modified way a similar view of the Church is found in the Eastern Communion with its centre at Constantinople though from the continuance in the Byzantine Empire of a strong secular power, down to its decline the Church there is only co-equal with the State and usually simply its servant. Such is the position it occupied in the greatest State brought under the Greek Orthodox Church since the fall of the Eastern Empire, namely Russia, until the

sweeping changes of the Revolution. With the break up of the Mediæval system, of which the work of the Reformation is but one great portion, a similar status attaches to national Churches which, even in nominally Protestant countries, exist in alliance with the secular power of the modern Nation-State arising out of that general movement.*

The Roman system consists naturally with absolutism in the political sphere, treating power as a divine dispensation, and proscribes all thought and investigation that appear to challenge its defined dogmas and their implications. It is the standing foe of free thought pursued beyond these limitations, and of those tendencies embraced under the general term of the Modern Spirit. In a more circumscribed manner, from the nature of their associations, the State theocracies tend to reflect the determining character of the Governments with which they co-exist to act as a kind of moral police to the established order, to become subservient to its general aims. In a free country like the England of yesterday, the so-called State Church leans towards the dominant or conservative classes. As a candid Anglican scholar has lately put it:—"Her hold is on the well-to-do classes, and in a less degree on the peasantry in the country. The proletariat of the great cities is precisely the element which has least sympathy with her. She has looked on while the working people have drifted away from her...As a *bourgeois* Church the Anglican body is on the whole, a success."†

In none of these agencies is the humanist conception of a true spiritual power fully realised; that is, of an

* The United States of America presents a separate study in these respects.

† Dr. Percy Gardner in "Evolution in Christian Doctrine."

illuminated, independent body freely judging all secular institutions, as such, in the higher interest of the whole people.

The purely spiritual view of Christianity is maintained by the various heretical sects which arose in the Middle Age in defiance of theocratic authority, by believers after a more individual faith than that provided through its ministrations; and the tradition is carried on by modern non-conformist communions. Though the discipline imposed on their members by certain of these communions is sufficiently severe, their spirit has helped indirectly the furtherance of a wider religious and civil freedom than they perhaps stood for. The spirit that leads through mysticism to complete freedom of thought and critical inquiry into the foundations of beliefs. The self-governing principle of many of these communions may have promoted to some extent the will for political liberty and popular Government also. Yet, it must be insisted, apart from the peculiar organisation above noted due to historic circumstances, Christianity has no defined political gospel for our modern exigencies. Saintship and Citizenship do not necessarily coalesce. Render unto Cæsar the things that pertain to Cæsar and to God the things that belong to God remains the essence of its message.

And the things of Cæsar—of the [secular life of the State—are in these days terribly in evidence. Christian tenets of renunciation and asceticism, emanating from an Eastern or Southern atmosphere and environment, have been but little observed by the peoples of Northern Europe—apart from a few specious zealots. The hardy, war-like races of this region were bred in a ruder atmosphere, making heavy demands on their energy to sustain simply

conditions of healthy, tolerable existence. Hence their spirit of enterprise and adventure, their later commercial maritime and industrial aptitudes and invention. From the self-contained economy of Mediævalism, with its regime of ordered status—a regime reflected in the directive formularies of theocracy—we have come to the complex economy of the 20th century. Capitalism, machine production, facility of intercommunication have ended in a world marked as the fluctuating bases of trade and source of supply of raw material and even food. To the rivalries all this engenders among the modern industrial nations, there is added the plexus of relationships between different classes and interests comprising the industrial community, and the various forms of social organisation these States have at length assumed after centuries of growth and vicissitude.

Thus the Institution that serves for intellectual and social direction is not only a house divided against itself on fundamentals of doctrinal and social interpretation, but in singular ways is at variance with the trend of actual life. Beyond personal considerations, the measure of its influence on conduct at large is an intangible quantity. Either doctrine is subservient to policy or is inadequate to the task of guidance. The separate factors of social order or disorder, find their own modes and laws, military, industrial or political, according to the predominant character of the "Kultur" and ambitions of each Power or State. It is there, in this moral antithesis of our civilisation, that we must look for some explanation of the super-brutalities in question. German militarism is a peculiarly harsh product in itself. It has deliberately repudiated conventions for the conduct of war sanctioned by the public conscience of Europe in the hope of gaining

advantages over more scrupulous opponents, on the ground that success must justify the means. It has embarked on a vast adventure, wherein with all its precise calculation and preparation there remains an element of chance. Success must be won at any cost no matter who or what suffers. Its enemies must be daunted by the "frightfulness" of its methods,—by the murder, for instance, of over 14,000 British non-combatants on land and sea. Having begun this way, met by unexpected obstacles, it continues the grim path to Avernus—ever more desperate to force some satisfactory issue out of the morass in which it is floundering. The very insults and humiliations heaped on British prisoners of war, despicable and contrary to any chivalrous instinct as they are, testifies to the exasperation and anxiety caused by an intervention as to the potency of which Teuton craft has absolutely and completely miscalculated.

To these contradictions in existing spiritual agencies must be added the disturbance of traditional beliefs and authority by modern critical inquiry into their foundations. This together with related advances in knowledge of natural and cosmic laws and phenomena—what is usually classed as science—brings us to another aspect of the moral problem. Linked with historic beliefs, in their inception, are the current views of the order of Nature—of causality, upon which some of their leading doctrines, are based. Science is no more than a method of ascertaining verifiable facts about this order and explanations of phenomena in terms that are universally valid. If traditional views in any one aspect of these concerns, say, the question of human origins and man's place in Nature, fail to harmonise with advancing knowledge, together with

specific dogmas related to these views—then they must inevitably go the way of other systems which preceded them, systems once as firmly believed in by the multitude as the most unquestioning faith of Catholic or Muslim, now dismissed as so much curious or poetic and symbolical mythology.

Rationalistic inquiry covers a great field of interests in all departments of thought and aspiration, cosmic, biological, religious and social. Though in itself concerned only with the elucidation of truth and sound conclusions, and not with consequences, yet in the weakening of sanctions and rules based on beliefs which it may call in question it has to face the practical implications of its own method. Life and the conduct of life remains the supreme thing. An enlightened mode of thought must carry its spirit into the field of action ; and, indeed, intellectual liberty is only secure in alliance with all those safeguards and guarantees which are essential to political and social liberty. A sane attitude to the problem of existence involves a heightening of the worth and dignity of human existence, and the progressive expansion of all means of noble satisfaction, of self-realisation and individuality. Of such is the nature of the modern spirit in the *psyche* of Western development, which, although uncommitted to any specific form of Government or polity consists with the revival and progressive application of a Republican theory of civil society ; favours the complete independence of the spiritual and temporal powers in the State—or what may come to stand for spiritual influence, and is the negation of every barbaric survival of dominating militarism, tyranny, and autocracy.

Each leading nation has given some notable contribution to this body of vivifying Ideas, not least the range included in that of Britain herself. It is a body still in the making. But in the relations of ideals to practice we are met by the limiting or favouring conditions imposed by institutions fashioned under the inchoate secularism already alluded to. Thus the German world, whilst rendering service in one direction to the cause of intellectual light and art, in another, through a fateful course of development, is the champion of reactionism; a fit complement to which is the word of a crowned egotist, that "historical successes" of the German people and their allies in their career of massacre and spoliation are a special dispensation of Providence! France and Italy, for long centres of absolutism, through historic innovations during the last hundred years become upholders of European liberty at large. And here it is apposite in connection with "Hun" mentality to refer a little more fully to the position and influence of Nietzsche.

It is difficult to place this singular personality in any clear relation to the currents of European opinion, if, in fact, he has any claim to rank as a "thinker." Of Polish descent, despising his German compatriots, it is curious to find him credited with influencing their action in directions sufficiently indicated through certain extreme anti-Christian expressions in his writings, and the advocacy of peculiar doctrines of violence,—the antithesis, let us say, of Tolstoy. He died about 1900, after being insane for some years previously, with the feeling of isolation and lack of appreciation, and it is since his death that his notions have

attracted chief attention. Zealous disciples have translated the whole of his work into English including the notes for his intended *magnum opus*, *The Will to Power*, never finished. A strong egoist, in fierce reaction against tenets of asceticism, renunciation and meekness, he adopts a rhapsodical style of utterance glorifying aggressive forcefulness, "War" and the like, with far-fetched analogies drawn from mediæval chivalry and the antique world, exalting the idea of a race of "supermen" to be produced, apparently at the expense of a majority of "undermen." One cannot take over seriously this extravagant farrago, apart from those absurd disciples who are always found following blindly some original mind. If his notions have affected the German World to the extent alleged it is due to militarist tenets already firmly established, where a doctrine of war as a normal feature of State policy was in being before his advent. And one can quite imagine an arrogant officer caste, of the kind flourishing in Teutondom before the war, taking the unction to their souls that they were in truth the veritable embodiment of these new "supermen." Though even Nietzsche would have smiled at the idea of the House of Hohenzollern and its satellites being a particular care of the Infinite and Eternal !

These views, in so far as they can be reduced to coherent sense, have little relation to the trend of Humanist feeling which rather seeks to minimise violence in human affairs. In England, it favoured an extension of popular instruction, and a modification of the barbarous penal code inherited from Mediaevalism, when Anglican Bishops from their stronghold in the House of Lords

opposed such reforms. But no one with a touch of genius can reflect copiously on things without seizing some aspect of truth. And this phrase, the "Will-to-power," yields perhaps a clue to a further understanding of the forces brought to a final issue in this confused conflict. It may mean no less than the end of an old order, the birth of a new.

AUSTEN VERNEY.

France.

THE MILITARY SPIRIT OF OUR JAPANESE ALLY.

TRADITION tells that the Empire of Japan originated by the aid of a spear, that Isanagi,* the first man, thrust into the large Island of Yamato† thereby setting it, (their World) into motion. The Islands were formed of congealed mud, which trickled off the point of the spear, and became habitable territory.

Of the three precious emblems of the Regalia of Japan, the sword is considered of the highest value. These emblems are believed to have been bequeathed to Japan's first Ruler, Jimmu Tennō,‡ by Ama-Terasu,§ the Sun Goddess. Through the shadowy history of a land, whose past records were never before thoroughly investigated, there has been brought to light since the Restoration (1867) many valuable accounts of the people left to their own resources for many centuries: these researches, have all more or less taught us, that the military spirit has existed ever since the foundation of the Empire 60 B.C. and that even in time of Peace, a certain element of enthusiasm, kept their influence active.

* Isanagi (First man.)

† Yamato (Japan.)

‡ Jimmu Tennō (First Ruler)

§ Ama-Terasu (Sun Goddess.)

We cannot chronicle all the thrilling items that throw light on the fighting proclivities of our ally. Prehistoric men fought fiercely against each other, and required severe discipline of those in authority.

From statements that exist concerning fierce and barbaric customs prevalent in the past, it is evident, that in modern warfare, the Japanese are ever rising higher in the scale of civilisation; their dominant desire being to attain an equal footing with the foremost nations of the world. It is to be deplored that the rising generation of Japanese patriots, do not care to be reminded of all that in the past has assisted them to claim the right of being now considered a World Power. During the dark Middle Ages, the upbringing of the Samurai,* or Military class was a contradiction,—on the one hand children of both sex were instructed and reared by gentle mothers, lovable, unselfish, obedient women who taught their children religion, and morality, self restraint, and other virtues, instilling lessons of tenderness to be exercised over helpless created life in the world of Nature around them;—on the other hand, on attaining early manhood, fierce relentless passions of revenge, and retaliation, were taught, to an extent that, under the sway of such a belief, the soldier carrying out their strong conviction, had often to resign his own life. In order that a Samurai's education should be as perfect as possible there existed that strange privilege (over which so much argument) has arisen namely that on the event of a fatal affray, the Military law allowed a Samurai to put a ceremonial end to his own life, as the only way of making restitution to the family who had suffered loss by his fury. As a compensation, after carrying out the extreme penalty of the

* Samurai. (Fighting Class.)

law with unflinching courage, the honour of his house remained unstained.

History, however, sparkles with deeds of valour, unprecedented loyalty, and nobility of mind as well as with these dark and serious actions.

The story of Benkei* and Yoshitsuni,† or the Giant's devotion towards the undersized soldier who overcame him, is too well known to be given here: perhaps not so much so, is the idyll of Atsumori‡ the brave boy of the Taira clan, § who, having been summoned back from the waves, when trying to escape from Kumagai Naozani|| the Minamoto, obeyed without hesitation, knowing that submission all the while, would be death. But when the stern old warrior tore off the young soldier's helmet the better to strike off his victim's head: Naozani recognising a likeness to his own lost son, reluctantly performed a foeman's duty, feeling that to release Atsumori would only be to leave him to more ruthless hands. Finally the old veteran ended his days in a monastery. The three foreign campaigns that have been entered into by the Japanese since the Restoration, have each their special heroes to illuminate the story of the wars;—the midshipman found frozen to death at his post of duty one cold misty morning on the Yalu River,—Hirose the Brave—the hero of Port Arther—to the latest accounts of the bombardment of the Tsing-tao Forts, where the sailors when drowning went to their death singing patriotic songs until the water closed over them, all proved that the military

* Benkei (Giant)

† Yoshitsuni (Young soldier.)

‡ Atsumori (Young soldier.)

§ Taira (A clan)

|| Kumagai Naozani (Old warrior.)

spirit (The Yamato-Damashi-i)* is as virile now as in the days when the traditional gods of fire, and flood, fought for supremacy. The accepted belief that a Japanese will almost court death on the battle-field, and often give up his life recklessly, has been condemned by those who have not learnt that it matters little to a Samurai, whether he fights in the flesh, or if disembodied joins the armies of "The Son of Heaven."

There is one item that must not be overlooked in which our brave allies have profited by their former training. So highly was a soldier disciplined in the "*Military Knights Ways*" of old Japan that often the sight of a branch of cherry blossom, or a lotus springing from a muddy pool, (and other emblems in which lay hidden deep religious teaching, if set upon his sword guard, stayed him from ruthless handling of his deadliest enemy. Moreover the weapon with which the soldier fought, represented his own soul. The sword was forged in secret, by no ordinary metalurgist, but by those of renowned virtues who practised prayer, fasting, and purification ; working in secrecy, invoking all the while the aid of the Gods, in order that their labour, as well as the ultimate possessor of the weapon, might prosper.

The platonic manner in which the Japanese have accomplished many a difficult task may be the influence of Christianity in their midst, together with the humane principals contained within the teaching of Buddha and of those injunctions enjoined on them by their rulers of more modern times.

* Yamato Damashi-i (The Spirit of Old Japan.)

The gift of a priceless sword presented by YOSHI-HITO, Japan's ruler, to H. M. Albert, King of the Belgians, is one of those rare instances of deep significant admiration, of one great monarch for another,—a fitting tribute to the central example in this great war of the world, for within this sword of ancient workmanship lies expressed the symbols of Justice—a guardian of Honour, Truth and noble self-sacrifice. The fall of Tsing-tao was inevitable. Those who have followed Japanese policy during the last 50 years must have known that no European aggressive military power, could plant itself down in the Far East with any hope of securing a permanent foothold.

Three significant words of a great Japanese author seals the above remark. ASIA IS ONE. Herein lies the secret strength, ambition and never ending energy of a nation whose re-birth was heralded to the civilised world, under such momentous and unique circumstances.

No wonder that when the Emperor Meiji Tennō 'passed' from among his people (he still lives and is worshipped by them in Spirit form) the whole nation became consolidated in the throes of grief. Young girls wept in the streets, strong men mourned on their knees, stalwart wrestlers sat quiet and idle. All knew how much that beloved sovereign of 'Divine Descent' had renounced for the benefit and lasting happiness of his people.

To these testimonies may be added the name of one whose final act of devotion reached a height to which we Christians dare not aspire. The heart of Count Nogi, the man of iron could no longer bear to beat: he preferred to follow his beloved Master and Ruler into the Shadowy Land, thereby setting forth that unmatched devotion,

comprehended in *Yamato Damashi-i*. This consummation of fidelity proved the strong concrete base on which the throne of Japan has firmly rested through an unbroken dynasty since the foundation of the Empire of the Land of the Rising, and now Risen Sun.

Furthermore it is recorded in a diary of one of the early American School Masters in *Dai Nippon* who, asking his pupils to give him the dearest wish of their hearts received the almost unanimous answer '*To die for the sake of our Emperor.*'

CHARLOTTE M. SALWEY.

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Hants

LETTERS FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN.
VII.

My dear Sisters,

To-day I will write you on a new subject, one that interests me deeply. It is a grave topic and much ignored—in fact deliberately ignored. I am not sure that this treatment is wholly wise; it strikes me the motive is largely pharisaical. I think we are more likely to find remedies for ugly things by facing them straightly.

I have been in touch with certain of the world's ministering ones and have viewed with them some of the dark places into which the animal passions when not well controlled and under the command of the higher self, may lead foolish women.

As we journey through life we brush shoulders with both angels and devils. The young and inexperienced see but too often only the outer man, the material and physical attractions, the veneer in fact, with which evil cloaks itself to fascinate the senses. This may become a sort of mouse trap in which something innocently tempting is held conspicuously in view to attract the unwary. Touch it and the ugly teeth of the trap close on the foolish one, and if she escape at all it will be in a maimed condition, for the iron will have entered into her soul.

The gay and thoughtless, and the frivolous, often fall into a horrible hell without being in any sense really bad. As a matter of fact the really depraved soul does not realize the horrors of a low or degraded life in anything like the same way as does the soul that is naturally clean, but which has slipped over the edge in an unguarded moment. Many seemingly small things may have contributed to the frail one's fall; ignorance, thoughtlessness, or even a faulty education, this education may have trained the brain and left the mind and soul undeveloped, and the spirit wholly undiscovered. Thus the unfortunate being, on going out into the world finds herself under the power of her animal senses, with the physical instincts and passions all undisciplined—masters instead of servants. In consequence of this inversion of control, the habitation of a maybe noble soul, is dragged into the mire, and then branded 'bad.'

The emotions are always deadly dangerous masters, because their seat and origin is in the lower self, and only an awakened soul can transmute and use them to good purpose. Such an one may train the whole animal body to become a most useful co-worker and servant.

The foolish, or gay and giddy are not necessarily bad, not even when they have fallen over that fine edge which separates them for ever from the innocence and purity of youth. Such a fall often jerks the soul awake to find itself in a veritable hell of remorse and distress. At this stage, if some hand is not stretched out to lift and support it, it will sink and sink, and be drawn under by a hopeless environment, thus seriously retarding its spiritual evolution,

Now turn with me, and accompany in spirit a ministering angel of flesh and blood on the earth plane. She is clad in the white robes of purity and peace, and is young, bright and lovely, radiant with the joy and strength of her noble spirit within. She is crowned with the beauty and grace of a well disciplined body, a developed mind and an inspired soul. Brave and dauntless she steps out across the conventional line which separates the women who are called respectable from those whose ungoverned passions and emotions have led them to trip over the borderland into the realms of the no longer esteemed. Here they find themselves outcasts, the more so if they are young and pretty and simple, for sad to say, in our artificial society the more experienced and wily often escape social ostracism by clever concealment. It is not to these last that our ministering one is directing her steps, but to the simple sinner whose soul is crying out with dread and whose heart is aching with sorrow and despair as she sees the dark abyss of an endless downward slope, who feels through all her finer senses the closing and bolting of the doors through which she has passed from ignorance to knowledge, away from the happy careless innocence that can never be hers again. She stands on the brink and gazes into the horrors of her hell and sees the scorching flame that threatens to consume all that is good in her, and the temptation arises to trample down now and forever all that remains of her higher self that so she may suffer less. But behold an angel in living form is standing at her side and calling her 'Sister'. A strong, kind, hand is being held out to her and no words of condemnation fall on the sad one's ears. She looks spellbound at this kindly sister who,

intuition instantly assures her, is of spotless purity, and yet she too is young and bright and charming to look on, full of abounding life. The sad one, turning from her vista of hopeless anguish and seeing this fair vision of womanhood approach her, shrinks away ; she dare not take the hand of this heaven sent sister for the terrible thought has seized her ; 'She would not offer her hand if she knew'. But soon she learns that it is not a self-righteous ignorant innocence that is before her but an innocence born of knowledge. "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner". Behind that young and smiling face is a strong and valiant spirit which can look at and touch things called evil and not be defiled by them, for she sees the substance of good behind the shadow of sin. Ah no this is no censor who will say "I told you so, and now you are ruined" and then *condescend* to speak to a despised sister and do her duty by her. From such an one this scorched soul would have fled, turning rather to the easy going sympathy and advice of fellow sinners who like herself had strayed from the path. But this pure and radiant soul glowing with divine love holds her with unconscious force. An aura of hope and power surrounds her. A Mother spirit guides and guards her steps. Mother love shines through her young eyes. Mother wisdom understands how youth attracts youth when age sometimes fails to win its confidence. The hard lines soften and the bitter expression fades from the anguished face as it looks into the kind and friendly eyes and feels the influence of this strong and brave soul. She ceases to fear her.

The visitor's pure and beautiful thoughts, have gathered around her a compassionate band of white spirits

who carry her safely through ugly places and poisonous atmospheres, polluted by evil thoughts. Divinity accompanies her. The ministering one's clean soul sees only a comrade in distress and her loving heart thinks only how to bring a new and happy spiritual life to a sorrowing sister ; so she holds out her hand and says ; "Come with me dear child I will find you both work and rest, and deeper, bigger things to interest you, where you may become master of yourself and your environment. The power emanating from the upright healthy form of this fearless spirit enwraps the weaker sister and causes her to lift her head and feel wells of new life springing up in her, and in wistful confidence she puts out her hand and says "Lead me out of this" and her heart adds "Oh pure love, I will follow you even though I have to walk through a fiery furnace to reach your goal of noble selflessness and generosity. Scorn not to be loved by such as I, my pure white sister ! But no ! scorn could not live in sight of the God-love that shines through your eyes ! Would you brush away the tears that now water your feet ? Nay, suffer them to flow, they are washing away the stains on my heart which your pure eyes cannot see. They are washing my soul free of a ghastly numbing horror. "

As their hands clasp, unseen helpers loosen the dark garment of sickening despair which had clung so heavily round this unhappy soul, and clothe her with strands from the white robe of her visitor. Thus clad she is borne from her earthly hell into a new and wonderful consciousness, the consciousness of a possible heaven even in the living present.

England,

HEATHER.

“PURIFY YOUR HOME.”

IN using the word “purify” I do not refer to evils of the class for which in civilised communities various sanitary and hygeinic appliances are considered the appropriate remedies. Not that I have aught to urge in derogation of these branches of activity that make for the removal of physical evils; but these evils pale to insignificance before those which are corroding “as doth a canker” the moral fibre of the people. By “purify” them I desire to urge the eradication of those Social Evils which “war against the Soul” which taint our national life at its very source, and constitute a perpetual and well-merited reproach in the eyes of our neighbours; and of these the first and foremost is the custom which condemns to life-long widowhood and misery those of our women, of whatever age, who survive their husbands. Social Evils of various kinds and degrees are common to all countries, but the evil which forms the subject of this article is peculiar to and indigenous to India. India is the only country, and Hinduism the only religion which presents the sad and anomalous spectacle of thousands, nay hundreds of thousands, of widowed girls, many of them of very tender age. Child-marriage is, no doubt, to be found in other countries and amongst other religions, but child widows in such large

numbers are to be found only in India and amongst Hindus. Further on I shall from official statistics, give my readers some idea of the magnitude of the evil, but before doing so I must endeavour, however feebly, to portray the truly awful condition of a Hindu widow.

Amazing as it will appear to many, there are widows among the Hindus who have not even completed the first year of their existence, and as we proceed along the gamut of ages, we find the ratio of widows increasing till it reaches a figure that is simply appalling. Poor souls! how little they realize while playing in the laps of their mothers, that they have been stamped with the brand of infamy and degradation which will last throughout their lives. The fate of these young innocent girls might well move the hardest heart to pity. As they grow from infancy to childhood, and from childhood to youth these poor creatures are completely in the dark as to the sad destiny which awaits them in the future. They little know while still swinging in the cradle or engaged in the frolics of childhood that an unnatural and diabolical custom, enforced by the ignorant and superstitious adherence of their parents, has robbed them of the supreme happiness that dominates and surpasses all others, and of everything that renders existence attractive. Youth comes, and in its wake the natural impulse for marriage and maternity, but how disappointed the girl must feel when she realizes that these legitimate sources of happiness are for ever barred to her, that she is condemned to lead the life of a recluse, and that through no fault of her own, but through the slavish and unreasoning devotion of her parents, to a cruel and injurious traditional usage. The heart of the girl suffers a rude shock, the flower of

life is blasted in the bud, and youth, charm and beauty are ruthlessly sacrificed at the altar of the Moloch which Hindu society delights to venerate.

I cannot forbear in this connection to draw the attention of my countrymen to the inconsistency, I should perhaps say the cynical callousness, of the license allowed in such matters to male members of the Hindu community. The father, brother or guardian who stands for full rigour of orthodoxy in regard to his hapless female dependants often marries two, three or four times. An amorous sexagenarian does not feel ashamed to appear as a bridegroom and bring home a bride young enough to be his grand-daughter or great-grand-daughter for the matter of that, and even with these extensive concessions to legalised libertinism, some of our respectable Lotharios are, even then, not faithful to that nuptial troth.

What is the life of a Hindu widow? It is a continued round of fasts and penances. She must not even dress well. A white, unattractive and preferably dirty garment is the only apparel vouchsafed her. To keep her hair dishevelled and her person unkempt and neglected is regarded as her duty. She must not indulge in joyous talk, innocent merriment, or join in the diversions of the family. She is denied the enjoyment of participation in festive ceremonies; indeed her very presence is considered ill-omened at social functions, such as marriages, births etc. It has, however, been reserved for Bengal to out-Hindu the Hindus in the cruelty and ignominy of the fate devised for widows. A large proportion of the women, who have the misfortune to be widowed in that Citadel of orthodoxy, after having their heads shaved,

migrate to Bendra Ban the happy hunting ground of men who visit holy places in search of new pleasures.

Would any man endure such treatment? I emphatically say "No". Then why take advantage of your superior physical strength to persist in a cruel wrong to your daughters and sisters? Because it is a custom. If you have no better reason to advocate you may as well throw up the sponge, for a people which can extend a complacent toleration to a custom which is inflicting untold misery on the weak and defenceless is eternally doomed. Sati offered a quick release from a life of torment which Hindus widows have now to endure. The Government abolished the custom, and I plead must now help in the abolition of a still more cruel custom, which condemns young and innocent child-widows to a life of misery.

The existence of child-widows can be traced to two causes. First, the custom of child marriage creates a large percentage of child wives. Much of the evil thus brought into being could be obviated, if there were no second cause e.g. popular prejudice against re-marrying a widow, but, unfortunately, such a prejudice exists and, when once a child wife is widowed, it helps to perpetuate her status of widowhood. So when advocating the cause of widows, we have a two-fold task before us, the first is to discourage child marriage, and the second is to encourage widow re-marriage. The Census Commissioners, in the Census Report of India, 1911, Volume I, Part I, write in para. 330, "The large number of widows in India is due partly to the early age at which girls are given in marriage, and partly to the disparity which often exists

between the ages of husband and wife, but most of all to the prejudice against the re-marriage of widows. Many castes, especially the higher ones, forbid it altogether, and even where it is not absolutely prohibited it is often unpopular."

To bring into strong relief the fact that child marriage is more common in India than in other countries I shall make some further extracts from the Census Report of 1911. Paragraph 327 of the part quoted above contains the following: "Another striking feature of the Indian statistics as compared with those of Western Europe, is the early age at which marriage takes place. According to M. Sundbarg's table showing the average distribution by age and civil condition of the people of Western Europe according to the census taken about the year 1880, of the population below the age of 20, only one male in 2,147 is married and one female in 142. In India, on the other hand, 10 per cent. of the male, and 27 per cent. of the female, population below that age are married. The number of males below the age of 5 who are married, is small, but of those aged 5 to 10, 4 per cent. are married, and of those aged 10 to 15, 13 per cent. At 15 to 20, the proportion rises to 32, and at 20 to 30 to 69 per cent. Of the females under 5, one in 72 is married, of those between 5 and 10, one in ten, between 10 and more than two in five, and between 15 and 20, four in five. In the whole of India there are $2\frac{1}{2}$ million wives under 10, and 9 million under 15 years of age."

Although this corrupt system of child marriage is prevalent amongst all classes and creeds inhabiting India, the largest proportion of child wives is to be found

amongst the Hindus. According to the Census Report for India, 1911, Volume I, Part I, para 331, "At the age-period 10 to 15 ; 49 per cent. of the Hindu females are married, as compared with only 39, 18, and 1 in the case of Mahomedans, Animists and Buddhists, respectively. Only 1 in 18 of the unmarried Hindu females is over the age of 15, as compared with 1 in 14 in the population as a whole."

The following table taken from para. 337 clearly illustrates the wide prevalence of child marriage amongst the Hindus :

Statement showing the proportion per mille, of each sex who are married at the age-periods 0—5 and 5—10, respectively.

	0-5		5-10	
	Males	Females	Males	Females
All religions	7	14	37	105
Hindu	10	13	48	132
Mussalman	2	5	15	65
* Christian	2	4	6	15
Buddhist
Animist	4	4	10	22

The Buddhists deserve our congratulations, for among them marriage below the age of 10 is practically unknown, and is extremely rare below the age of 15.

A doubt is apt to arise in our minds as to the accuracy of these statistics, for, in our daily experience, we seldom come across such a large number of married females of so tender an age, especially amongst the higher castes of Hindus. The reason is not far to seek. Those who entertain such doubts have their experience confined

to the higher castes only and these are, in fact, not so much addicted to child marriage as the lower castes, such as, the Pods, Doms, Chasi Kaibarattas, Bagdis and Muchis in Bengal, and Kolis, Kanaitis and other low castes in the Punjab Hills. But the problem becomes more complex as we proceed further. The custom of child-marriage coupled with the prejudice against widow re-marriage forms a formidable menace to the social structure of India in general, and of Hindusim in particular. It is a disheartening duty to record that the second is far more deeply rooted in the minds of the people than the first. The work of the social reformer would have been much easier had he to combat the evil of child marriage alone, but that is not the case. He has to fight against a usage which is prevalent amongst the uneducated masses who are ever threatened with the penalty of social ostracism if they dare to deviate from the groove of traditional custom.

We have already seen that child marriage which is the prime cause of the existence of so many child widows is more common amongst the Hindus than in any other caste. Let us now see whether, as regards child-widows, we have reason for self-gratulation in comparison with other communities. But alas Census figures spell an emphatic "No."

The total number of widows in India is in round numbers 26 million, out of which nearly 21 million, *i.e.*, 81 per cent. of the total number belong to the Hindus, although the Hindu female population of the country forms only 70 per cent. of the total. Out of this grand total the number of those under the age of 15 years who ought not to have even been married at that age, is 2,73,867,

while if we include those who are below 20 years, the number stands at 6,36,833. This is the appalling aggregate which should under no circumstances continue in a state of widowhood except in the case of the infinitesimal minority who voluntarily elect to remain in this condition. The number of infant girls below one year who are widows is 866; of those between 1 and 2, 755; of those between 2 and 3, 564; of those between 3 and 4, 3,987; of those between 4 and 5, 7,603; of those between 5 and 10, 77,585; of those between 10 and 15, 1,81,507; and of those between 15, and 20, 3,62,966.

From what I have said above it should not be inferred that 20 is the maximum age up to which the re-marriage of widows is interdicted. What I desire to bring home to my readers is that we have this enormous number of widows under the age of 20—a misery to themselves and choking the legitimate expansion of the community, while in other countries females of this age are not even married. I see no reason why we should not advocate the re-marriage of those widows who are under 30, or 35 for the matter of that, and better the lot of some 34, 45, 460 widows.

The evil I have depicted is worst in Bihar and Orissa, where the proportion of widows per 1,00,000 females is 81 in the age period 0 to 1, 116 in the age period 1 to 2; 123 in the age period 2 to 3; 265, in the age period 3 to 4; 685, in the age period 4 to 5; 1,340, in the age period 5 to 10; and 2,970, in the age period 10 to 15. Next to Bihar and Orissa come Bombay and Madras, while the Punjab and the N.-W. Frontier are least in the grip of this social octopus, the proportion of widows per 1,00,000 females in the Punjab, for example, being 3 in the age period 0 to 1 *nil*,

in the age period 1 to 2; 8, in the age period 2 to 3; 20, in the age period 3 to 4; 51; and in the age period 4 to 5.

Having gained an insight into the extent of the evil let us now proceed to see how it affects the country as a whole.

It is almost superfluous to point out that a custom of this description must have serious and far-reaching effects on the domestic, social, and moral life of the people. Byron tells us that "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence." Yet we have the melancholy spectacle of a large proportion of the sex to whom it is all important, debarred from the happiness of marriage and maternity. There is not a single Hindu family which is free from the influence of this cursed system. If a man loses his first wife, he has to choose as his partner young girl more often than not, far junior to him in age, for the poor fellow can not muster sufficient courage to face the frowns of his caste-fellows who would surely condemn him as an outcaste if he dared to marry a widow. In such conditions and with such disparity in age, it is quite impossible that the couple should lead a life of harmonious and reciprocal happiness, and such a union can never be productive of that domestic bliss which might well have been their lot had there been no marked difference in the ages of the husband and wife, and which would not have occurred if the widower had been given the option of marrying a widow. In addition to this it is a matter of common experience that if a widower has children by his first wife, a widow is likely to prove a more efficient and humane step-mother than a young girl entering into womanhood.

It is, moreover, the sad experience of those families who have opportunities of observing the lot of the Hindu widow, that the poor creature is an eye-sore to the members of the family, and generally becomes the unwilling and innocent cause of many a domestic quarrel: and it is inevitable that such should be the case, for there is no home which the poor Hindu widow can call her own. In her father's house she is regarded as an unwelcome guest, and in her deceased husband's house she is regarded as an inconvenient burden, and by both as one under the ban of Divine Curse. The solace of the only home that ought to be hers, that is, that of another husband, is denied her.

When such a large number of Hindu females is doomed to lead a life of perpetual widowhood, it is an inevitable result that the increase in the Hindu population should remain as low as it is, compared with other communities.

The worst effect of the system is, however, the demoralisation to which it gives rise. In this connection the Census Commissioners, in their report referred to above, remark in para. 282:—

“Widows especially those who lose their husbands while they are still very young, are generally treated as family drudges, and, being supposed to be practically dead to the world, are expected to lead a life of absolute self-denial and to content themselves with the coarsest food, and only one meal a day. Amongst the higher castes, widows often live to a great age, but as a general rule, their longevity must be affected by the conditions under which they live. Young

widows, again, are sometimes apt to form illicit connections; etc."

So far I have only tabulated information respecting the existing state of things, and endeavoured to depict its effects. I shall now try to suggest remedies which would prove effectual in mitigating, if not in eradicating, the evil.

There is no doubt that universal education would tend to greatly minimise the evil by creating a strong and enlightened opinion against it, but this remedy is tardy, while the evil is deep-rooted and wide-spread and calls for drastic and immediate measures.

In the first place I would suggest for the consideration of those of my learned and cultured countrymen who are members of the Imperial Legislative Council that they should move the Government of India to prescribe by legislative enactment that the marriages of all females under the age of twelve should be null and void and a substantial penalty should be imposed on persons infringing, or abetting the infringement of, this enactment. I have taken twelve years as the minimum age at which a marriage may be legally solemnised, as this is the earliest age at which, under Act X of 1891, [amending Section 375 of the Indian Penal Code] the law permits consummation of marriage. Such being the law it is difficult to see what grievance, other than a purely sentimental one, can be occasioned to the adherents of the present system by restricting the legal age for marriage to twelve years seeing that the marriage cannot be consummated earlier without rendering the husband liable to conviction for rape. Such legislation will automatically eliminate all wives under twelve, and thus decrease the number "

of widows by nearly 2,00,000. For Provincial figures I would refer the reader to statements which can be obtained from the Secretary, Panjab Vidhva Vivat Sahark Sabha. The remedy would no doubt give rise to a good deal of social and religious opposition, but when a noble cause is to be advanced, risk of opposition must be faced and overcome. The remedy cannot be regarded as a violent one.

Another direction in which legislative action might be beneficially exerted is by modification of the law of inheritance by which a widow gets a life interest in her husband's property. I do not mean to say that the interest of the widow should be curtailed in the least, but, under the present system, when a husband dies, the prospect of inheriting his property is so strong an inducement to the widow and her parents that they are disposed to re-marry her, being afraid of losing the advantages accruing from the inheritance, although under any other circumstances they would have had no hesitation and would incur no penalty in doing so. In this way the law of inheritance in regard to widows acts as a direct discouragement to their re-marriage.

I suggest the adoption of legislative remedies in the above-mentioned cases, not because I, in any way, am insensible of the great results which the sincere efforts of a philanthropist can achieve, but because the philanthropist labours under this serious disadvantage that the weapons at his disposal are purely moral, and he has got no power to enforce his views, while legislature with the physical power of the State behind it can accomplish and place beyond the reach of further cavil what the exhortations of the philanthropist could not bring about in several decades.

Another suggestion I wish to make is that all social conferences and communal bodies and organizations should try to make it a rule of their society that widowers amongst them should marry only widows, and any match between a widower and an unmarried girl should be regarded as deserving of the strong reprobation of the society.

In addition to the remedies suggested above much can be urged by the social reformer. He can strive by speeches, writings, and above all by practical example to create such a healthy atmosphere of public opinion in favour of widow re-marriage that a social stigma would attach to, and social ostracism fall upon, parents, brothers, or guardians, who retain, except on patently justifiable grounds, their daughters, sisters, or wards in a state of widowhood.

If by what I have ventured to urge I succeed in stimulating and giving direction to the solicitude, which in their hearts, I know that my countrymen have for the best and truest interests of their daughters and sisters, I shall feel that the trouble taken in endeavouring to set out in its true colours and magnitude this vital social problem have not been employed in vain.

GANGA RAM.

Lahore.

A REQUEST.

Light of all light, the Sun—that has no setting
 Though night may intervene;
 When storm and darkness add to fear and fretting,
 Thou shinest on unseen.

Alone! yet not alone, I paused to listen
 Within the arc of space,
 Beyond those pathways where the planets glisten
 I sought to see thy Face.
 But found it not—then ask'd the Winds if they
 Had pass'd It, on their way.

They mumer'd 'All things see it, dead or living,
 The One for ever there;'
 Give me that sight—said I—for bless'd is giving,
 They breath'd—'tis everywhere'.

VIOLET DEMALORTIE.

SIDELIGHTS ON REFORM.

YOURS to hand. I wrote to you some days ago in connection with para. 138 of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. Let me have a further talk with you on paper, for if I can influence you, you will be able to influence others and thus some good will be done. You are my Guru Bhai and both of us must serve the Guru by trying to do some good and seeing God in all we see.

* * * * *

Until the two Committees finish their work we cannot say for certain how the rural classes will stand. I turned a little while ago to one of my note books and curiously enough this is what I came across:—

“In the Nineteenth Century And After,” for June 1906, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt says in a paper on “possibilities of peasant ownership in Sussex:”

“A study which I made many years ago of the agricultural condition of India where the system of State-ownership is carried to its extreme results has convinced me that of all fallacies of reform this (*i.e.* land nationalisation) is the most hopeless of good. In India we see one sole universal landlord, like all States, deeply in debt and in constant want of money, unable except here and there to devote any capital to improvements, unwilling to remit

rent to tenants in arrears, and raising the assessment at short intervals wherever the value of the land has been improved, however little, by the occupier's labour. It is in fact a shameless rack-renter with the result that its tenants are the poorest in the world. The spectacle presented by the naked and starving Indian ryot is a complete answer to land Nationalisation as a philanthropic scheme. The Indian State, moreover, is a universal absentee landlord and like all absentees, without bowels of compassion. Its collecting agents are not allowed to have bowels, being promoted and commended, not according to prosperity of the district they administer, but according to the revenue they raise. They are in the eyes of the peasantry mere engines of authority constantly changing as their advancement hurries them from post to post. The State then in a word is of all landlords, the worst as the State tenant is of all tenants the least enviable." Now this picture may be considered overcharged and we are not concerned with land nationalisation at present. But para. 138 of the Report, you see, makes admissions which bear out substantially what Blunt wrote in 1906. Who are the majority of the people of India? Those connected with agriculture and para. 138 is a confession—a clear confession—that government in their case at best *i.e.*, in the case of 226 out of 244 millions in British India has been a failure.

* * * *

Now if I had the authority of Parliament, if the destinies of India were confided to me, what would I do? That is a question which every patriot should put to himself in order to come out with truly constitutional practical proposals. I have put that question to myself for this

purpose and let me tell you what I would do on the lines of least resistance (not having a clean slate to write on). The Report is for making the provinces financially independent (subject to some necessary limitations) in order to make them self-governing. But the administration will continue top heavy in the provinces if Divisions or Districts are not made financially independent (subject, of course, to necessary limitations).

* * * * *

Malabari said once paradoxically that in India we wanted Ripons as Assistant Collectors and not as Viceroys, and I think the logical acceptance of the principle of decentralisation involves the appointment not only of provincial Governors with Councils, but of Governors of Divisions and Districts, and Governors of even Talukas or, villages with Councils, use a humbler name than Governor in Council if you like, but the only way of truly decentralizing the administration is to make the village or a group of small villages an administrative and fairly autonomous unit. You cannot give administrative education to the masses except by this means. You are not likely to utilize the talents of the rural classes for administration and constructive beneficence except by this means and perhaps by this means alone you may secure Ripons as Assistant Collectors.

* * * * *

If the experiment of provincial self-Government is to be tried for ten years why not try this further experiment also. Provincial Governments with their reserved or transferred subjects will not be able to legislate adequately or satisfactorily on this subject without a special mandate. Let the Bill now being drafted to give definiteness to the suggestions made in the Report contain either a

distinct provision on the subject or give power in express words to provincial Governments to decentralize so as to make a village, or a group of villages an administrative and fairly autonomous unit.

* * * *

Sir Phirozeshah Mehta in a powerful speech once pointed out how absurd it was to assume that English administrators, who generally were not able to speak the language of the people, could understand them or represent them. Of course there are some English administrators against whom this charge cannot be brought. Men who can speak our languages well and know our literature and traditions should be selected as Divisional or District Governors, and just as Provincial Governments are to be financially independent and have only to make certain contributions to the Government of India, so these men with their Councils should have only to make a contribution to the provincial Government, but in other respects should be free to mould the life of the people in their charge, or carry out improvements and promote the political and other education of the masses.

* * * *

Similarly nothing but good will result from extending the system further down to Talukas or villages. Let each be financially independent and under obligation mainly to make a contribution to the District Government, just as the District Government will be under an obligation to make it to the Provincial Government. You can't teach people self-government without giving them power—specially the power of the purse. Moreover all the Indian traditions point to the village as the real unit. In Manu's time there were such governors and old

England had a similar form of Government. The old communes and the boroughs in England, now-a-days the Parish councils the municipalities, and the County Councils give an opportunity to even the humblest to serve his fellow men. Let such opportunities be given also to the sons of India. Let there be a census, as it were, of all good men and true, and let them become powerful for good in their own local areas and elsewhere. The Government of India has reserved all inter-provincial subjects for itself, so the provincial governments should reserve all subjects into Divisional subjects, or the Divisional Government should reserve all into District or so on : the details can be easily introduced.

* * * *

It is open to a member of the English Parliament to aspire to any office in the gift of the Crown. Lord Curzon took his degree, travelled in Asia served his apprenticeship as Under Secretary and came out to India as Governor-General. Is it fair to Indians that they should not have the power to mould the destinies of even a single village, Taluka or District, and apprentice in the school of experience. In the new Statute now being drafted to give effect to the Report I would put in an express clause qualifying every one who has been a member of any of the Legislative Councils for any office in the gift of the Crown, or the Government at least in India, and if I had the necessary power I would provide Governorships for 5 years for men like Gandhi, Sastri, Surendra Nath Bannerjee in order to give them administrative experience, and enable them to redress the grievances of which they speak. They may not be accepted by the Government of India or Parliament as fit for provincial Governorships but

they may agree to accept even Divisional or District Governorships of the type I have in view, if their hands are left free. Let them at least have the power for good which Diwans possess in enlightened Native States not overridden by the will of an autocrat.

* * * *

Variety is not only the spice of life—but its very breath, and I would welcome variety. What suits Bombay may not suit Allahabad or Lahore, and the Governors chosen with Councils of good men and true to help them, will be able to strike out new lines of usefulness and put an end to absentee landlordism and rural poverty by the extension of local autonomy.

* * * *

It will be said "what about vested interests of the great Departments? Take a Taluka for instance. The Sub-judge and the Mamelt Dar and Magistrate could form the Council of the Taluka government. Indeed I would try to give the new authorities sufficient time to think out, or mature and carry out proposals for the good of the people generally, and specially for the prevention of crime and indebtedness and illiteracy, instead of weighing them down with cartloads of returns, reports or statistics, good, bad or indifferent. The decennial census will be the best time for taking stocks generally. I would, therefore, if I had the power, welcome every opportunity to fill vacancies as they occur with self-less men caring little for lucre and power, and anxious only to serve their country. There would naturally be very few such persons who could give the whole of their time, but there would be many who could give a part of their time, and my scheme

would utilise them for areas best known to them, for areas in which they feel the greatest interest. In short, what the Government of India are prepared to do for provinces, I would do (if I had the power) for Divisions, Districts, Talukas or villages or make use of all the good men as educators, lecturers, preachers, agricultural or industrial experimenters.

* * * *

Finance is really the key to the whole position. India at least, rural India, cannot bear further taxation, and every true patriot would like to see the burdens it now bears lessened. The tendency of the British Government is practically to grant self-Government only if the burden of further taxation is accepted. That makes the gift a graceless one. I would seek to forge bonds of union between the East and West by calling upon both to make sacrifices. What an object lesson would it be, for example if those whose salaries or pensions are to be increased according to the Montagu-Chelmsford Report said: "Let these increases be reserved as a fund for the good of the naked starving ryot," I would give to the Englishman what I would give to the Indian plus an expatriation allowance. The report lays down this principle but hardly puts it in practice, or rather very haltingly or partially expresses it.

* * * *

I would make the fullest use of the administrative abilities and leadership of the Englishman as I believe that he has much to teach us, but he ought not to deny that he has also much to learn from India. He and we belong to the old Aryan group, and India possesses the oldest spiritual traditions of the whole Aryan race, and though the West knows more of the laws of causation and can realise the limitations

of Time or Space, India knows more of the Causeless, the Timeless, the Nameless. The East and the West are after all children of a single mother, who has been correcting both when they have made mistakes. Every breath of hate, of contempt, of scorn, of arrogance is a breath from hell and I would so frame the Constitution and so mould the administration as to leave little room for such breaths from hell or for intangible, impersonal, unapproachable machine of bureaucratic rule.

ZERO.

NASEEM DEHLVI :

(1794-1864)

THE world's poetry is a mighty river running on to Eternity, which has in its waters mingled many a stream of many a country, each bringing with itself its own peculiar riches, singing its own songs of joy or pain. The virgin of Urdu poetry also brings *her* vestal offerings to the shrine of the Mother : her best lyrical efforts are in no way inferior to, if not surpass the lyric wonders of the world. Shades of epic grandeur hang close to the famous poets of Lucknow, Mir Khalique and Mir Zamin, who prepared the way for the grand creations of Anis and Dabir. The perfectly autonomous couplets of a Ghazal express the highest passion and emotion. It has for her high priests such saints, as Vali, Shah Hatim, Mazhar, Jan-e-Janan, Mir Dard, whose *diwans* are full of spiritual joy, and an invaluable record of bliss to the Sufi. Sauda, Mir, Insha, Momin wrote perfectly musical lyrics. Zauq, Ghalib, Anis are household words on the lips of the people and the musician. Coming still to times nearer our own, we had Azad, Hali and Suroor who were the leaders of the New Movement in Urdu Literature, and could sing songs that nerved the nation's hands. We are fortunate in having still among us Dr. Iqbal who

attempts to sound the mysteries of the Eternal Silence. There is Mr. Hasrat Mohani, who embodies in his poetry, the Spirit of the Age.

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Some of these poets have created their own schools of poetry and the subject of the following sketch belonged to the "School of Momin."

Nawab Asghar Ali Khan, better known by his nom-de-plume, Naseem, was born somewhere about the year 1214 Hijiri, or 1794 A. D. His father Nawab Aqa Ali Khan was a respectable member of the aristocracy of Delhi. No definite particulars could be got about the boyhood and early education of the poet but this is certain that he passed his boyhood at Delhi, which in its decadence was more full of poets than men of deeds.

The poet and his brother Akbar Ali Khan removed to Lucknow, as they could not get on with their brothers Ahmad Husain Khan and Md. Husain Khan. Mirza Naseem spent the rest of his life at Lucknow. His brother Mirza Akbar Ali Khan was an expert in the beautiful art of calligraphy and a fashionable gentleman about the town. Even in straitened circumstances, he kept two maid-servants and retained one man-servant in his service to the end of his life. Mirza Naseem was a proud man, he refused to make up with his brothers when they apologised to him and requested him to come and live with them, returning the money they had sent to meet his travelling expenses in spite of the fact that the poet was not very happy in the way of financial equipment.

A poet's work loses half its interest, if the reader is not familiar with the touching anecdotes and "the many acts

of little kindnesses" of his life. The work is, as it were, a record of the emotional phases and mental vicissitudes through which the poet has passed, and as the poet's emotional and expressional power is intenser than that of the common man, the passing thoughts and experiences are caught in the furnace of his imagination and come out brighter and fresher. This mental and emotional record, as it were, is to be supplemented with the rich facts of the poet's life in the physical plane. Naseem was independent by temperament. Still, he gave respect to those to whom it was rightly due. Every day, he used to read a few verses from the Qur-an and in later years, he strictly observed the Namaz and Roza. He would spread the only piece of cloth he had—romal, on the floor and say the Namaz; if it did not cover the ground sufficiently for the purpose, he would say, "God knows, Naseem has only this piece of cloth!"

Naseem always went out with Munshi Ameerullah "Tasleem" from the chowk. Once or twice, the poet left the highway and threaded through the narrow lanes of the city. Tasleem asked him the reason for his strange behaviour. The poet told him after great remonstrance, "The whole matter is this that my pocket has been empty for the past few days and I am at a loss to answer the poor men who might require something from me at their hour of need."

He was very careless as to his literary productions: he had no ink and pen by his side; when he felt the pressure of pent up emotions and feelings he would break into songs. Hard by, there was a Makthab; he would scribble the verses on a piece of waste paper with

the stout reed pen used by children, and throw them carelessly about. In this way, much of his work is lost and the present divan, it is said, when compiled and presented to him drew from him the remark that what his friends have brought before him was not his best work. Still lovers of poetry cherish it as one of the sweetest perfumes in the rich casket of Urdu Poetry.

Mirza Ghalib, seeing a Ghazal of Naseem in a volume of verses, was so very much impressed by the power of the unknown poet that he expressed a wish to Munshi Navil-Kishore to furnish him with particulars of the poet's life and some more of his Ghazels. With great difficulty, Munshi Navil-Kishore was able to provide Ghalib with the required information and sent the Ghazels too. in return, Ghalib after expressing his warm appreciation wrote, when he discovered that the poet was a Dehlvi,

ہر با جسم و عقیقہ یاقتم

Naseem in spite of his being a Dehlvi and strictly adhering to the literary traditions of Delhi, was able to get a large following in Lucknow, the Lucknow of Nasiq and Atish. Among his pupils may be mentioned specially three revered names, whom India will ever cherish: Abbullah Khan "mihar," Ashraf Ali Ashraf and Munshi Ameerullah "Tasleem." He was ever a force on the side of chastity and freshness of language in a place where it was very often in jeopardy.

Exquisite and ineffable beauty of expression and life-giving forms and imaginative fertility, were, as it were, a legacy from Momin, his master. "No other poet" says Mr. Hasrat Mohani, "offers an example of that

happy blending of the beauty of expression Lucknow and the fascination of artistic design of Delhi as does this poet in abundance." I have purposely avoided all discussion of the substance and philosophy of his poetry, since it does not fall under the writer's present purpose. I now conclude this sketch with a couple of lines from an ode I am not able to translate.

حجابِ ابرو - ناع ہر گذر کو، زکھو گلشن تک
وہ شبنم ہوں پہنچ سکتا نہیں پہلے، لونگے دامن تک
خطا - مادی نہیں مباد مہر آرزو لہجہ
کہ مجھ کو پہنچ لائی تھی یہی دیوار گلشن تک

BASHEER HUSAIN.

Madras.

A PEEP INTO THE BOMBAY COURT OF SMALL CAUSES.

THE Court of Small Causes at Bombay has recently come into greater prominence than before. Though small in name the volume of work its five judges dispose of is very great indeed. In years previous to the prevalence of the plague in this fair city, the number of suits exceeded thirty thousand. During recent years they range between twenty-five and thirty thousand. Its chief patron is the Marwari money lender—the Shylock of Bombay—as greedy and business like as the Venetian Jew though perhaps not so heartless ; for the Marwari though spurned and treated with contumely by his debtors never takes an unholy glee in needless persecution of his clients, and is always ready to come to amicable settlement with them. He is mild and timid by nature. Insults and threats pass over his head as swiftly and noiselessly as the wind, leaving him as calm and collected as before. His clients come from all sorts and conditions of men—from the prodigal son of a millionaire to the skin-and-bone scarecrow of a poor day labourer. After the Marwari comes the dana-wala—the grain dealer. He is a shrewd man of business, and an adept in manipulating accounts, which somehow always show a balance in his favour. He has a peculiar

knack of getting at the ins and outs of his customer. He knows his whereabouts, his source of income, the number of persons in his family; and this knowledge of his customer's family history proves useful when he files suits against him. After him come the landlords with their suits for rent or ejectment, the traders, the mill-hands, the domestic servants, etc., etc.

By ten o'clock the portals of the Court are thrown open, and a long stream of humanity begins to flow in. The Marwaris and danawalas in twos and threes, with bundles of account books under their arms, or over the shoulders are the first to cross the Court's precincts. Then follow in quick succession the unfortunate debtors, down-cast in appearance and dejected in spirits; the poor over-worked clerks, whose silent hard work keeps the intricate machinery of the Court running as smoothly as a gliding boat on the unruffled surface of a lake; the gentlemen of the long robe with their inseparable companions—the bundle of briefs and the diary—and followed, in the case of the seniors, by a crowd of clients. The curious museum of human beings there collected, besides being an interesting sight to a mere spectator, becomes an object of study to a student of ethnology.

By eleven o'clock the courts and the corridors are full to overflowing, and the bailiffs who are responsible for preserving order have a really difficult task to keep the huge mass of humanity under control. As the hour advances the crowd thickens, the noise increases and gets more incessant; the bailiff's cries of silence become frequent; the judge's peon runs in and out of his chamber with piles of applications, sent in for orders by a very busy clerk of the

court, whose duties are multifarious and onerous. During the first hour and a half at least he has hardly a moment which he can call his own. He answers numerous inquiries from pleaders, their clerks, and suitors in person; endorses on the proceedings formal orders for settlement or adjournments of suits; nods here, bows there, cracks a joke with a friend at one moment, at the next comes down with a withering frown upon a person pestering him with irrelevant inquiries.

With the stroke of half-past eleven the door of the judge's chamber is thrown open. And out comes the learned judge to dispense justice to the waiting crowd. The bailiff's cry of silence has now for once a magic effect and drowns the general hubbub. The whole court rises as one man. The judge takes his seat on the bench, and the day's work commences. The clerk of the court now calls on cases, and first those in which the parties are not represented by professional gentlemen. The plaintiff—say a Marwari money-lender forces his way into the witness box with a promissory note in his hand. The clerk hands over the proceedings to the judge; the interpreter hastily administers the oath to the plaintiff, casts a rapid glance at the document to ascertain if it is in time and properly stamped, scribbles the required endorsement and then hands it over to the clerk to be filed with the other papers.

"Any instalment", inquires the judge.

"No, sir," hastily puts in the plaintiff; and the judge records a decree for the amount claimed with court costs.

The next case is called on. Another man makes his appearance, but he does not seem to be as fortunate as the first; for his debtor—a mill-hand or a poor clerk—follows

him and stands by his side near the witness box. His attitude is submissive and appealing. "Do you admit the claim," questions the interpreter. "I do sir," says the poor but truthful debtor: "but, sir, the Marwari advanced me only thirty rupees, while he got me to sign a note for a hundred." "The interest charged is thirty six per cent," sympathetically yet ironically puts in the interpreter after looking at the scrap of paper on which the note is generally written out.

All this time the Marwari stands silent, only entering up mute protests by gestures for such serious allegations against his business morality.

"Is that so," thunders forth the Judge in honest indignation at the Marwari's hard and unconscionable bargain; look here, take a decree for half the amount, or I will make it payable by very, very small instalments."

"The sircar may do what it thinks proper", submits the Marwari with folded hands.

"Decree for rupees fifty and costs payable by annas eight per month," records the Judge.

No sooner is the order made than it is interpreted to the parties, and while the Marwari pretends to look aghast at what he considers to be an absurd order, the poor debtor, relieved of much anxiety leaves the court in grateful silence. The next case is called on. Here there is no rush of parties, as the pleaders appearing for them apply for a decree by consent, and the Judge has the easy task of simply recording it. In another case though the amount of the decree is agreed upon, that of the instalment is left to be fixed by the court, and then the pleader for the defendant in his eagerness to secure a very low instalment for his client, tries to excite the court's sympathy by

representing him to be in very poor circumstances with a meagre salary, a large family and previous debts; while that for the plaintiff tries to prove the reverse. This flood of forensic oratory is, however, not allowed a free scope, as time is precious and the experienced Judge knows full well where to draw the line between facts and exaggerations, and passes an order accordingly, leaning generally on the side of leniency.

After the disposal of the *ex parte*,¹ and consent matters, and before the contested suits are called on, a few miscellaneous matters are taken in hand. These consist of notices to revive old decrees, to excuse arrears of instalments, or to reduce them, to set aside execution, or to adjudicate upon the claims of persons whose goods are wrongly attached in execution of decrees against others.

Before leaving the court it would interest the reader to know something about the different forms of oaths with different degrees of sanctity attached to them. The ordinary oath for a Hindu or a Mohamedan is a solemn affirmation to speak the truth. And if this is not sufficient in certain cases, one party challenges the other to swear by the Gilajy, the Ganga-jal, the Parasnath, or the Koran. In that event the oath is taken by the man challenged, reverently holding the holy book on his head or the precious bottle of water from the holy river Ganga in his hands. The oath puts an end to the dispute, but not to the many stories that are current of the dire consequences of lightly taking such an oath; how a man was seized with palsy the moment he left the witness box after swearing falsely on the holy

article, and how another died a maniac. These stories may or may not be true; but it is a riddle to a truthful man that there should be a force greater and more powerful than his own conscience to make him speak the truth. However let that pass; for is not the world itself an enigma defying solution for these twenty centuries and more?

Turn we now for a moment from what the Court is to what it should be. And the jubilant cry—"A Daniel come to judgment"—that escaped the lips of Shylock at the appearance of Portia is not frequent. Not that the judges are worthless, but that rare combination of qualities, both of the head and the heart that should go to make an ideal judge is far from common.

A deep knowledge of law, usages and customs, and a keen insight into the working of the human mind; a quick grasp, a calm judicial mind; unbounded patience and freedom from prejudice against persons or things; a great courage to criticise without fear or favour when occasion requires, and yet that criticism be sufficiently tempered with dignity and sobriety; impartiality of treatment and unfailing courtesy to all irrespective of caste, creed or seniority in the profession; a calm placid temper that could never be ruffled by any shortcomings real or imaginary on the part of the professional gentlemen or suitors; these and that nameless something, which inspires confidence and respect should be the attributes of an ideal judge.

There should also be a greater unity in the exercise of the court's discretion. If one judge is too lenient and another too strict in a matter where discretion is to be

exercised, equal justice cannot be done to all. One judge is too lenient in granting certain orders, another too strict; with one the granting of the pleader's costs in a contested matter follows the event as a matter of course; with another it is an exception. Now to secure the desired end the judges may now and then compare notes of their work with one another and endeavour to arrive at an uniform standard. The administration of justice and its dispensation between man and man is a grave and onerous function, and it should be the pious duty of the person called upon to administer it to eliminate anything and everything that hampers its due discharge.

A. F. J. CHINORY.

Bombay,
September 1918.

ABOUT BOOKS

"Cambridge Essays on Education," edited by A.C. Benson, Master of Magdalene College, (Cambridge University Press, 7/6 net).

A series of essays written by head-masters of English public schools and others, discussing the ideals of education, rather than the methods by which the ideals are to be realised. The result is much clear moral and intellectual vision accompanied by not infrequent frank confessions of practical perplexity. Since the best educated men in the world, including the writers themselves, have owed much to education but still more to growth, this phenomenon is not remarkable. Among the articles in an informing and well-written volume are an Introduction by Viscount Bryce; "The aim of Educational Reform" by the High Master of Manchester Grammar School; "The Training of the Reason" by Dean Inge; "The Training of the Imagination" by the Editor; "Athletics" by the Master of Haileybury College; "and discussions of the place of Literature and Science in education by the Head Master of Sherborne School, and the Director of the John Innes Horticultural Institution. In the view of Viscount Bryce, the "dynamic strength" of a country resides in its men of high but not necessarily first-rate ability whom education succeeds in equipping (1) to be at least explorers if not discoverers in fields of science and learning, (2) to be leaders in the field of action, (3) to be possessed of a taste for and habit of enjoying intellectual pleasures. "We need more of them, and more of them may be found by taking pains." The remark is made of England; it applies equally to

India. Dr. Inge has many thoughts to offer, including the following vindication of science as an instrument of human training: "To direct the imagination to the infinitely great and the infinitely small, to vistas of time in which a thousand years are as one day; to the tremendous forces imprisoned in minute particles of matter; to the amazing complexity of the mechanism by which the organs of the human body perform their work; to analyse the light which has travelled for centuries from some distant star; to retrace the history of the earth and the evolution of its inhabitants—such studies cannot fail to elevate the mind, and only prejudice will disparage them?" Dr. Benson dismisses the training of the imagination as a means of self-control and of educating the faculties of curiosity, interest and sympathy. He makes the suggestion that school children should be encouraged to invent stories and to experiment with other flights of pure fancy instead of being confined to the ordinary modes of essay-writing. Mr. Bateson's article is one of the most vigorous and impressive in the book, preserving a remarkable balance in its discussion of the relative claims of literature and science to a place in the school curriculum; presenting many suggestive sociological observations, criticisms of examinations and other matters, and a bracing defence of as much of the spirit and value of science as consists in "the strong tonic of agnosticism.....the resolute rejection of authority!" Sir J. D. McClure's discussion of "Preparation for Practical Life", is not without its relevance to India, where the question of the relation between University education and a graduate's subsequent career is a burning question. The proposal to set up commercial colleges or to make the Universities centres of vocational training has been mooted among us. Commercial colleges may be of service to clerks and other subordinates; the experience of Canada tends to show that a good banker cannot be made in college and that neglect of a sound general education is an injury rather than an aid to any young man who wishes to find admission to the higher ranks of commercial or professional life. Evidence given before a Royal Commission in England points to the same

conclusion. The Head Master of Bedales' essay upon "The Use of Leisure" in school might be useful to many Indian headmasters. It refers to schoolboy recreations, from ordinary literary and debating societies to the preparation of cricket pitches and the building of school pavilions. The perusal of the book leaves one with the impression of having overheard a conversation carried on upon one of the most considerable of human topics by persons of wide experience, anxious conscience, and accomplished nobility of mind.

"INDIA AND THE FUTURE" BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

(Hutchinson and Co., London.)

William Archer came to see India and was obsessed by its problems. The result is a most fascinating study of India and its future. "One thing that is not always realised," he writes "is to me indisputable." Great as are the differences between us and our Indian fellow citizens the points of resemblance are even more remarkable." It is indeed the virtue of artistic temperament to be aware of unity, where men with eyes fixed on personal excellence can only see diversity. The ordinary globe trotter thinking of every thing in terms of something else, glances over the reality and misses the beauty which an Eastern sun sprays around him, and the holy expectation which hangs in the hush of a summer air. The more Mr. Archer mingled with the Indians the more he wondered. "How they happen to have sunk to a position of apparent and to some extent real inferiority... They stand high in stature proportion, power, dignity, delicacy; and judged by highest standards known to us—they often excel in beauty. Some of the noblest types of manhood I have ever seen were—or rather are—Indians." Centuries ago some of the finest spirits of the country turned away from this work-a-day world which appeared to them impermanent in search of permanent and abiding reality. The less gifted slowly yielded submission to empty formulas and stone worship, which

petrified all aspirations of the soul, and the country sank into submission and sleep as Pryce Collier remarked:—"They have the faces and the port and carriage of power but it is hollow, the shadow of an inheritance not the real substance. It is as though the masks of warriors and sages were walking about untenanted." There is a great deal of truth in what Pryce Collier says but it seems as if the awakening is near. It has been said, ease leads to disease and suffering to cure. And India has suffered agonies. India was sick and suffering and now aspires to health and some of the English officials used to a listless patient "undreaming of any other ideal than the perpetuity of the Raj," cannot believe that patient is slowly acquiring health. I would not swear but that the wish is father to the thought. "India has been self-hypnotised into an illusion from which it is slowly awakening. And in these days of great ideals of international law and stable world order, ideals so clearly enunciated by President Wilson, if it is in the nature of things to realise them then the future of India becomes a matter of absorbing interest because it offers a test case. Macaulay, Metcalfe, Elphinstone, Lyall and Lawrence saw into the future and dreamed of an India rendered self-conscious and capable of self-respecting national life. It may be news to many that the ideal of responsible Government now placed before India had its birth in the hearts and brains of the great Empire builders. Sir Herbert Edwards the bosom friend and confidant of John Nicholson who cannot be accused of taking or tolerating sentimental or pusillanimous views of any situation whatever wrote in 1861,"

"This free and sympathising country which has now a heart for Italy and shouts across these narrow seas" Italy for the Italians! Should lift that voice still higher and shout across the world "India for Indians." In short, England taught by both past and present should set before her the noble policy of first fitting India for freedom and then setting her free.

It may take years, it may take a century, to fit India for self-government, but it is a thing worth doing and a thing that may be done."

Mr. Archer is a poet and an artist, and poets, "whether they trifle or agonise are a prophecy of the human mind." He sees where others fail to see. He tells us that we have only to cast away the cloak of our blindness and we shall see reality. There is much in Mr. Archer's book which both Indians and Anglo-Indians can read with profit.

POLICE NOTES BY G. G. IVER
(*Civil And Military Press, Lahore.*)

Under an unpretentious title and in a small compass Mr. Iver has managed to compress a great deal of useful information for the guidance of Police Officers. The book has been written mainly for the new arrivals who often come without any direct knowledge of men and manners whose destinies they are called upon to direct and control. The early chapters are written particularly from the Policeman's point of view. There are many wrong ways of doing the right thing and Mr. Iver speaking from experience offers valuable suggestions to avoid the wrong ways. The responsibility of the Superintendent of Police is no less than that of the District Magistrate and the more interest a Superintendent takes in his work the more he insures the efficiency of his Department. Mr. Iver speaking from experience recognises the immense value of the early presence of the superior officers at the investigations. It is deplorable but none the less generally believed, both by the Policemen and the people to be true, that no case can be proved on available evidence and links have to be established and evidence made perfect for the Courts even though it bears on its face the marks of improbability. The idea of an incomplete committal which is Mr. Iver's own is full of great promise. Indeed Mr. Iver has shown the good results he secured in Jhelum.

Mr. Iver shows a certain amount of impatience with the uncertain ways of Courts. Personal will often seems the quickest road to efficiency but from time immemorial supremacy of the laws

has meant the supremacy of freedom and justice. In India the ancients invested the laws with divine authority. The kings were required to administer but had no power to alter the laws. As Mr. Iver himself remarks, "Believe nothing you hear and only half of what you see," the laws go further and believe in nothing till something is proved and thus secure a sense of security and freedom, the greatest asset of an individual in any State. The chapter on relations with the people is very interesting but it is impossible to teach manners from a book. It has been said :—

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

Mr. Iver's little book is thought provoking and shows with what enthusiasm some of the English officers bend their minds to work and do their duty by the people.

IN ALL LANDS.

After withdrawing to the Hindenburg line, the resistance of the enemy somewhat stiffened. That line, however, had been penetrated by the Allies once before, and it was again pierced last month. The German Press speaks of a more formidable Siegfried line, while Count Hertling has asked his nation to trust to a "prepared line which is well protected." It was perhaps inexpedient to explain the geography of this line of defence. The Allies were led to think at the end of the month that Alsace-Lorraine would be evacuated. This is at present German territory and France wants to recover it. Salients expose an army to enveloping movements and therefore the St. Quentin salient may be abandoned. Perhaps the well protected line is in Belgium, and France will be evacuated altogether.



Count Hertling professes not to be disturbed by the military situation. It appears that the Germans were obliged to withdraw because of the arrival of the American divisions on one side and of portions of the British Home Defence Force on the

**The German
Retreat.**

**Discontent In
Germany.**

other. When a new position is taken up, which is less exposed to attack from two sides, and when fresh activity is put forth by the submarines, it is believed by the German ministers that Hindenburg and Ludendorf will effectually check the advance of the Allies. The German Press does not appear to be quite so sanguine. Anyhow, if not the military situation, the economic situation weighs heavily on the minds of the ministers. Perhaps discontent prevails as much in the army as among the working classes. The Generals complain bitterly of the "poisonous literature" dropped from the Allied aeroplanes. Marshal Foch thinks that Germany is tottering.

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Count Hertling has not lost his faith either in the army or in the navy, for more submarines are said to be in operation now than ever before. But a distinct change may be noticed in the Kaiser's tone and that of his ministers. They no longer speak of imposing their Kultur on the world: it is supported only by a weary army. President Wilson's Kultur must necessarily be superior, for behind it are divisions fresh and enthusiastic. The tenacity of the British character has made an impression upon the Kaiser, and now his ministers protest that the war was undertaken in pure self-defence. They have no intention as yet of giving up the benefits secured under the treaty with the Bolsheviks, but they will retain these "if possible." One may also notice the recent absence of aerial raids on the east coast of England. The change may have been dictated by considerations of policy as well as of economy in men and munitions.

One of the ironies of the present war is the conversion of an ally into a foe. The Bolsheviks have succeeded to the authority of the Tsar, but as they felt compelled to purchase peace, they resent the interference of the Allies in the affairs of their country. They are, however, unable to resist German demands, and the Allies insist upon helping them in such resistance. In the result they are openly hostile to the Allies. On the Murman coast they have opposed the advance of the Allies and have been beaten at least in one action. Germany helps them as of right under the treaty and Count Hertling is confident of checking the Allies advance. The Bolsheviks have also to contend against a counter-revolutionary movement, which they think derives encouragement from the Allies. Diplomatic relations were formally severed last month.

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Germany claims credit for liberating Finland, Poland, and Ukrania from the Russian yoke.

New Nations. For aught one knows, their last state may be worse than the first, if they fall under another yoke. The Allies have recognised the Czecho-Slovaks as a separate nation entitled to self-determination. The Czechs are the inhabitants of Bohemia, Moravia, and Prussian Silesia, and the Slovaks of Northern Hungary. They together make about eight million souls. They have lived under different governments, and Count Hertling maintains that they are a mixed rabble, whose cause the Allies have espoused for a temporary military advantage. In Siberia they have been successful

enough, but in European Russia they are said to be hard pressed, and it is not an easy task to assist them there. No Government undertakes to liberate all the communities on Earth, but the Allies may support the Czechs as long as possible.

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It appears that the despatch of Allied troops from Mesopotamia to the Caspian was intended to assist the Armenians in defending Baku against the Turks.

Turkey and Bulgaria.

The Armenians, however, did not co-operate, and the detachment was withdrawn. This disappointment was more than compensated by the victory in Palestine. Thousands of prisoners and all the artillery that the Turks possessed there fell into General Allenby's hands. The Arabs cooperated with the British. A German expert predicted long ago that if the Allies met with sufficient success in Palestine, Arabia would be cut off from Turkey. The Arabs were engaged in destroying the Hedjaz railway and the recent success must have brought the prediction very near accomplishment. It is believed that the effects of this victory will be far-reaching. In the Balkans, the Allies have invaded Bulgaria, and Greece is co-operating with them.

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Germany went to war in the expectation of adding to her colonial empire. She has been shorn of all her colonies and Mr. Walter Long has repeatedly insisted that she should not get them back.

The German Colonies.

Germany seems willing to exchange some of these for

other possessions, but no definite proposal has yet been published. Meanwhile British representatives in Africa have thrown a lurid light on the inhuman treatment of the coloured races by German administrators and adventurers. The British press has now and then brought to light how the white man's principles degenerate in the midst of tropical surroundings. The Congo atrocities at one time provoked burning indignation in Britain. Civilised man may have improved a little since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written. Nevertheless man is so much the creature of his surroundings that civilisation may easily make room for savagery.

* * *

Austria intends to address a series of peace notes to the other belligerent Powers. That which was addressed last month proposed an informal exchange of views by representatives of the several Governments at a place in some neutral country. The Allies peremptorily declined the invitation, partly because Austria did not favour the reopening of the treaties forcibly concluded with their former friends, and partly because the conversations were not to bind any party. The German Foreign Minister acknowledges that the suggestion was inopportune at a time when the Allies were flushed with a sense of victory, but the Central Powers assented to the despatch of the note as a matter of courtesy to Austria. A series of speeches by responsible ministers will perhaps prepare the ground for formal negotiations when the time is ripe. Meanwhile Austria has not given up idea of addressing similar notes.

**Permanent
peace.** Count Hertling has in a general way approved of President Wilson's ideas of a League of Nations, limitation of armaments, and other means of securing permanent peace. But his unwillingness to annul the Brest-Litovsk and Bukharest treaties shows that he has not fully comprehended the Wilsonian "vision." The great American has now spoken plainly and insisted that within the general and common family of the League no special covenants or understandings are to be recognised; all international agreements must be brought to the knowledge of the rest of the world; and no special economic combinations are to be permitted. It appears, therefore, that the German treaties with Russia and Rumania should be abandoned. The issues raised by the great President are very comprehensive and concern all nations.

* * *

**India and
the war.** At the instance of the Finance Member of the Government of India, the non-official members of the Legislative Council passed a resolution last month approving of India undertaking larger responsibilities in connection with the war. The non-officials were given an opportunity to show how they would discharge their imperial responsibilities if an adequate measure of self-government was granted to them, and they proved that their heart was in the right place. The "extremists", as they are called, have claimed that the minority, who dissented, represented the true voice of the people. The majority of the people have no voice, and the truth can be ascertained.

The history of political agitation in India shows that the minority of to-day may become the majority of to-morrow. The present generation cannot speak on behalf of posterity. The incident may be suggestive as regards the future, but the present generation has acted wisely.

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When prices of food stuffs and other necessities rise unduly high, the Government keeps them down by extraordinary legislation in the interests of the poor, who would otherwise take the law into their own hands. Delay in affording relief in this manner has resulted in looting and rioting. Madras was the scene of such disturbances last month. The local inhabitants press the government to prohibit the export of rice from the province, but Bombay complains that the south-west monsoon has practically failed, and calls upon the Government of India to prohibit each province looking after its own interests. That Government has stepped in to prevent the more unfortunate provinces from being starved by the more lucky ones. Who knows what will happen when provincial autonomy is established ? Influenza which travelled all over India some weeks ago, has reappeared in a more terrible form and claimed seven times the usual number of victims in Bombay.

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Bengal has had rains and is near to Burma. The great need of the poor there is cheap cloth. It was at one time reported from that province that inability to purchase cloth had resulted in suicides in a few families ! Investigation showed that merchants

**Railment and
Rents.**

were not holding back stocks, but the supply was inadequate. The Government of India passed the necessary legislation last month for the appointment of controllers who, with the help of advisory committees, will prescribe the standard of cloth to be manufactured by mills and fix standard prices. In the city of Bombay rents will be regulated in the same manner. The friends of the poor have complained that the landlord element in the Legislative Council contrived to make the law fifty per cent less effective than the Government originally intended. The incident is constitutionally suggestive, but some help is better than none.

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The Simla session of the Legislative Council is no longer devoted to the transaction of formal and unimportant business.

The Martial Spirit. Some of the legislation passed last month was urgent and very important and so were some of the enquiries initiated. A Committee has been appointed to report on the working of the Arms Act and on the modifications that may be introduced therein. Almost simultaneously with the discussion of this Act, a serious riot occurred in Calcutta and was attended with many casualties. It partly answered the question what will happen if not only the racial bar is removed—and it will be removed—but if ignorant people are armed. The question raised on the other side was whether a disarmed nation does not deteriorate in its martial spirit. The Panjab answers that question. Psychological analysis may show that arms produce not courage, but a sense of security, and that exposure to hardships develops fortitude.

EAST & WEST.


VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER 1918.

No. 205.

FROM CLOUDLAND.

War is like fever, the symptom of disease and an attempt at cure. Healthy nations
The Coming Peace. are driven to fight the unhealthy nations. The titanic struggle which at an unexpected moment overtook the world and for the last four years plunged it in sadness, sorrow and suffering, is at last coming to a close. The Austrian Empire is breaking up. Turkey has lost her possession and the German army is retreating under pressure of victorious allied armies. It seems that with Xmas-tide the belligerents will at least rest on their arms and wait for peace. Autocracy has suffered a defeat from which it cannot easily recover, and Democracy has now to prove itself. The Peace Conference will deal with the ideals that have emerged out of the War. It is not the balance of power which is to weigh with the statesmen of the world, but the foundation of a stable world-order supported by the covenanted civilizations of the world,



The committees which are to meet shortly in Simla are entrusted with the most important business of working out details, as to franchise and the nature of transferred subjects, on which the constitutional reforms are to be founded. They deserve all the assistance which officials and non-officials can give them. The committees have been wisely constituted. Any attempt to represent all the interests on these committees would have rendered them useless for the purposes of practical work. If the same faith inspires the committees which inspired the authors of the Reforms, they will be able to do a great service for the Empire. If they see only difficulties they will find their task insuperable. India is imperfect, as is the rest of the world, and yet India is now ready to move on, and to arrest this desire for movement along with the world, because India has not reached the stage which some of the civilized nations have reached will be a great mistake. There is an invisible unity behind the visible diversity in India. Perfection will be reached in God's good time. In the meanwhile the franchise committees have to set India on the road to responsible government. Three hundred millions are to be given opportunities to realise that in future they can be the masters of their own destinies. It is often said that it is the villages that make real India, the franchise therefore should go to the villages, and all the nation buildings subjects should be transferred. The villager is not literate but he is none the less educated. He has his opinions and his ideals and above all within limits he knows his friends, and is never unmindful of his own interests. He will only elect men whom he knows and whose interests

are identical with himself. He will soon learn to call them to accounts if they fail to work for him.* Various communities, if given communal representation, will also exercise a healthy control. India to gain health and strength requires opportunities, it is for the committees to see that India gets that opportunities. To set an old nation on its feet is a work which will earn the blessings of the two worlds.

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The Industrial Commission has just published its report revealing immense possibilities of future development. Sir Thomas Holland and his colleagues are to be congratulated on the business-like way they have dealt with the whole problem. It is true that the Hon'ble Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya has appended a note of dissent, but to complain of old times is of little avail in the present. In the autumn tide that came over the land neither the men nor their industries remained. It is idle to complain of a man riding a motor who leaves a bullock cart behind in a whirlpool of dust. The only way to be equal with him is to get hold of a car. Japan realised this and is now reaping a rich harvest. We have only speculated on past glory. The handicrafts of India cannot compete with power mills of the west. India must also use power and pool together its meagre capital in joint stock business. There is no other alternative. An Imperial Department of Industries will greatly help in bringing this about and thus help materially in the development of industries. The additional expenditure on the Department will mean capital well invested. Sir Thomas Holland ought to be given the money and asked to stay and carry out his proposals.

"I was glad to see in one of the Indian papers that they have put you on one of the **Fruitful Fraternity.** committees for War work. Collaboration, comprehension, a true sense of fruitful fraternity is what we need now. The world is too full in this awful time of war, of suspicion and hatred. In the case of the common enemy, that is inevitable and there is only one way out in that case, two have to fight him and beat him as the only practical way of showing him that his arrogance and contempt for our common rights are wrong. But among ourselves, we must try to cultivate that respect and regard for one another which comes of real manly self-respect. I do not venture to express any opinion as to the details of Mr. Montagu's scheme since its success obviously depends on the spirit shown on *both sides*. There are old habits and prejudices to overcome, and these are very tenacious. We aim at frank, loyal, friendly collaboration in an India which aims at becoming a huger and more diverse United States, comprising men of many races and creeds. At present, many Indians think only of getting free of British control. That is natural enough, but that is only a small part of the problem ahead. It is the British in India who are the link with the outer world, and with the outer world India must henceforth have closer and closer relations. The real problem is to secure a steady and lasting evolution towards collaboration in India itself. And here, I am sure, it is well to recognise that we are many races of men, with varying ideals and temperaments, expressed in many languages. Think of a United States in which there were three times as many people as in the American states and as different from one another as are, say, the Tamil and

the Punjabi, the Baluch and the Burman! It can be done, but what we want is cheerful and friendly optimism, a true liberal spirit, a sense of common humanity and fallibility. It is so easy to pitch into other men, other classes, other races, as though our own were infallible! You, I know, have our dear old Behramji's sense of humour, his wise and gently forbearance and sympathy..." Thus writes a true friend of India who gave the best years of his life to the land of his adoption. The more we have of what he calls the fruitful fraternity the closer will be the bonds between the two people, and richer the fruits of their united labour.

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Lecturing to the Royal Society of Arts, Mr. Edgar Crammond, late Secretary of the Liverpool Stock Exchange, surveyed the

**Economic Effects
of the War.**

extraordinary economic transformation of the British Isles which four years of war have accomplished. "The Empire entered upon the war with almost immeasurable reserves of economic power, but these vast resources were utterly unorganised. The task before our Government and the nation was, first to survey and organise the national resources; secondly, to enrol and equip an army on the Continental standard, thirdly, to transform the entire fabric of our economic life from peace production to war production; fourthly, to increase the output of commodities on the new basis necessitated by the war; and fifthly, to convert the resources accumulated through three centuries of intercourse with the world into war munitions or war services." The fact that this extraordinary programme, has been carried out, brings home to the mind the energy with which the

Government and the nation have been living in England during the past four years. "Many people have expressed a feeling of despair at the slowness with which we applied our full strength to the purposes of the war, but they do not appear to have realised the complexity—the overwhelming magnitude—of the task." The achievement of the Ministry of Munitions is merely one of the most obvious of the special exertions of the Government, which had to care for the army and navy and the mercantile marine, for tremendous financial problems, for economic problems like the fixing of prices and the maintenance and distribution of supplies, for home agriculture, and for numerous other pressing anxieties." It is true that many ludicrous and sometimes tragic mistakes have been made, but it is now possible to perceive that under the driving force of public opinion, and in accordance with that capacity for adaptation and improvisation which is one of our greatest national attributes, the task of mobilising all our resources for the purposes of the war has been accomplished with the utmost completeness and efficiency." The lesson seems to be that to a combination of government and public opinion, nothing is impossible.

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One of the social effects of the war in England is said to be a roughening of manners, everybody being anxious and grieved and tense and busy and destitute of both the time and the temper for courtesy.

**Social Effects of
the War.**

Perhaps army discipline contributes to the effect. Armies understand obedience and thoroughness, but a polite army has never been heard of. Another social effect of the war upon the civil population in England has been the novel

experience of a kind of equality. Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones said in England recently: "Every person in the kingdom is or soon will be in the same position with respect to his daily food, the richest man in the richest city is no longer able to indulge his desires." So great is the food problem that everybody in England is discussing household management, and all the nation has learnt domestic economy. In every town and village, men and women are cultivating gardens or allotments and—talking about them. "More is known to-day by the masses of the people about the varieties of potatoes and the best kinds of cabbages and onions for food than was ever known before." Other remarkable changes produced in England by the war are the control of the drink traffic, and the new care which is being taken of formerly neglected children. All sorts of philanthropical societies are springing up in towns and villages to advise mothers as to the feeding and clothing of babies, the need for fresh air, etc. Much of this voluntary work may by and by be taken over, or at least organised, by the State. As Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones remarked, "the voluntary work of one generation becomes the accepted duty of the State in the next." New ideas and new ways seem to have been introduced into every department of the national life except the churches. "Up to the present there have been no marked religious developments of the war, but the war has created a mental effect which may best be described as self-surrender to a cause and self-subordination to the interests of a common purpose." The self-denials and hardships imposed upon all classes in England by the war have undoubtedly been a moral discipline, and many of them may have imprinted

a permanent effect. Upon the other hand, however, a measure of reaction is not unreasonably to be expected and feared after the days of peace have returned.

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Why has the smoke nuisance in Bombay been largely abated? The answer is :—Upon account of a series of investigations carried on for thirty-four year at a considerable distance from the city! These investigations had nothing whatever to do with smoke, but with the rainfall upon the Western Ghats. It was found that an annual average of 200 inches of rain fell upon certain places in the mountains; and upon the basis of this ascertained fact, engineers were bold enough to recommend the construction of dams for lakes in a region which throughout nine months of the year was so destitute of water that one of the difficulties was to provide water for use in building of the necessary masonry! The construction of dams resulted in the formation of lakes; the lakes represented water-power which, by the energy of the Tata Hydro-Electric Power Supply Company, was converted into electricity, or perhaps we ought to say the rainfall upon a slope of the Western Ghats, which is abolishing smoke from cotton mill chimneys in Bombay.

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This shows what can be done by water-power. The story of the engineering feat was told, not for the first time, in a paper recently written for the Royal Society of Arts by the well-known engineer, Mr. Alfred Dickinson. Who would not be an engineer? Engineers are the winners of wars, the makers of smoke

**Water Power in
India.**

and the abolishers of it, the bringers of trade, and the creators of the future. The next fifty years of development in India are going to be momentous, and the engineers are going to have a great part in them. They have behind them the tremendous force of India's unexploited water-power. Mr. Dickinson says that one of the great needs of India is fertilisers for her fields. Cheap water-power can abstract and fix nitrogen from the air, and the fixed nitrogen is of even greater value to the land than the ordinary fertilisers; hence nitrates obtained by electricity, which will be obtained by water-power, will one day come to the help of Indian agriculture. It is already a paying commercial possibility, and paying commercial possibilities (thanks to engineers) rapidly realise themselves. In view of this fact, young men of mathematical abilities should flock to the engineering colleges. There will be a growing demand in India for competent engineers.

* * *

Not only is the water-power of India unexploited:
there has as yet been no very considerable attempt to harness Indian
Cheap Power. industrial man-power or labour-power.

With the coming of cheap electrical power into India, more artisans and wage-earners will be required, because capitalists and manufacturers will begin to dream their dreams. "What has been done by Messrs Tata, Sons and Co. of Bombay," Mr. Dickinson says, "should give to India the greatest industrial fillip she is ever likely to receive from any single discovery." The discovery referred to is, of course, the enormous reservoirs of cheap power locked up, but proved to be profitably available in the

Western Ghats. The conclusion which Mr. Dickinson draws is that the Indian Government should at once undertake a complete investigation of the possible sources of water-power in India, and that perhaps this will follow as a corollary to the investigations of the Industrial Commission.

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**Disabled Indian
Soldiers.**

The first annual report has been issued from Bombay of the Queen Mary's Technical School for Disabled Indian Soldiers. It is important to make this institution well-known throughout India, since it receives disabled soldiers from the whole of the Indian army, and provides them with a technical education which equips them to add considerably to their pensions, as well as doing away with the feeling of personal helplessness. The school has the following departments—Motor, Oil Engine, Hosiery, Engineering, Cinema, Agriculture, Poultry; and also voluntary classes for learning English, etc. A very thorough training is given in each department. Learners are provided with clothes, food and other necessities and railway expenses. Special, convenient arrangements are made for married men. Money can be earned in the school, in addition to a monthly allowance added to the pension. Many pupils upon leaving the school have been found employment by the authorities upon salaries ranging from Rs. 30 to Rs. 75 a month, and excellent reports have been received from their employers. Some men prefer to return to their own districts, where with the help of the school diploma they can obtain employment. The choice of the trade to be learnt is left to individual predilection. An admirable pamphlet has

been issued with pictures illustrating the varied occupations of the school, and the atmosphere of usefulness, contentment and hopefulness which seems to pervade its class rooms and recreation rooms. No better service could be rendered to a disabled Indian soldier than the securing of his admission to this school, and so converting his disablement into something which resembles an advantage. The school is maintained by public donations, and subscriptions from Ruling Princes, War and other funds, and is assisted by Government. The King Emperor and the Queen Empress are patrons of a truly royal establishment.

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A self-supporting school—a school in which the pupils pay the cost of their own education, or at least a part of it by making articles which other people buy—is a new idea, and a good idea, or a bad one according as it is put into practice. Captain Petavel is the father of the idea, which he is putting to the test in the Maharaja of Cossimbazar's Polytechnic Institute. An association in England believes in Captain Petavel, and Bengal has been chosen for the association's first experiment; because the association thinks imperially, and because nowhere more than in India are problems of education and of unemployment more pressing. Lady Katharine Stuart, in an article advocating the new kind of school, says that Captain Petavel wishes to organise juvenile labour colonies so that in course of time "children should pay largely for their own education." What does the world "largely" mean in this unfortunate sentence? The writer goes on: "This would mean instruction up to the age of twelve or fourteen; after which their labours would pay for the tuition." Twelve or fourteen

is vague; but the alternative would produce a definite difference to a child and to the accounts of an institution. "The schooling they receive should be technical as well as the three R's. Headwork should proceed in combination with the trade to be followed. This system, applied to youth and health, will surely work wonders." The combination of handicraft with brainwork is undoubtedly a good thing, both for the body and the mind, both for the nerves and the soul. Captain Petavel is being helped not only by the Maharajah of Cossimbazar, but by a Government grant, and a grant from the Calcutta Corporation. Calcutta College Principals have commended his scheme, the Calcutta University is circulating one of his lectures, and Sir Rabindranath Tagore is "in conjunction" with him. Further particulars could no doubt be obtained from the Polytechnic Institute in Calcutta.

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One of the most important "by-products" of the war,—as Doctor Page, the American Ambassador to England, put it in his farewell speech upon Plymouth Hoe,—is the new feeling which has sprung up between England and the United States. The British Empire and the great Republic are henceforward in Doctor Page's conception to be guardians of civilisation; and if this duty is to be performed successfully, the present comradeship between the two chief branches of the same race must become perpetual. What can be done to foster friendship between two great nations? Doctor Page offered several suggestions. 1. Personal friendships and personal correspondence between Englishmen and Americans make for a friendly public opinion. 2. Put in your schools an elementary text-book about the United States,—not a dull

book, but a book written by a sympathetic man of accurate knowledge, which shall tell every child in Britain about the country, about the people, how they work, how they live, what results they achieve, what they aim at. A book about England should be written for American schools.

3. Popular lectures by well informed persons to be delivered in both countries with the object of helping the two people to understand each other; cinema shows; co-operation between American and British newspapers.

4. Town adoptions,—towns in England and America of the same name taking a peculiar interest in each other.

5. A group of men in each country to make a particular business from Dr. Page's recommendation.—Conspicuous by its absence from Doctor Page's recommendations is a good understanding between the two governments. This already exists, and may be taken for granted.—The scene chosen for this speech was Plymouth Hoe,—not far from the place where three hundred years before the Mayflower had last left land. If the scene was inspiring—or daunting—what of the audience? Dr. Page knew that every word which he spoke would be carried all over the British Island, and into every part of the British Empire; that his own fellow countrymen would listen to him; and that echoes of his thoughts would penetrate into allied and enemy countries,—that his audience extended in fact over the whole of the civilised world. No speaker, therefore, ever had a more formidable task; and Dr. Page, instead of losing his head or growing rhetorical, chose to speak with simplicity, honesty, wisdom and good will. These are secrets of real eloquence and the foundations of good understandings. The speech has been printed in pamphlet form, is well worth the reading. Incidentally this is also the way to bring India and England together.

The Government of India have reprinted for the price of four annas, extracts from the Report of the Committee appointed to enquire into the position of Natural Science in the educational system of Great

**Science in English
Schools.**

Britain. The point of the Report is that the Committee are anxious that every child in England should learn something of science—as much as possible without neglect of other indispensable subjects. The reasons which guide the Committee and inspire their recommendations are (1) technical: more scientific workers are needed in every field of industry: (2) national: from the point of view that the welfare of the British Islands depends upon trade, which in its turn depends upon scientific intelligence: (3) national: again, from the point of view that science must come more and more to the aid of statesmanship in future, and that public opinion must be scientifically educated in order to understand the problems which scientific statesmanship will have to solve: (4) educational: from the point of view that no man or woman to-day can be considered educated who does not understand the connection between cause and effect, and is not able to grasp some of the fundamental principles and grandest generalisations of modern science. The Committee write: "How necessary science is in war, in defence and offence, we have learnt at a great price. How it contributes to the prosperity of industries and trade all are ready to admit. How valuable it may be in opening the mind, in training the judgment, in stirring the imagination and in cultivating the spirit of reverence, few have yet accepted in full faith."

* The last words are particularly profound and timely, and they are fully as important to India as to England. The foundations of the mind and hence of spirit and character,

A good deal of confusion of thought prevails upon the subject of Vocational Education. Technical Education is not Vocational Education, although historically it has been the first step towards the conception of it. Education which is given to a young person to enable him to excel at his trade or earn his livelihood is technical not vocational, and the same may be said of education which is designed less for the benefit of the learner than for the advantage of some particular industry or of the State as a whole. What then is Vocational Education? It is a preparation of an individual for the whole of his life; an interpretation in modern terms of Milton's great definition which has been quoted with approval by all educational authorities—the education which enables a citizen “to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both public and private of peace and war.” Hence Vocational Education is not a mere department of education or a new branch; it is not even a new conception of education as a whole; it is a new conception of vocation and of the part which vocation plays in the moral and spiritual development of the individual.

Vocational Education in the United States,

The Government of India^{***} has reprinted for sale, at the price of three annas, extracts from the last Annual Report of the Commissioner of Education at Washington, U.S.A. This document is of profound interest; and the most remarkable feature of it is the evidence which it affords that the desire for Vocational Education in the United States has grown out of the passion felt there for equality of citizenship. The President of the American Federation of Labour,

whose words are quoted, puts the matter clearly but awkwardly as follows:—"To assure every child free opportunities for the kind of education which meets his needs and talents is the only basis for equality of opportunity. Because the wage-earners have been taught by life that equal educational opportunities adapted to the needs of all are a condition requisite to equal economic opportunities, they have been foremost in pressing demands for the incorporation of industrial education and vocational training as part of our public system." The President of the Labour Federation still approaches the matter from the economic side of it; but it is obvious from the rest of the report that the economic aspirations of the American people have led to a demand for a national system of education which is much more than materialistic in its aims and tendencies,—for a system which shall take as its goal the discovery and developement of what is best in every individual, with a view to fitting him to perform "justly, skilfully and magnanimously the offices both public and private" which are necessary to his completeness as a moral being, an industrial unit and a citizen. Upon this new conception of the importance of vocation and of national responsibilities towards its citizens, enormous sums of money and laborious schemes of organisation are being lavished in the United States. The great Republic has embarked in the most business-like manner upon the national enterprise of making the most of the good in every child! All must wish well to the attempt, and see in it a sign of the rapidity with which the times are changing. The recent distribution of an imperial allotment for purposes of technical and agricultural instruction shows that the Government of India is proceeding in the same direction.

IDEALS OF EDUCATION.

A great responsibility rests on the leaders of the present movement in India to see that the Education of our women is not only not neglected, but is conducted on right lines. For it is on the mother that will devolve the duty of teaching, training and guiding, the future citizens of India in the years of their childhood, when the mind is still pliable and the impressions made on it last through life. In order that the children may be properly trained it is necessary that the present and future mothers should themselves be brought up under a system which sets noble ideals before them. I cannot conceive of a higher or nobler ideal than we find depicted in our Epics and Puranas, the traditions of which are still maintained in India. These ideals still guide our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters although they have not hitherto received any systematic teaching.

In the revival of interest in Women's Education noticeable all over India, it behoves us to see that the education is so conducted as to produce mothers and wives of the type we meet with in our ancient literature. Women in ancient India were as much respected as men. They enjoyed equal privileges and had equal opportunities to develop their faculties. They helped and guided and inspired their husbands. They were mistresses of

the house, nursed the children and helped the householder in discharging his duties to his ancestors, to his parents, his children and to society, according to the varna or caste in which he was born. They were his partners in his journey through life, and regulated their conduct according to the rules of Dharma, keeping moksha or liberation always in view, as the noblest of life. The Epics and Puranas present us with examples of high-minded and noble women whose names are reverentially recited every morning by the women of the house in every well-regulated family. Their stories are already familiar to them and the mere recital helps to bring up their lives to the mind and start the day's work with noble thoughts and aspirations. Such are the names of Ahalya and Droupadi, Sita, Tara and Mandodari, the very recital of which is supposed to destroy all sin. The whole household lived in a spiritual atmosphere. The women when they woke early sang the praises of Puroshothama the highest soul. They told children simple stories from the Ramayana and Mahabharata, and the songs taught to them and sung by the women in the house even to this day, referred to the life and sports of the child Krishna, and these had applicability to the pranks and play of the children of the household. Unconsciously each mother and the other members of the family had a feeling of the potential divinity in each child, and the result was a tenderness and reverence to humanity which in common with the rest of creation was pervaded by the spirit of the divine.

To make this paper brief I shall deal with one aspect of the women's education, that of her relation as wife.

Nowhere can we find a parallel to the steadfastness, devotion and fidelity of the wife to the husband as in India. When any married woman makes a "Namaskaram" or obeisance to her elders they bless her with the words जन्म सावित्री हो Janma Savitri ho. It is impossible to think of Indian ideal wifehood, without thinking of Savitri. Then what are the ideals that guided her life. The first point to be learnt from a study of her life is, that when an Indian woman once makes a choice after mature deliberation she never swerves from it. When Narada said that Satyavan whom Savitri had chosen would have to cast off his body within a year—his days being numbered—Savitri said, "Whether his life be short or long, whether he be virtuous or not, I have once selected my husband. Twice I shall not select." Again such was her high spiritual culture and the ideals of duty, that when Dyumetsena, the father of Satyavan who had lost his kingdom, was blind, and was leading an ascetic life in the forest, tried to dissuade Aswapati, the father of Savitri, from carrying out the wishes of Savitri, Aswapati said that his daughter, although brought up as a King's daughter, knew well the hardships she would have to undergo when sharing her life with her husband in the hermitage, but she like himself knew also that pleasures and sorrows are incidental to this life and should not be allowed to deflect a man from what he knows to be right and to be his duty.

When the life of Satyavan was taken away by Yama, Savitri followed him. Yama said "Desist Oh Savitri, go back and perform the obsequies of thy Lord. You art freed from all obligations to thy Lord." Savitri replied "Whither my husband is being carried, or whither he

goeth of his own accord I will follow him thither. This is the eternal custom. The lot that is my husband's is certainly mine."

The story of Maitreaya and Yajnavalkya is well-known as illustrative of how the women in Ancient India had studied the problems of life and death, and the discourse between Janaka and Sulabha shows that they could hold their own in discussing philosophical questions.

The culture of the Indian women is expressed as सह धर्म चारिणी (Saha dharma charini) i.e., she must be a help-mate of her husband in all his avocations of life. A Brahmin woman had a philosophical training. A Kshatria woman used to have a culture appropriate to the duties of Kshatriya, such as driving the War chariot and helping her husband even in the battlefield.

Now coming down to modern days what we should strive to achieve is, that our women are brought up in their father's families in a spiritual atmosphere, and that their mental and physical training is such as will make them good wives and mothers. They should be enabled to keep themselves in touch with the movements that are going on in the world around them, so as to be able to co-operate with their brothers and husbands in carrying on the National work. We know the great influence the women have exercised in stimulating the patriotism of the youth of Bengal, and maintaining the spirit of self-sacrifice involved in the Swadeshi movement. Mrs. Besant's Home Rule propaganda has had considerable support from the women of Madras and also of Bombay, even with such facilities as they now enjoy of knowing the trend of

events. I would not dilate on the necessity for culture in Art, and Music, nor in physical training. The 'kolattam' and 'kummi', in the Tamil country, and the graceful 'garba' dance in Guzerat, are survivals of ancient physical exercises, and should be maintained in conjunction with other exercises, which are popular in the West. But the basis of all education must be deep spiritual culture—our precious heritage from the India of the Rishis and Brahmavadins.

V. P. MADHAWA RAO.

THE PATH OF PURSUIT.

MANU, the ancient Law-giver, ordained that men should tread *Pravritti Marga*, the path of pursuit, before treading *Nivritti Marga*, the path of return. Before it was possible for a man to renounce the joys of life, he must possess the joys of life. Before he renounce possessions, he must possess. It is, therefore, necessary to his higher development that man be at one time worldly, that his main energy be devoted to getting and possessing, and that he give himself whole-heartedly to the pleasures and joys of sentient human life. This is the ancient law of Manu, a great self-evident spiritual law.

We will consider education in the light of this law, and endeavour to discover how national education can guide the children of India on the path of pursuit; for all students in their childhood, youth, and early manhood, are on the path of pursuit, even if fundamentally some of them are on the path of return. It is the duty and also the privilege of educationists to guide them right. Abstract studies are not the subject of these lines but possessions and enjoyments. It is doubtful if, speaking generally, educators trouble themselves much about these apparently minor considerations. Indeed it is much to

be feared that in the past fifty years they have even had a vulgarising effect on the acquirement of possessions and on enjoyments, either by leaving the subject severely alone, thus turning their pupils, unprepared with a standard of criticism, loose on a vulgarised world; or even by actually giving them wrong implicit and explicit teaching, themselves having been vulgarised by a vulgar age. How far education could have stemmed the tide of uglification and deterioration in the objects of possession and of enjoyment in cities, it is difficult to say. But it is clear as the noonday sun, that when the uglification and deterioration of common life has become as self-evident as it has in these days, it the sacred duty of those who train the young to guard them against wrong forms of possession, and against vulgarising enjoyments; thus directly, deliberately, and consciously ennobling and purifying daily existences. The culture and taste that have been grafted on to the child and youth, bear branches and fruit in due season.

It may be said that the inculcating of taste is the province of art schools and not of ordinary schools and colleges. But is it fully realized that implicit methods of teaching make far deeper and more lasting impressions than explicit methods? In the former case, the child's taste grows at the same rate as his stature, and with as little effort and self-consciousness; in the latter, if the explicit teaching be given after taste has been corrupted, it often leads to insincerity and affectation, or to hopeless bewilderment of mind, and except in rare cases the results can never be more than superficial and fugitive,

How can national education help the people of India in respect of their possessions and enjoyments? In the first place, by providing a purely Indian atmosphere in their schools and colleges, stubbornly resisting undue Western influence. The school building is the first necessity. It must be planned by an efficient Indian architect, adapted to modern requirements, but adapted in keeping with Indian architectural traditions. Everything that enters the school building, from floor matting to headmaster or mistress, must be purely Indian and in harmony with the building. It will still be possible to teach western science and anything western that is appropriate and helpful to little Indians, but do not let us ruin the atmosphere of our possibly austere simple but dignified building with the introduction of European trivialities, whether in wearing apparel, furniture, or ornaments. These things debase the taste of the immature, imitative creatures entrusted to our care. Here and there we can have really good specimens of Indian handicraft, some typical Indian paintings, and some embroideries; not on show in a school museum, to be looked at self-consciously as curiosities, but as beautiful objects placed in suitable quarters in a well-chosen light, objects on which childish eyes may rest when childish minds are bored with arithmetic or spelling, and on which they will by degrees love to linger. When the boys or girls leave the school, the familiar terms upon which they had lived with objects of art, will give them a standard by which to judge the ugly, meaningless, and mechanically manufactured ornaments, turned out by the thousand merely to part fools and their money. By degrees, when the ground is prepared by implicit teaching, explicit teaching can take root. The child should be

trained consciously to appreciate that which is purely Indian in objects, literature, drama, and music. This is not so easy as it appears. The inordinate admiration of that which is *Angrezi* or *Valayati* has become something like a plague and exceedingly difficult to stamp out, nor is it altogether desirable to stamp it out entirely, for some purely Indian handmade work has become debased and wretched and every bit as bad artistically, as much of the European machine-manufactured ornament. On the other hand wholesale rejection of that which is European is not altogether wise nor profitable. One must set to work with discrimination and tact, remembering also that the uncorrupted art perceptions of India are largely unself-conscious, as natural to its people as the folding of a turban or the making of a chapatti. How great arts these are, might be realized if an Indian tried to teach an Englishman to do either !

Among wrong forms of enjoyment, the modern Cinema-show heads the list. In its present form it is a disgrace to civilization. The comic films and some of the sentimental ones can have no other effect than the vulgarizing and cheapening of life. They are an unmitigated curse, and it is pitiful to see young Indians spell-bound before a moving picture of barefaced indecency or sickly sentiment; depicting scenes which no doubt in their ingenuousness they imagine to be true to the life of European countries, while they are merely the catch-penny fabrications of depraved minds, prostituted lightly for a handful of pice. The sentimental films are less obviously harmful perhaps than the vulgar comic ones, but their effect is sure none the less. In a country where the relations of the sexes are almost unparalleled, it is

dangerous to show young Indians love-making scenes, which pander to their amative feelings and lead to comparisons between what seems to them romantic marital bliss and the often prosaic reality of their own marriages. They are unable to compare these fantasies with the actual prosaic realities of many European marriages, that have possibly followed the most ardently romantic courtships. Then the effect of the Cinema drama on Indian drama is harmful and vulgarizing. There are many Indian actors who go to the Cinemas to study methods of acting. Needless to remark that the Indian stage is not in need of a stimulus to over-acting, sensationalism, sentimentality, and other crudities.

What forms of enjoyment are calculated, in ordinary school life, to prepare young men to criticise the above type of enjoyment ? Plays in school and even in colleges are too often but a reflection of the crude dramatic art of the modern stage. Indian national schools would train their children to appreciate good art in Indian drama and Indian music by school performances, making them to a very large extent proof against the meretricious art that prevails in the world outside. Indian national education, by its passionate patriotism can and will inculcate an appreciation of Indian culture, which will inevitably lead in the mass to true forms of possession and to true forms of enjoyment. Can one doubt that in time, under the influence of National education, much that makes life hideous to-day will tend to disappear. Houses and public buildings of hybrid debased architecture, ugly ornate furniture ; superfluous gim-crack ornamental trash ; all that is showy and meretricious in wearing apparel, cheap

and crude pictures—sentimental, untrue to life, unimaginative—all these will surely disappear when India has recovered her own culture and developed her artistic perceptions, creating a beautiful and ennobling existence for the many who are still treading the path of pursuit. ·

NORAH RICHARDS.

Aug. 26th, 1918. ·

COMMUNAL REPRESENTATION.

IT is desirable at the outset to remove any apprehensions, which under the present circumstances is perhaps natural, that in this article an attack is being levelled against the communal representation of Mahomedans in the Indian Councils. This I take it is a settled fact. They have enjoyed this privilege since 1909, and the Viceroy and Secretary of State have expressly stated that, though on principle they are opposed to communal representation for reasons recited by them, they are bound to keep the pledge given by their predecessors, unless released from it. Then again the *entente* that was arrived at in 1916, to which the Congress-League scheme bears witness, had for its basis an understanding that not only were the Mahomedans to have special representation by their own electorates, but the proportion in which the elected seats were to be divided was agreed upon. Earnest appeals are being addressed to the Hindus that they are in honour bound to keep this compact, and these in response maintain, on the whole, that they will adhere to it. Thus it is clear that no one has any desire to take away from the Mahomedans what they seem to have set their hearts upon.

But it may be permitted to those outside the two main communities to examine the practical effect of this distribution of seats. It may or may not be a good distribution, but any how it does not embody a proposition which has as yet received general assent. Already there are indications that we will have to face a controversy, which it is to be hoped will not turn out to be acrimonious. This is not directed specially against the Mahomedans or the Hindus, but merely questions their authority to barter the rights of other classes and communities who had no part in the compact that was arrived at. In Madras it goes further, as one set of Hindus are objecting to another set of Hindus disposing of, behind their back, a matter in which they have a vital interest. This is not the place to discuss the merits of the Reform Scheme, but it is impossible to ignore a striking feature in it testifying to the sincere and earnest desire of its Authors to deal fairly and squarely with all classes. There is a complete absence of bias in favour of or prejudice against any one community. Now though special representation is conceded to the Mahomedans, the Viceroy and Secretary of State specially reserve their approval of the distribution proposals till they "have ascertained what the effect upon other interests will be and have made fair provision for them." So that at the very outset an element of uncertainty is introduced, which is still more accentuated as regards the position of the Mahomedans, in respect to whom it is stated that "wherever they are numerically weak the proportion suggested is in excess of their numerical strength or their present representation." And in spite of this fact they are clamouring for more seats than agreed upon in the Congress-League.

Scheme, which was repudiated by most of the deputation that waited on the Viceroy and Secretary of State on the part of Moslem Associations, and this demand is being reiterated by them since the publication of the Report, whereas so far only one Hindu member of Council of the United Provinces was for ignoring the compact, but was over ruled by his Hindu brethren.

Now with these reservations what is it that the authors of the Reform Scheme have committed themselves to? It is that in the Legislative Assembly, which will replace the present Legislative Council of the Governor-General, the elected members will consist of two-thirds, and that in the Provincial Legislative Council there will be a substantial elected majority; and it has been left to a Committee to decide as to the number of members of each Council and the proportion of elected members it is to contain. What is a substantial majority? The official opinion may be that it is represented by two-thirds, while the Congress-League puts it down to four-fifths. I find that in the United Provinces Council debate on the Reform Report it was proposed that the elected members should be three-fourths of the total number, but an amendment making it four-fifths was eventually carried. It is good policy to ask more than you are likely to get, but three-fourths is as much as is likely to be granted, considering that in the Legislative Assembly the number of elected members is fixed at two-thirds, whereas four-fifths was demanded in the Congress-League Scheme, and that a certain number of seats will have to be reserved for the unrepresented classes, who can only get in by nomination. Here the uncertainty becomes a certainty, for under the

excuse of giving representation to all classes a large number of seats will certainly be reserved for nomination. Now what is it we have been agitating for? Is it that a ratio should be fixed, in respect to the seats set apart for election, as to how they should be divided between the Hindus and Mahomedans, or that as large a number of seats as possible should be thrown open for election as against the present practise of nomination. If it is the latter we are certainly going a round about way without being sure that the goal will ever be in sight. This is a matter which deserves serious consideration at the hands of both Hindus and Mahomedans, whose bargaining spirit might in the end be held responsible for a result which would be nothing less than a disaster, so far as the attainment of self-government is concerned.

We ought to bear in mind that there will be three kinds of members, *ex-officio*, official and non-official, and the last head will again be subdivided into elected and nominated. The two Executive members in the Provincial Council will, of course, take their seats *ex-officio*, but the probability is there will be one or more besides them. The Vice-President, who it is proposed will be an official, must have a seat, and it is possible another may be given to the Chief Executive officer of the Council, just as at present the Legal Remembrancer has a seat and acts as the Legislative Secretary. With an enlarged Council and having regard to its enlarged functions it may perhaps be necessary that both these should be whole time officers. At all events while the Council is sitting it can hardly be expected that they should be discharging their departmental duties and also their duties in the Council. So that we may take into account four *ex-officio*

seats. Then we come to official members, who as heads of various departments are likely to be provided with seats on the ground that their presence is necessary for the proper transaction of business. The number will vary in different Provinces, but we may put it down roughly at twelve, making a total of sixteen seats for *ex-officio* and official members. Now we come to a point which I have already pointed out is most controversial. In the Congress-League Scheme it is stated that "adequate provision should be made for the representation of important minorities by election", but the authors of the Reform Report are averse to the extension of the principle of communal representation on sectarian or racial lines, and they say that "for the representation of minorities we should prefer nomination." We may look forward to a considerable clamour for representation on the part of minorities, so that it will not be at all excessive if we reserve 9 seats for them, considering we have to take into account a number of communities, such as the Europeans, the Anglo-Indians, the Indian Christians, the agricultural classes, the depressed classes and may be others. Thus we have a total of twenty-five seats appropriated. Now if we take Bombay, by way of illustration, we find the Congress-League Scheme proposes that the Council should consist of 125 members, but as its proposal as regards 150 members in the Imperial Council has been cut down to 100, there seems a poor chance of the Provincial Council of Bombay being granted 125 members. Let us put it roughly at 100, and we will then have, deducting the 25 seats appropriated as above, 75 seats open to election. Out of these the special interests have to be provided for and it is proposed to

have special electorates for them : The University, 2 ; English Chamber of Commerce, 2 ; Indian Chamber of Commerce, 2 ; Landholders, 2 ; Trades Association or Mining Interests, 1, making a total of 9 seats, and leaving a balance of 66 seats to be divided between the Hindus and Mahomedans. And as according to the arrangement arrived at they are to be represented in the ratio of 3 to 1, the Hindus will have 44 seats to compete for and Mahomedans 22. No great achievement on the part of the latter for any fuss to be made, for surely they could, having regard to their population, the high education of a certain number amongst them, the great wealth of certain others and the influence of the Borah community, easily secure as many seats out of a total of 100 seats, without being under an obligation to Hindus or any one else. And even if they secured a few less, these would carry greater weight than those they may get as the price of a bargain, apart from other substantial advantages that would go with it. And if we take Madras as an illustration we find that the Mahomedans there according to the bargain they have struck will make a very poor show. For in that Province we have got to reckon with the non-Brahman community and the depressed classes who constitute by far the bulk of the total population. They are both clamouring for special electorates, and whether they secure it or not is immaterial, for they are certain to obtain what they want by nomination. Even if 6 extra seats are granted to the depressed classes, this will leave 60 seats available for election, and as according to the compact the Mahomedans are to have 15 per cent of these seats, they will, therefore, secure 9 seats leaving 51 for Hindus, (Brahmans and non-Brahmans). The value of the bargain does not seem to

be very alluring, but the consequences direct and indirect arising from it are serious and far-reaching, for it necessarily leads to the principle of communal representation being extended to other communities.

The evils arising from special electorates have been described in very graphic terms by the Viceroy and Secretary of State. They have given cogent reasons why they are subversive of the very essence of responsible Government, and have shewn that they are opposed to the teachings of history in the case of those who ought to be taken as the best examples amongst self-governing nations. That communal representation will perpetuate class and sectarian divisions hardly admits of any doubt, and it is also true that it will have a demoralising effect on the minorities by encouraging them to "settle down into a feeling of satisfied security," whereas the stronger majority will proceed to use their power without any special regard for the interests of the minority. There will necessarily be an absence of fellow feeling, and what is worse no prospect of the improvement of these relations at a future date. But unfortunately the argument in the case of Hindus and Mahomedans may be carried much further. Why was communal representation granted to the latter in 1909? It was simply because of their earnest representations that they were a backward community and in a minority as regards the Hindus, and that their only safeguard was a separate representation by their own electorates. That this implied a distrust of the Hindus did not trouble them, nor have matters much advanced by the *entente* of 1906, which amounts merely to a compact that for a common object we jointly and severally agree that the Mahomedans will have a separate representation and a certain

proportion of the seats open to election. And then? This is exactly what we don't know. If the *entente* is of such a nature that all feelings of distrust have been removed and the two communities will live and work together in harmony then why have any bargain at all, and why not trust to each other's good faith and good feeling? I am glad of the Hindu-Mahomedan *entente*, but I would have been more pleased if it was not encumbered with any bargain, and I only hope that the start that has now been made will lead to such relations that any further bargains will not be necessary.

It is obvious that if Government were not committed to communal representation as regards the Mahomedans it would not have applied it to other minorities. They propose to grant it to the Sikhs, and to take it away from the Landholders of Bengal, and these will want to know the reason why, and other communities are agitating for a similar privilege. So we are in for a controversy which will naturally lead to recriminations, a matter much to be deplored. But by far the most important fact which calls for consideration is that in the absence of any communal representation we would have had in a Council of 100 members 84 seats open to election, *i. e.*, deducting 16 for *ex-officio* and official members, and this would have come up to the four-fifths demanded by the Congress-League Scheme. For my part I would rather have four-fifths of the seats left open to election than have the privilege of electing an Indian Christian from a purely Christian electorate. It is curious that for years past the agitation was directed against nomination, and now Government is being furnished a valid excuse for resorting to it. I have full faith in the sincerity and good will

of the Viceroy and Secretary of State that if the Mahomedans were to withdraw their claim for separate representation, four-fifths of the total number of seats would be thrown open to election. And then the various communities should agree to divide these amongst themselves.

ALFRED NUNDY.

Dehra Dun,

2nd September 1918.

THE WATER NYMPHS.

Thou art fairer than the flowers, maiden mine with radiant
wing,

You may hide within your bowers, but we hear you when
you sing,

All day long, and all the hours joy thy songs for ever bring.

‘We will woo thee with caresses in the summer’s noontide
heat,’

We will glide amid thy tresses, say the little fishes fleet,
‘Prying into dark recesses, we will prank around thy feet’.

‘Rise with me, and come up higher to a castle near the bay’
Where the sunset seems to fire the tall pine trees as they
sway’,

Sing the birds that never tire, answering thy roundelay.

‘We will flash our mirrors o’er thee,’ say the shining lotus
leaves

Till the sunlight plays before thee ’tween the shadows of
the trees,

And the stately reeds adore thee ’mid their safe intricacies.

In thy pure and shining splendour we will watch thee night
and day,

Ever deepest homage render,—bending low—devotion pay.

We will veil thy image tender till November turns to May.

C. M. SALWEY.

HAJI ABDUL YEZDI.
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HAJI Abdul Yezdi, a short sketch of whose Kasidah forms the subject of this Paper, was a native of Darabghrid in the Yezd Province. He had travelled far and wide and was well versed in the various languages of the world—Hebrew, Syriac, Sanskrit, Prakrit, Greek, Roman, Arabic besides Persian which was his mother tongue. Those curious students who wish to know more of the life and work of the Poet, I should advise them to read a book called "Life of Sir Richard Burton" written by his wife, Lady Burton. In the Kasidah the poet manifests himself freely and fearlessly; he has drawn all his thoughts in firm, bold outlines and has dared to express the agitations of his heart in high, unrestrained tones.

The Haji as he is generally styled, like Luther and the leaders of the French Revolution broke with the poet, threw off the shackles of human tradition and sought to discover a system of his own which might suit the several creeds, and reconcile all religious differences. He does not believe in, or rather he looks with an impartial eye on the endless variety of systems prevailing in the world. His gorge rises at the bigotry and prejudices of each of the various systems and at finding each petty system desparately wedded to its own opinions, each claiming its own

system to be the truest and most accurate, each claiming the monopoly of truth, each believing its own 'glimmering lamp to be the gorgeous light of day.' Why should there be, exclaims the Haji, so many churches teaching such conflicting doctrines, what need of so many denominations;—when all churches, all schools, all doctrines lead to one and the same goal.

Thy faith why false, my faith why true?

'Tis all the work of Thine and Mine

*The fond and foolish love of self that makes
the Mine excel the Thine.*

*All faith is false, all faith is true; Truth is the shattered
mirror strown*

*In myriad bits; while each believes his little bit the whole
to own.*

The Kasidah of the Haji reminds one more than any other poet of Omar Khayyam of Neshapur. The Haji's outlook of life is that of the Soofi's with a dash of Buddhist pessimism. He laments over the shortness and miseries of human life, its pangs, its suffering, its woes, trials, sorrows, tears and thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to! Life, Death, Destiny—he has penetrated the spirit of them all.

*How life is vain, unreal, vain, like scenes that round the
drunkard reel,*

*How 'Being' meaneth not to be; to see and hear, smell
taste and feel.*

*How short this Life, how long withal; how false its weal,
how true its woes,*

*This fever fit with paroxysms to mark its opening and its
close.*

He believes in the Buddhistic faith, *viz* :—that life, whatever and may be its ultimate consequences or fate is based on sorrow, and all existence is nothing but a state of sadness. But the Haji is too prudent to enquire into the time-honoured question whether life is worth living or whether man should choose to be born. Man, under his mortal aspect, asserts the Haji, is but a species of ephemera, a mere apparition hovering for a moment over the earth, made out of the ashes of the dead and swiftly reabsorbed by 'eternal night' as the will-o-the-wisp sinks into the marsh. Emptiness of life, flight of things, the nothingness of our joys, the futility of fame and glory—these are the themes which the Poet has touched with a master hand, these are the thoughts which sob and sigh throughout his Kasidah.

But ah ! what vailleth man to mourn ; shall tears bring
forth what smiles ne'er brought ;

Shall brooding breed a thought of joy ? Ah hush the
sigh, forget the thought !

Silence thine immemorial quest, contain thy nature's
vain complaint,

None heeds, none cares for thee or thine,—like thee how
many came and went !

Cease, Man to mourn, to weep, to wail ; enjoy thy
shining hour of sun ;

We dance along Death's icy brink, but is the dance less
full of fun ?

Death ! Silence ! Eternity ! Heaven ! Hell ; The
Grave ! What mysteries, what names of terror to the being
who longs for happiness, fame, glory, immortality,
perfection. What and where shall we be to-morrow—in a

brief while—when the spirit shall have left its brief tenement of clay ? Where will those be whom we love ? Whither shall we all go ? What future lies before us ? Is there no future home for the Dead of the world ? Should the bonds of love and friendship rudely severed by death be renewed no more ? Is there no land where the broken hearts might be gathered up again ? Whence came you silent worlds, floating in solemn grandeur along the waveless ocean of space ? You mystic lights, worlds upon worlds—infinite, incalculable, innumerable, you unfading brilliant lights that have burned on bright as when they sang at the creation—will they shine on for ever or are they only God's torch bearers to watch and illumine the path along which the soul may travel to its God ! Who set them ablaze and when ! Will they one day flicker and go out ?

Eternal problems ! Secrets and mysteries which human tongue cannot truly express nor human intelligence solve !

How Thought is impotent to divine the secret which the Gods defend

The why of birth and life and death, that Isis-veil no hand may rend.

What knowst thou, man, of Life? and yet for ever twixt the womb, the grave

Thou pratest of the coming Life, of Heaven and Hell thou fain must rave.

Indeed how true it is that our destinies are decided by nothings ! what happens to us is quite different from what we planned—we planned a blessing and from it there springs a curse. Fortune, glory, love, fame, power, happiness—all these blessings which have been possessed

by other men seem at first promised and accessible to us but as days wear on we have to put the dream away from us, we withdraw one personal claim after another, to make ourselves humble; we have to submit to feel ourselves feeble, dependent, ignorant, impotent, poor, and to throw ourselves upon God for all, recognizing our own helplessness and acknowledging that we have no right to anything.

Fie, fie you visionary things, ye motes that dance
in sunny glow

Who base and build eternities on briefest moment here
below;

Who pass through Life like caged birds, the captives
of a despot will

Still wondering How and When and Why and Whence
and whither wondering still ;

Who comes imbecile to the world mid double danger,
groans and tears

The toy, the sport, the waif and stray of passions,
error, wrath and fears ;

Who knows not whence he came nor why, who kens
not whither bound and when

Yet such is Allah's choicest gift, the blessing dreamt by
foolish men ;

How mysterious and how mighty aye are the powers
of Destiny whose supernatural wings hover over the
ephemeral lives of men and women and move their little
motives of love and hate and revenge and selfishness and
plans and schemes and speculations like pawns on a
chess board of Fate.'

How lovely visions guiled his sleep, aye fading with
the break of morn

Till every sweet become a sour, till every rose became
a thorn;

How every high heroic Thought that longed to breathe
the empyrean air

Failed of its feathers, fell to earth and perished of a
sheer despair.

O the dread pathos of our lives! how durst thou
Allah, thus to play

With Love, Affection, Friendship all that shows the God
in mortal clay?

Dost not O Maker blush to hear, amid the storm of
tears and blood

Man 'say Thy mercy made what is and saw the made
and said 'twas good?

Ah! if nothing in us is immortal, what a small
thing indeed is Life! How idle boast then is the
immortality of a name! Man passes away, his name
perishes from record and recollection, his statue falls
from the high pedestal, the inscription moulders and
withers away from the tablet—aye, his very existence
becomes clouded with mystery, doubt and controversy.
Alexander, Caesar, Richard, Akbar—the great heroes of
the ages past, now where are they? Where?

Where are the crown of Kai Khusru, the sceptre of
Nusherewan;

The holy grail of high Jamshaed, Afrasyab's hall, Canst
tell me, Man.

Gone, gone, where I and thou must go, borne by the
winnowing wings of Death,

The Horror brooding over life and nearer brought with
every breath:

Their fame had filled the Seven climes, they rose
 and reigned, they fought and fell,
 As swells and swoons the wold the tinkling of the
 camel's bell.

How many heroes of a few short years before lie
 mouldering beneath their granite trophies, what beauties
 lie hidden in the dark, cold earth! Once the Soul has left
 its earthen prison house there is no calling it back again.

The shattered bowl shall know repair, the riven lute
 shall sound once more;

But who shall mend the clay of man the stolen breath to
 man restore?

The Haji boldly asserts that there are no such things
 as Heaven and Hell in the *absolute* sense of the word
 as man has made them. On this point he seems to be
 at one with most of the modern thinkers of the present age.

There is no Heaven, there is no Hell, these be the
 dreams of baby minds

Tools of the wily Fetish, to fright the fools his
 cunning blinds.

For future Life who dares reply? No witness at the bar
 have we;

Save what the brother Potsherd tells,—old tales and
 novel jugglery.

And continues the Haji.—

Who ever returned to teach the Truth, the things of
 Heaven and Hell to him?

And all we hear is only fit for grandame talk and
 nursery hymn.

But this vein of reasoning which bigots and orthodox
 thinkers would at once brand as blasphemous would
 certainly startle those who do not follow the Haji's train of

reflection. Let us follow his beautiful train of argument on this time-honoured problem.

“ I came into the world without having applied for or having obtained permission ; nay more, without my having been asked for or given. Here I found myself hand tied by conditions and fettered by laws and circumstances in making which my voice had no part. While in the womb I was an automaton and death will find me a mere machine. Therefore not I but the Law or if you please the Law giver is answerable for all my actions.”

— And if your Heaven and Hell be true and Fate that forced me to be born.

Forced me to Heaven and Hell, I go and hold Fate's insolence in scorn.

Rather a bold assertion but quite reasonable and sensible all the same.

Now what says the immortal Bard of Neshapur—the world renowned Omar Khayyam !

What, without asking, with hurried *Whence*.

And without asking, *Whither* hurried hence !

Another and another Cup to drown

The Memory of Impertinence.

Indeed we are told nothing distinctly and definitely of the heavenly world except that it shall be free from sorrow and pure from sin. What is said of pearl-studded gates and diamond doors and luscious fruit hanging from the branches of golden trees to drop right into your mouth, and things like that appears to the Haji as merely figurative and entirely the product of imagination, or as nothing more than a work of fiction or romantic invention. All the comforts and luxuries that human mind could

conceive of were attributed to Heaven and all possible tortures to Hell. Our own immortal, *Old Ghalib*—what say he ?

ہم کو نہ آسمان کی لذت کی حقیقت اور نہ
دل کے خوش رہنے کو غالب نے خیال آجہا سے

This is no such place as heaven or paradise,
Howbeit a splendid vision indeed Ghalib to keep amused
the human mind !

Religion as the Haji understands it is not one particular system or method founded on certain fixed dogmas and principles. No, it is a state of the soul, it is a life, a higher, noble and supernatural life, mystical in its roots and practical in its fruits; it is a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm; a love which radiates, a happiness which overflows.

Then again the Haji's doctrines on the subject of conscience and repentance are startling to a degree. With the Haji the human machine is dependant on the physical theory of life. Religionists tell us that man is responsible for all his actions and that he is not a mere toy of fate, whereas the Haji holds Mind to be a word describing a special operation of matter, and that the faculties are generally the manifestation of movements in the central nervous system and every idea that springs up is a certain little pulsation of a certain little mass of animal pap; *viz* the brain. He further argues it is the duty of every human being to look to the pros and cons of every word and deed. But, however, when the deed is done or the word is said—there is no cause for grief or repentance because such was the decree of the Almighty of Law and the Law Giver and there was no helping it.

Vain cavil ! all that is hath come
Either by Miracle or by Law,—
Why waste on this your hate or fear
Why waste on that your love and awe ?

I am afraid in this short sketch it is not possible for me to deal with the Kasidah *in toto* so I have confined myself to a very small portion only.

SAADAT A. KHAN.

Banksore,

18th June 1918.

THE UNION.

I am the Lamp, Thou art the Fire, O Love !
 I am the artist, and Thou art my Art !
 I am the Infinite Desire, O Love !
 Thou art the secret Heart !

I am the Smile, Thou art the Bliss, O Love !
 I am the nectar, and Thou art the Drouth !
 I am the subtle, haunting Kiss, O Love !
 Thou art the secret Mouth !

I am the Bird, Thou art its flight, O Love !
 I am the Silence, and Thou art the Sky !
 I am the Omni-Seeing Sight, O Love !
 Thou art the secret Eye !

I am the Gem, Thou art the Gleam, O Love !
 I am the Lover, Thou art the Embrace !
 I am the silent, endless Dream, O Love !
 Thou art the secret Face !

I am the Dusk, Thou art the Noon, O Love !
 I am the Anguish, and Thou art the Tear !
 I am the soft, enchanting Tune, O Love !
 Thou art the secret Ear !

I am the Rose, Thou art its Pink, O Love !
 I am the gathering Cloud, Thou art the Rain !
 I am the quick, pulsating *Think*, O Love !
 Thou art the secret Brain !

I am the Fruit, Thou art the Bough, O Love !
 I am the Suffering, Thou art the Cry !
 I am the mystic, flowering *Thou*, O Love !
 Thou art the secret *I* !

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY.

SIDELIGHTS ON REFORMS

YOURS to hand day before yesterday. I have been thinking of the question of franchise, hence the delay in replying. We all feel in a dilemma when we come to this question of franchise according to Western methods. For centuries before the Aryans of India lost their pristine vigour on account of their degeneration, the teaching contained in all our sacred books and in all our institutions—the teaching of our Juristic science and our political science was that men meant more than measures, that prevention was better than punishment—that language was inadequate to express God's laws or the finer shades of character of nature and could not do justice to them—that to break God's laws up into fragments was a mistake that over-definition and over-definiteness in codes were out of place and did more harm than good. Now under the Western regime if a man leaves all he has for Dharma the Court say the bequest is vague and the will is invalid. If a Government were similarly to say that all "good men and true" should be the electors and "good men and true" alone should be elected, the Courts and the politicians would say that Government was impractical and would laugh it down. The moral sphere of Government is not co-extensive with its

legal sphere and this latter again is a fragment of its political sphere and therefore fiscal considerations becloud even sound juristic principles. Education has not kept pace with the requirements of Western juristic science and polity and those who want to pull the wheels out of the stagnating mud ruts find themselves faced with numerous obstacles.

* * * *

In former times people relied on their internal vitality, on their power of resistance to diseases, physical, moral or political and they did not require many doctors. Prevention was better than cure or punishment. Now even in the realm of medicine the name Allopathy and Homeopathy, Hydropathy, Chromopathy, Psychopathy, Vaccine Therapy are the evidence of multiplicity of systems. Medical science—like juristic or political science has become a many headed monster. There is no end to medical complaints just as there is no end to juristic political complaints. Education is also for the same reason a very complicated subject.

* * * *

The Rishis were occupied with the One thing Needful. Western Civilization broadly speaking has increased all the needs of the flesh to such an extent that the spirit counts for nothing. Western psychology illustrates this position. Read James or Stout or even Hoffding and you find they are very busy indeed with the psychology of the senses and of the nervous system, and doing their best to see if the spirit can be exiled. They analyse the ideas of Time, of Space, of Reality and when analysis finally comes to the Closed Door they speak of the Chemistry of thought, and feeling, which somehow

enables the metaphysician and the mathematician to connect the relative on to the Absolute and to speak of Absolute Continuity, Absolute Homogeneity, Absolute Identity.

* * * * *

God, however, is not an absentee landlord. He is present as much in the modern philosopher or scientist and artist as he was in the ancient authors of all the religions of the world. It is His Will that there should be a reaction in order that men may have the fullest possible experience of all infinitesimally infinitesimals, physical, mathematical, biological and sociological and all the power which the knowledge of infinitesimals can give them in the material world; so that after the exercise of such power they may eventually experience what Yudhishtra experienced after the Mahabharata war :—all its glory and shame.

The Lord is making the fullest use of Western earth-hunger and love of the good things of the world. Unknown lands are being opened up—the secrets of matter are being disclosed and the limitations of Time, Space and even Causality are being examined. Duty and self-sacrifice are still the watchwords of all Liberals in politics, though in practice it has been found that so far as India is concerned Liberals and Conservatives are both alike. Just now, however, thanks mainly to the world-war both the parties seem not unwilling to give what they consider a boon to India and as the old Eastern ideals have lost their strength and are not likely to be acceptable to practical men of the West we have to approach the question of the franchise from their point of view.

Their manifold experience has taught them the value of broadening the franchise and of direct election, and the Chelmsford-Montague Report accepts these conclusions. In Worsford's book "The Union of South Africa" we are told at page 140 "In the Cape province every adult male British* subject, whether European or Coloured is entitled to be registered as an elector (for provincial Councils) provided that:—

(1) He can sign his name and write his address and occupation.

(2) And for not less than twelve months occupied property of the value of £75 or been a joint occupier of property of higher value the part of which occupied by him has been of the value of £75, or

(3) been in receipt of wages or of a salary of not less than £50 per annum with no interval of more than one month between successive valuations.

There are different qualifications in the province of Natal and in the Transvaal and the Free State. But in all the four Provinces persons who have recently served terms of imprisonment or are subject to any other of the customary disabilities are excluded from the franchise. Nor can any officer or private of the Regular Army on full pay obtain the union franchise (I hope in India prostitutes or gamblers even though they may pay the income tax will not be enrolled as voters.)

The Municipal franchise is generally conferred on owners of rateable property assessed at £100 or occupiers of rateable property assessed at £300 or of premises of the gross annual rental of £24. These are mere samples of the regulations of many countries in which the franchise

is generally mammonic. The cases of poverty as Professor James has shown are hardly realized by all the civilized races and I presume the regulations which will satisfy our rulers must be mainly mammonic, otherwise they will not be deemed practical. There will be no room for such a qualification as good men and true. Men may be bad and false but let them have the necessary property qualifications and they will be enrolled as electors though they may not be the elect of God.

* * * *

As one has not a clear slate to write on as apparently there is no chance of beginning with village Government (not merely petty village assemblies for sanitary and similar purposes) the best way of framing the franchise for the new reformed provincial Councils will be to broaden the franchise for rural Boards and Municipalities and to frame registers useful alike for rural Municipal elections and for the Council election. That way a great deal of departmental work will be minimised. The Universities and the Chamber of Commerce will, of course, elect separately. There may also be separate constituencies for large landholders and Inamdars and perhaps for all the lawyers and income tax payers in a province. I should like you to study the details of franchise in the latest "Statesmen's Year Book" personally I am not in love with the mammonic franchises and would much prefer manhood suffrage but India is hardly prepared for that according to the Report. What I am most anxious about is that there should be a stringent law against corrupt practices at elections. Mammonic franchise is bound to bring them in its train.

ZERO.

THE WORLD WAR. V.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL IMPLICATIONS.

IN the Synoptic Gospels there is a story of Jesus being tempted of the Devil in the wilderness. The version according to St Luke says:—"And in those days he did eat nothing: and when they were ended, he afterward hungered.

"And the Devil said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread.

"And Jesus answered him, saying, It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.

"And the Devil, taking him up into an high mountain, shewed unto him all the Kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

"And the Devil said unto him, all this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou, therefore, wilt worship me, all shall be thine.

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Taking this story, in the manner of the new exegesis, in its symbolical rather than its literal sense, we are up

against the dualism touched upon in preceding pages. It may imply that dominion and power pertain essentially to what is distinguishable as Satanic qualities in Humanity,—pride, rapacity, lust, brutality, oppression, unscrupulousness. That to serve God means a course which negates such qualities and the unholy ambitions they foster. Certainly in efforts to attain dominion in the past, as in the latest endeavour after "World power," these qualities have been much in evidence. They are even to be found in association with what is accepted as the highest form of authority, the dispensation of spiritual power. Yet Power, in its broadest signification, is a natural entity in Life and the expansion of life. It is a term in general use to denote any supreme expression of Life-force, either physical or psychical. Nietzsche aimed to set forth a doctrine of the "Will-to-power" in his peculiar fashion; but judged by various utterances, and the notes for his unfinished treatise, this presentation is unsatisfactory. A whole treatise, indeed, would be requisite to treat adequately of the subject. Here we will only attempt to indicate several vital aspects in relation to our main theme; to see at the same time if the fullest achievement of power is incompatible with living "by every word of God" rationally interpreted.

The earliest historic phase of political organisation on a large scale is associated with primitive theocracy, seen in the first monarchies or empires, some arising in those lands of the East now fiercely contested for—Egypt, Mesopotamia. Monarchies ruled under national or tutelary deities by god-kings supported by a priestly class, and based largely on servile or slave labour, superstition and oppression thus maintaining the unstable elements of

mass unity. So Rab-Shakeh, the general of the great King, the King of Assyria, warns the people of Jerusalem, in the Hebrew story, when demanding their allegiance:—"Neither let Hezekiah make you trust in the Lord saying, the Lord will surely deliver us and this city shall not be delivered into the hand of the King of Assyria. Who are they among all the gods of the countries, that have delivered their country out of mine hand, that the Lord should deliver Jerusalem out of mine hand?" In its later developments theocracy may transfuse a population beyond the limits of defined kingdoms, as with the Brahminical system of India with its hierarchy of castes, diffuse polytheism and the priestly or directive caste at the head; or the distinctive theistic system of Islam, with a body of regulation based on Sacred Law and combining Church and State into one unity, as in the more limited yet highly conscious order of Judaism. And as the synthesis of a long series of ideas we get the organised polity of Roman Catholicism which, touching Judaism in its origins, absorbs in its expansive development institutions of fallen Imperial Rome and usurps her prestige under the guise of a yet more exclusive and dominating Supernatural Authority exerted over the barbarians who had conquered her.

The emergence and continuance in Europe of so absolute a theocratic power, its intolerance in the assertion of its claims towards all opposition or "heresy" when once it was firmly established, is the more remarkable from what it superseded. For there had previously appeared in European civilisation the great concept to which it owes its distinguishing contribution to the heritage of human

culture, that of a civil basis to society and the participation of free citizens in the affairs of State by Council and discussion; the assertion of a public will as the determining factor in the common weal—the *res publica*, the advent in fact of the Republican principle in its nascent form. To this we must return. On the other hand all so-called Eastern or Asiatic society is based on theocracy in a more or less pronounced form. Its general effect has been to strengthen static qualities at the expense of dynamic, to conserve use and wont, custom and tradition, irrespective of their value in relation to changing conditions, to formalise faith, conventionalise art, and menace innovation and freedom of expression. Its social codes resolve themselves into a kind of "slave-morality" beyond the actual domestic slavery and serfdom often connected with them. Hence the atrophy which appears to have afflicted the "Oriental mind," the arrest of power after showing immense and varied achievements in thought, nascent science, industrial ingenuity, and art of all kinds. Then in exclusive types of polity like Islam and Catholicism, when their fanatical element has been in the ascendent we get the limitation of effective human force in the State by denial of full rights and the restriction of full activity to those subjects who are not True Believers. The "true believer" of one cult becomes the "infidel" of its rival. This spirit has led to persecutions as disastrous almost to their instigators as to their victims, the killing off of original intelligence in the shape of heretics, the loss of good craftsmen by the expulsion of Protestants from France in the 17th century to the enrichment of countries who received them, at a time prior to machine production when craft secrets were perhaps more valuable than now; the injury done to

Spain by the expulsion of Mahomedan Moors in the 15th and 16th centuries under the plea of receiving God's blessing by freeing the land from infidelity, accompanied by a barbarity surpassing the latest Hun feats, an act that deprived Spain of some of its most cultivated elements and brought a train of retribution on the country which led to the derelict state wherein it has long remained.

The exercise of spiritual influence, touching as it does the deepest feelings of the soul, is the most seductive and dangerous form of directive power with possibilities for Good and Evil. The claims made herein by a Mediaeval Institution in Europe, that still affects current affairs and struggles, could only be justified by the display in experience of all wisdom, all knowledge, all enlightenment. When we find, on the contrary, primitive views of cosmology asserted as divine truth that are now displaced by verifiable theories of the Cosmos; doctrines of life, of human nature, of the state upheld that are challenged by clearly defined antithetical doctrines; and the will to enforce this obscurantism on general acceptance by every physical and supernatural terror,—those of another faith and hope can only treat this Institution, beyond its inner appeal to people of a special type, as an obstruction to the progress of more vivifying ministrations.

Religion thus appears as a cohesive and disruptive element in the formation and dissolution of States and Empires. Other weighty factors in the formative process are military and economic, the state of knowledge, nature of political organisation. War has played a prominent part in human struggles from primeval times. Its main incentive, beyond the lust of dominion that goes with other

social developments, has usually been economic rapacity ; hunger, the primitive instinct to enrich oneself at the expense of others, to acquire more fertile lands, more profitable hunting grounds or force others into servile labour for one's benefit—the origin of the widespread institution of slavery in antique civilisation. With the growth of large settled communities and improvement of agriculture the fighting business becomes more specialised, the art of warfare more complex and is committed to a particular body of trained men—the army. Its efficiency is henceforward closely connected with advances in the industrial arts and mode of equipment ; as with the naive Hebrew record of the dispossession of the Canaanites of their land of “Milk and honey” by these Israelites:—
“And the Lord was with Judah ; and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain ; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron.”

The interdependence of military and industrial art as a phase of the problem of power is aptly illustrated in the career of the Ottoman Turk—the rise and fall of his transient empire. From the basis of a minor State on the Black Sea he had extended his dominion, first over related neighbouring communities, next over alien and more civilised lands until a vast empire owned his sway in the course of the twelfth to the fifteenth century. This entirely through superior military organisation and tactics relative to that period. But he remained at heart a purely military caste, unable, moreover, from the theocratic nature of his rule to absorb aliens as complete and loyal subjects, despising commercial and industrial pursuits. His European enemies were meanwhile progressing in technical skill

and invention. Gunpowder and firearms were revolutionising warfare, and there came a day when he found himself met by resolute foes and outclassed in means and methods of defence by land and sea, since when province after province has been wrested from his grasp. It is a curious feature of his singular psychology that, despite these grim experiences, he has never possessed a modern arsenal staffed by his compatriots to produce modern weapons, but throughout this period of decline has remained dependent upon the factories of the "infidel" for the very means of keeping the fragment of his former militarist empire.

The connection of success in war with technical equipment has developed with the advance of Science during the past century and its increasing application to industrial methods. In this world war it has reached a climax of intensity, where the chemist and physicist play as great a part as the soldier and tactician, where every desperate expedient is resorted to for pressing a decision by some new destructive horror only to be met by some fresh device for countering its intent.

Indeed it has been a belief among certain Liberal economists of the Free Trade school, that the enormous cost and uncertainty of these methods, added to the growing complexity and interdependence of international commerce would prove a deterrent from war on a large scale in future, that even aggressive economic designs were attainable by less dubious and expensive means. We have given one or two reasons in the previous study for the breakdown of this belief in the case of Germany. We will add presently others. One may mention in passing the feeling and hope entertained in some quarters that war between Christian

nations would also be inhibited by the higher modern Christian conscience. The relation of Christianity to war opens a large issue. We will content ourselves here with a brief reference thereto.

The question is one upon which the Christian world itself is divided. Some sects, like the Quakers, hold on the strength of selected passages from the New Testament that the doctrine forbids war and resort to violence. Selected passages from the literature known as the Bible may prove several contradictory propositions. It comes to us through the general tradition of the Church both in its Old and New Testaments, as an inspired revelation of Divine Will, as a record of God's dealings with men through a chosen agency—the Jews, an intimation of His laws and judgments. The Old is so accepted throughout the New Testament. It exhibits God as directing military operations of His Chosen People, as inspiring the strategy of the conquest of Palestine from its original inhabitants under ruthless modes of barbaric warfare:—

“And the Lord said into Joshua, See I have given into thy hand the King of Ai, and his people, and his city, and his land : and thou shalt do to Ai and her King as thou didst unto Jericho and her King : only the spoil thereof and the cattle thereof shall ye take for a prey unto yourselves....

“And so it was...For Joshua drew not his hand back, wherewith he stretched out the spear, until he had utterly destroyed (both of men and women) all the inhabitants of Ai.”

Its poetic literature again is replete with barbaric sentiments of exultation over the destruction of enemies. Taken in its literal acceptation it has afforded abundant

texts and precedents for ferocious wars and persecutions of rival Christian sects, as also against others of alien faith. If certain ameliorations have taken place in modern times in the conduct of war, this is largely due to that elusive thing—a development of the spirit of civilisation and culture springing from numerous psychic influences. The defection of Germany from accepted standards here is again due to special causes.

But treated simply as a human record, this Jewish story reveals the “will-to-power” in its primitive motive force. Belief in religious and national superiority, cupidity, the lusts of the flesh, conviction that the good things of life belong by right to the elect of God—usually a self-appointed elect—and that the “heathen” may be justly despoiled of them,—these ideas have not been confined to Israelites but appear anew in a quite modern guise. Since the open Bible became a common possession with men of northern Europe the appeal of its older portion to their sympathies and instincts, with its frank elemental passions, has usually been stronger than that of its later Christian developments—their spirit of renunciation.

And elemental passions have quickened under the pressure of those very economic interests which 19th Century Liberal optimism believed must lead to international good will; at least throughout Western civilisation. Whereas the economy of pre-machinery days was largely self-contained—each State aiming at a self-sufficing system, the vast scale of modern production, the complex requirements of industry have created a world market with an international finance to conduct its operations. The nation is no

longer the economic unit. Factors beyond national control enter into the concern if left to the free play of competitive forces. A world market causes grave oscillations in demand and supply. To modify these oscillations there comes into play a fresh form of monopoly—a capitalised monopoly of some article of commerce from its source as raw material to its distribution as finished product in the open market. Thus the "Syndicate" or "Trust" is the sequence of economic causality—or *imperium in imperio* dangerous to the welfare of each distinct community. America has witnessed its development on a wide scale under private ownership. In Britain, with her more experimental methods, large scale production takes less monopolist forms and the range of her over sea possessions frustrates the action of various established syndicates. But she has found the lynx-eyed German stealthily securing control over special minerals found in British dominions, invaluable for war industries, through a pretended international agency.

The foregoing considerations may enable us to appreciate more fully the nature, and character of the policy of that Teuton organisation—the *fons et origo* of this bloody welter. Germany, with Austria in her wake, has entered into the industrial fray with nearly a century of her rivals' experience to guide her. She has grasped completely the bearing of technical skill on military equipment. She has encouraged combines but under State control. Her scheme of world—empire is no less than the creation of a vast Trust embracing every variety of territory and resource, every kind of market under exclusive imperial and military control—a world-wide

antocratic species of socialism. What is the inhering *virtue* of this nation on whose shoulders, in their own view, the mantle of the chosen people has fallen? We will quote freely from recognised English and German authorities by way of illustration.*

"In the German Empire, Prussia is the leading State. It has not been the cradle of German culture. German intellect was developed in the West and the South: the Princes of the West were the patrons of German culture: German intellectual life, which the whole world has learned to admire and which even the first Napoleon respected, is the work of the Southern and Western German domains. What Prussia did was to teach Germany the power of discipline. This rude and thoroughly prosaic State of soldiers and officials, without many words but with deeds that were all the greater, performed a task of enormous importance in the work of German civilisation.

...The Prussian tradition is a military tradition. It knows no fear. It feels few scruples. It is a fortress challenging the ideas and methods of modern democracy: It despises democracy as humanitarian: it dreads it as subversive of discipline; it hates it as a rival; it counterworks it by measures of State relief to the poor, generously conceived but imposed upon the people from above. It regards a Parliamentary regime on democratic lines as fatal to resolute Government and to a consistent policy in foreign affairs. It is the Prussian tradition which has stiffened Germany. It has a noble side of disinterested

* M. C. Sadler of Leeds University and others.

devotion, of unflagging industry (*labor improbus* is a mark of the Prussian public service), of loyalty to the Throne.

"The morality of the State must be judged by the nature and *raison d'être* of the State and not of the individual citizen. The end—all and be—all of a State is Power.... This policy has given Germany forty years of union, a conscious pride in national unity, a great place among the Powers of the world. Men of business have found the effects of its stern discipline to be advantageous to German commerce because of the protection given to their undertakings by its powerful arm. Manufacturers have found that German industry has profited by the discipline which army training has given to their work-people....During the last ten years I have been more and more impressed on each visit to Germany by the vigour, the foresight, the conquering *elan* of its commercial and industrial life. Most of our manufacturing cities are in external appearance (I am not speaking of inner and hidden things) squalid vulgar places compared with towns like Leipzig, Nürnberg, Mannheim, Elberfeld, and Coln. The secret of what has been done lies in the scientific adjustment of means to public ends; in the entrusting of the direction of local government to trained and carefully chosen men; in the discipline which makes men move forward in masses towards a definite purpose; and in obedience to the State....As against all this we have the admission of Prince von Bülow, ex-Chancellor of the German Empire: "Despite the abundance of merits and great qualities with which the German nation is endowed, political talent has been denied to it. We are not a political people. Not that we ever lacked penetration and understanding for the sequence of political things, but what we

did lack, and what we still often lack, is the art of proceeding from insight to practical application, and the greater art of doing the right thing politically, by a sure creative instinct."

Scientific adjustment of means to ends, discipline which makes men move forward in masses towards a definite purpose and in obedience to the State--therein lies the strength of this Teuton system; which is true to an extent of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in its dominant elements--that has proved better organised than some of its pre-war critics led one to expect -- and with the secret support of the Roman theocracy behind it. There is a certain irony, not altogether inconsistent, that its aforetime arrogant foe, the Turkish Islamic theocracy, should make a final appeal to fortune in alliance with these forces.

Yet Germany must be regarded as a form of *servile* State which, if providing for the expression of public feeling, retains executive authority in the hands of "soldiers and officials"; the sense that may attach to von Bulow's phrase, lacking in creative instinct. By contrast it brings into purview the weakness of its Liberal opponents at the first clash of their respective systems--the points emphasised as native to democracy; want of this special discipline, resolute Government, a consistent foreign policy, influenced by humanitarian scruples which Teutonism discards. Though weakness and humaneness are not quite at one. In the leading Western nations where popular Government is established the idea of country, *la patrie*, is a unifying spiritual sentiment, that of the *State* is far from being so, politically, in varying degrees. The old Liberalism, which

identified freedom with the unrestricted pursuit of private interest, regarded industrialism as necessarily leading to free institutions; as all interests must be represented in the legislature and policy become a matter of adjusting conflicting claims. It believed all this to be incompatible with militarist methods and policy—must end in their dissolution. But Germany has shown how these methods, working with other unforeseen tendencies, can develop an efficient industrial regime in the mass interest of the State. Not but what powerful sectional interests are entrenched even there. Free competitive enterprise among the "individualistic" nations has brought in its train things inimical to the welfare of the body politic, which has called forth, according to the measure of social feeling a reassertion of State supremacy to cope with them; in England by a long course of Factory Legislation and the like.

Consequently, in meeting the centralised mass of the Teuton, these nations have found their systems, their temper and resource tested to the uttermost. In numerous ways they have had to be transformed under war pressure in order to match their formidable foe. Much of this transformation may be permanent. It is on belief in his superiority here that the "Hun" has counted in his brute aggression, and in the case of one opponent—the relatively backward and corrupt autocracy of Russia, he has not done so in vain, even with its so-called Revolution.* Much has been said about the abandonment of Germany to "Materialism" as the cause of her ruthless aims.

*The movement of revolt against the autocracy, after passing through various stages has fallen into the hands of an extreme section representing, as far as one

* (See Foot Note continued on next page)

Let us clear our minds of cant on this head. If by this term is meant the pursuit of wealth and all resources, natural, scientific and technical included in "riches" in the modern sense, then wealth is the foundation to-day of all other power—the means to art and the higher decencies of life. What *does* matter is the kind of wealth we have in view, the quality of the satisfaction it subserves both personal and communal. True, there is ground for an æsthetic revision of pre-war standards here. Some sentimentalists would delude themselves that liberty has a special Providence on its side and must always defeat its adversary because of innate virtue. But British freedom would have been in a parlous state in 1914 without a preponderant navy behind it; British effort less potent without the economic strength which has created a war industry and raised thousands of millions of war revenue which after four years' strife finds the nation's financial resource "greater than

can understand the prevailing confusion, the Communistic wing of Revolutionary Socialism. This aims at getting power into the possession of the "workers" of all countries by a general violent upheaval and destruction of "bourgeois" society. It is a bastard internationalism, as inimical as the autocratic forces we have reviewed to the steady up growth of free, organic nationality, and which is rooted in things deeper than class interest, as such. According to a paper directed by the Russian writer, Maxim Gorki, with Socialist leanings, this is the upshot of the experiment:—"Disintegration and demoralisation is proceeding with irresistible force." Having plundered the estates of the landowners, having shared out among themselves or simply destroyed the dead and living stocks on those estates, having even taken to pieces the buildings, the peasants are now preparing for war against one another for the division of the spoil. To this is added the calamity of famine. In some districts the population has long ago consumed all the available stocks of corn, including seed-corn, while in others the peasants, having had a good harvest are hiding corn and even burying it in order not to share it with their starving neighbours. All this must lead, and in some places has already led, to a war of all, against all, and to the most senseless chaos and universal destruction and murder.'

any one would have anticipated and an amazing testimony to the financial stability of the country."

Liberty is no peculiar favour granted from on high but a veritable conquest by human forces wrested from its hydra-headed human foe. It, also, implies power of a particular kind, the widest conditions of human self-expression, self-realisation and demands for its exercise a corresponding type of *self* discipline. If in its modern adaptations it is revealed at this crisis as wanting in certain modes of organisation, it shows in another way a vitality of its own; noble pride, resolute sacrifice, devotion to country and the duties of citizenship as against the docile submissiveness of subjects of a servile Power. The crisis has also brought home to our consciousness that the *State* is far more than a glorified police for protecting property, however acquired, or enforcing contracts whatever their justice. Liberty arose in the antique world only to sink again, but its seed remained and has germinated afresh under more favourable conditions in recent centuries. Still imperfectly understood and established its genius is potent enough to inspire a whole generation with passionate ardour in its defence—choosing to perish off the earth rather than yield before the eternal adversary, again menacing its existence.

Two principles which have long contended for supremacy in the shaping of Western culture, one of the Future—generous belief in freedom, illumination, the pursuit of knowledge and its rational outcome in a worthy social order; the other of the Past,—theocratic and militarist absolutism, servilism, superstition; these have been forced by the champions of reaction to a definite

issue by violence. The issue is mortal, for either victory or destruction, the survival of the principle that must mould civilisation at large for generations to come.

And Liberty shall NOT fail. The glorious company of spirits who have gone before and prepared her way—poets, prophets, seers, thinkers, statesmen, fighters, martyrs—compass her legions about; their constant and heroic influence will sustain them in yet greater conquests. Beyond the reek and suffering and sacrifice of the battle, out of the dissolution of a mighty, obstructive historic system is discernable means for building anew a fairer fabric—the vision that shines through this awful ordeal. Such fires of experience must purify the free systems themselves from everything found to be effete, unstable, illusive. For the constructive task after the war Liberty must be equipped with every moral, scientific and material force essential to its completion and permanence: a transcendant POWER that shall avail for expanding Life in lieu of mean bondage, utilize world resources for national ends under responsible authority, and give to the different sections of humanity opportunity for healthy development according to their natural talent and capacity.

All which has a special significance for the diverse families of men, of every race and creed, that shelter under the broad folds of the British Flag—a League of Nations in itself—the Flag that still floats on high in heaven's free air as the symbol of its mission on earth. Many have come to learn beneath it the meaning of tolerance and progress. Beyond adjustments of relations between these separate entities which may be necessary, there is the question of inner adjustment of institutions to fresh demands, of emancipation

from adhesion to the letter rather than the spirit of tradition and custom rooted in past conditions in face of changing circumstances. To interpret faith in the light of universal experience, verify social modes, and enhance natural resources ; to harmonise matter and spirit, real and ideal in one vital purpose—this is to live not by bread alone but by every word of God and Truth.

AUSTEN VERNEY.

France.

G I F T S.

Here is a gift of wreaths,
 Spirit of Love,
 Here is a gift of wreaths,
 I wove them with the withered petals
 of my dream-flowers.

Here is a gift of fruits,
 Immortal Love,
 Here is a gift of fruits,
 I gathered in the fields of life
 Fruits of dream—seeds.

Here is a gift of oil,
 O Lamp of Love,
 Here is a gift of oil,
 Crushed in the strong oil—press of life
 Oil of dream—leaves.

Here is a gift of jewels,
 Goddess of Love,
 Here is a gift of jewels,
 Hard pebbles of experience,
 Picked in dream—mines.

Here is a gift of songs,
 Inspiring Love,
 Here is a gift of songs,
 Among the awful hills of Time,
 I sing dream songs.

V. V. CHINTAMANI.

LETTERS FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN

Dear Sisters in India,

A kindly critic says, regarding my first letter called 'Introductory,' that I passed in review the development of my English sisters from their old state of unthinking, inert appendages to man, up to their present condition of purposeful active co-workers with man; but that I did not give any account of the steps by which this metamorphosis was achieved, and that an indication of how a difficult road may be negotiated is always a help to others who might wish to follow in the same way.

The steps are not altogether easy to describe, for there is more than one road. It is best to start young on these paths to power and usefulness, so it seems as if the greatest aid to a woman's progress is her mother's support during her earliest years, but then this implies that the mother herself must to some extent have evolved into a thinking conscious soul, in which case her influence and assistance are invaluable to her children's development. All progress if healthy and durable is gradual. Each generation helps or hinders the one that follows. It is much harder for the older people to accept new ideas, or indeed, any change in the accustomed habits of their life, because their prejudices have become fixed, and their thinking—mostly borrowed from the previous generation—

runs in deepworn ruts and their influence is entirely obstructive. One often hears them say 'I am too old to learn', or: 'what was good enough for my father is good enough for me.' It is easy to see that such a view must mean stagnation—a complete check to any advance. But if mothers would drop this very conservative and narrowing mode of thought, and would allow their minds to grasp the idea that each generation should be an improvement on the last, they would construct a step on which the younger ones might rise, and at the same time such wise elders would not be left far behind. If they practically sympathised with the frolic and fun of the young, as well as with their loftier visions and gave them freedom and encouragement to express themselves by hand, head and heart, this broad and loving understanding would, by supplying experience, be a most helpful balance to youthful zeal and enthusiasm, not checking them, but guarding them from pitfalls or from over running their goal.

Never, never frown on the zeal of youth nor throw cold water on its divine enthusiasm.

How can the older ones gain this liberal-mindedness? The prejudices and habits of age are as difficult to surmount as five-barred gates with rusty unused hinges. The young enthusiast might vault them, but the older people would have to oil the hinges and gradually work the rust away, and push the gate slowly to open it and pass through into broader and more extended fields of wider life and usefulness.

I hope my kind readers will not think I am writing too metaphorically, and not stating sufficiently clearly the

steps on the path. May we not call oiling the rusty hinges the first step? in other words-seeking to open the mind by gathering information; reading, thinking, enquiring, and using such levers as determination and perseverance to gain knowledge, and withal educating and using our reasoning powers.

If we think largely, we shall live largely. If we hold before our mind's eye a prophetic vision of perfection—beautiful lives—love's conquest of self service to God and man—we shall find ourselves growing up to the plane on which our thought dwells. Our ideals will take form and our narrow prejudices and weak fears will melt away, we shall no longer nail ourselves to give opinions, and the constructing chains of old habits will loosen. By thus liberating thought we at least make the progressive path easier for others, instead of blocking it by opposition. It may be that we personally shall never step out into the arena of active public life, where others are carrying on great and visible works for the redemption and well being of their brethren. It may be our part only to support and help the active worker or the eloquent speaker, by our strong thoughts and kindly sympathy. These unseen forces have much power in shaping events. The important thing is that we watch for and take every opportunity that is presented to us, to do our part in the elevation of mankind and the reconstruction of social life, if it be by but just living that better life ourselves. Indeed when life itself speaks through us words seem trifling.

We must no longer talk of women as being weak and helpless, they are not so unless they wilfully take that position. They are on the contrary a great power for good

or evil. Though they may elect to remain in the background they are often the motive power of great undertakings, they prompt and suggest and encourage. There are many who prefer thus to work out of the glare of the limelight, but they are none the less workers for man's betterment. Their unseen influence is enormous and to them is largely due the tone and colouring of the thought of the world in which they live, if they have the will and the wisdom to unite in the necessary effort, and know how to demonstrate that which they advocate, and are also tactful and reasonable, they will inspire others to help and develop themselves, and thus become starting points and fresh centres for a more rapid advance in man's evolution towards perfection. Women have the power to produce noble or ignoble nations, but this is too big a theme for the present letter. I am only skirting the fringe of this great subject to-day.

Are you asking if one needs must be very learned and solemm to do much real good progressive work in the world? How shall I express a simile, a simile of warm understanding and sympathy with the questioner? Gaiety with little knowledge wins more friends than solemnity with much wisdom. Intellectual cleverness, much book learning does not appeal to a large number of women. It strikes chill on the heart sometimes, does it not my sisters? We want to feel the warm pulses of life, to pour love into the cold hard world, to apprehend the unspoken word—the *whispers of the soul*, to perceive the hidden troubles of the heart and administer the comfort of comprehending compassion; and it is just by these spiritual attributes that women wield their greatest power. It is because they are sensitive to atmosphere and vibration, because love backed by innate

wisdom looks beneath the surface of men's lives and can touch wounds with gentle fingers, that women who have learnt to control all their own particular weak points, may become most valuable assistants to men in the organisation and management of big reforms. I know full well that this is no light project, for the world is loth to be disturbed out of its lethargic conservatism; that is why it has always persecuted pioneers.

But to return to the fancied question. Need we be so terribly clever to accomplish good work? no, simplicity with sincerity is worth a ton of cleverness? Tact and intuition which are supposed to be woman's prerogative and which are the outcome of a loving and sympathetic heart, whether in man or woman, will roll away more opposition and difficulty and be a greater force for good and finer progress than any amount of intellectual cleverness. It is also quite possible to be too strenuous in work, though the extreme reverse, indolence, leads to nowhere and nothing. Does much thinking make your head ache? Do you want relaxation? Then make a change, put away your book or hard thinking for a time. Go into the nursery and laugh and romp with the children, their merry play will drive away the cobwebs in your brain and the effort to cope with their young energy will send the blood flowing more freely in your veins; their patter and inconsequence, the sprightliness you will need to match theirs may tire your body, but will relax the brain strain and remove all tension. If you are not physically strong enough for such nimble proceedings, or have no children handy; go into another kind of nursery, the woods or garden, and make friends with nature's silent living growth. There, too, you will find rest and relaxation

and refreshment, for it is change of focus that you need. Next time you return to the reading that had seemed difficult or dull, you will find that you have grown cleverer, or the book has grown easier in some mysterious way. Be patient with books, what you do not understand at the first reading you will at the second, and more surely still at the third, we are not always in the correct mood for reading.

By reading, I am not referring to novels, those novels of the trashy and sensational type which enervate and drug the brain. A surfeit of this kind of reading incapacitates for more serious work and deeper subjects. Study rather what broadens the horizon, enriches and elevates the mind, gives inspiration to the soul and extends wisdom, happiness and use.

I seem to have adopted a serious tone in this letter, the subject being of a graver kind than some I have written on before, but I trust I have not erred on the the side of over solemnity. The best work is always done by the man or woman who goes out into the world with a brave heart, bright outlook and an unconquerable desire to ride over difficulties and troubles with a smiling face, seeing before him only the strengthening, cheering and impelling power of the Eternal Good.

I hope that my Indian readers will write to me and give me their thoughts on my letters, with either questions or criticism so that I may learn which style of letter most interests them and which ideas most appeal to them.

The Editor would I am sure not mind forwarding me any such communications.

HEATHER.

NIZAM-UL-MULK OF TUS.

LEST the general reader might not be mistaken, I think I should at once tell him that the subject of this sketch has nothing to do with Nizam-ul-Mulk, the illustrious founder of the Hyderabad dynasty. Nizam-ul-Mulk Tusi was the celebrated Vazier of Alp Arslan (the valiant Lion) and his son Malik Shah, the Seljuk monarchs who ruled over Persia and Asia Minor during the later half of the eleventh century of the Christian era.

Before dealing with Nizam-ul-Mulk, I hope it will not be out of place if I give a short account of the great rulers themselves whose courts Nizam-ul-Mulk adorned and whose reigns he strove to make glorious in the annals of Islamic achievements. Seljuks were a branch of the Ghuzz Turks, who originally came from Turkistan to Trans-Oniana or the Mavara-un-Nahr and who began to overrun the north and east of Persia in 1029 A. D. Tuqaq ("bow"), the father of the Great Seljuk, the founder of the dynasty, being the first to adopt the religion of Islam. At the time of their appearance, says Stanley Lane-Poole, the empire of the Caliphate had vanished. What had once been a realm united under a sole Mahomedan ruler was now a collection of scattered dynasties not one of which save perhaps the Fatimides of Egypt was capable of imperial sway. Spain and Africa had

long been lost to the Caliphs of Baghdad. Northern Syria and Mesopotamia were in the hands of turbulent chiefs, some of whom had founded petty dynasties. Persia was split up into the numerous Governments of the Buwayhid princes or was held by sundry insignificant dynasts, each ready to attack the other. The disunion of the various provinces of the vanished empire was increased by the prevalence of schism. A drastic remedy was needed and it was found in the invasion of the Turks. These rude nomads, continues Lane-Poole, unspoilt by town-life and indifference to religion, embraced Islam with all the fervour of their uncouth souls. They came to the rescue of a dying state and revived it. They swarmed over Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria and Asia Minor, devastating the country and exterminating every dynasty that existed there, once more united Mahomedan Asia, from the Western frontier of Afghanistan to the Mediterranean, under one sovereign, they put a new life into the expiring zeal of the Muslims, drove back the re-encroaching Byzantines, and bred up a generation of Mahomedan warriors, to whom more than to anything else, the crusaders owed their repeated failures. This is what gives the Seljuks so important a place in Mahomedan history, the more so, when we remember that they were the progenitors of the Ottoman Turks. To my mind they stand almost exactly in the same relation to Baghdad, and the Caliphate as do the Germanic hordes to Rome and the Roman Empire.

Seljek's son was Mikail whose two sons were Chagri Daud and Tughril. Alp Arslan was the third son of Chagri Daud and succeeded his uncle in 1063 and died in 1072 of a wound inflicted by a rebel whom he had

sentenced to death. His reign, though short, was filled with glorious deeds. I shall mention here one which throws some light on his character too. While in Azerbaijan he received news that Diogenes Romanus who had been raised from the scaffold to the throne by the favour of the Empress Eudocia, had burst into Asia Minor with an over-whelming force numbering at the lowest estimate 200,000 with the avowed object of destroying Baghdad, reducing the whole of Western Asia under the Roman sway. He lost no time and at once rode off to meet the advancing foe. At Malaz Kard or Malaz Jard, an important fortress midway between Erzurum and Van, the Byzantine were defeated and the Emperor taken prisoner.

When the captive Emperor was brought before Alp Arslan, the latter said "Did I not offer thee peace and thou didst refuse?" "Spare me your reproaches" answered the Emperor, "I will do what thou wilt." "And what", continued the Sultan, "didst thou intend to do with me hadst thou taken me captive?" "I would have dealt harshly with thee," replied the Greek. "And what," said Alp Arslan, "do you think I shall do with thee." "Either thou wilt slay me," answered Romanus, "or thou wilt parade me as a spectacle through the Muslim lands; for the third alternative namely, thy forgiveness and the acceptance of a ransom and my employment as thy vassal is hardly to be hoped for." "Yet this last," said the victim "is that whereon I am resolved," the ransom was fixed at a million and a half of dinars, the Emperor was to marry his daughters to the sons of Alp Arslan, an annual tribute was to be paid and all prisoners of war were to be liberated. These terms having been accepted, Romanus was invested with a robe of honour and given

a tent for himself and 15,000 dinars for his expenses! He was allowed an escort for safe return, accompanied by the Sultan himself for a parasang. The Emperor who had accepted these terms was deposed at Constantinople and though the Sultan prepared to support him by arms, Romanus was put to death by the Greeks before he could be sent to him.

Alp Arslan, as already mentioned died in 1072 of a wound. Ibin-ul-Asir describes him as a noble, benevolent, just and wise ruler; pure, pious, and devout in his life, humane of heart, charitable and a friend of the poor, never indulging in anything reprehensible and withal brave and chivalrous.

Malik Shah was seventeen or eighteen years of age when he was called upon to control the mighty empire founded by Seljuk and built up by Tughril and Alp Arslan. The Caliph conferred on him the title of Jalalud-Doulah, the glory of the empire and surely he justified it by his true kingly qualities of head and heart.

He succeeded to a mighty empire but it was no bed of roses, and troubles surrounded him, but he triumphed in the end. One of the insurrections was headed by his own brother and the incident occurred at Tus indicates what manner of man Malik Shah was. After *fatiha* at the mausoleum of Iman Ali ar-Raza, he prayed to God to give victory to his brother if he was more worthy than himself to rule over the Muslims. Wise, noble and just Malik Shah's renown as a ruler has been equalled by few sovereigns. His dominions extended from the confines of China to the Mediterranean on the west, from Georgia on the north to Yemen in the south. Twelve times he traversed the wide extent

of his dominions and personally examined the condition and requirements of each Province. Like Harun and Mamun he established resting places and guard-houses along all the trade and pilgrim routes for the protection of merchants and travellers. In the words of an eminent historian, Malik Shah's reign in its grandeur and magnificence and in the prosperity of the people rivalled the best period of Roman or Arabian domination. Commerce and industry flourished: art and literature were fostered by a lavish patronage, an unprecedented impetus was given to the cultivation of the Persian language, the cities of Asia were adorned with Colleges, Hospitals, Mosques, and palaces and the empire was covered with roads and canals to facilitate traffic and fertilize the soil. The reformation of the calendar was of importance to the world at large. A Committee of scientists, under the presidency of the astronomer royal the celebrated Omar Khayyam was entrusted with the task. This assemblage of astronomers corrected all errors by a computation of time, "which" says Gibbon, "surpasses the Julian and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian." The New-Year's Day was fixed at the first point of the sun's entry into Aries instead of, as heretofore, at the meridian of his passage through Pisces. The reformed era received, after the Sultan the name Jalalian.

That Malik Shah was ever anxious to make amends for the wrongs inflicted on the poor, the following incident will show. Once when he had gone out a-hunting, one of his attendants slaughtered a fat cow—which he considered to be without a master, but which really belonged to a widow. The aggrieved widow waited for the Sultan on the bridge of a canal and when his Majesty passed that way

she represented her case and said "O son of Alp Arslan, dost thou mean to do me justice on this bridge or on the *pul-i-sarāt* the bridge between Hell and Heaven? Choose whichever place thou likest." The Sultan alighted from his horse and said, "I would decide the case here, because it lies not in my power to decide it there," and gave her seventy cows instead, and would not move till she said she was satisfied and then he rode his horse and went his way.

Such were the monarchs whom Nizam-ul-mulk was ordained to serve and it would be no exaggeration to say that but for him, their reigns would have been shorn of the lustre that now heightens their glory.

This celebrated minister was born in 1017, like Firdausi, of a family of *Dihgans* or small landed gentry in Tus. His father's name was Khawja Ali and so Zamurrad Khan, his mother, named him Khawja Hasan but she died when he was still a child and Khawja Ali had thus to take particular care of the child, who was later on placed under the tutelage of a learned man of his time, Abdus Samad faqih, who bears testimony to the Khawja's remarkable powers of memory. After completing his home education he left Tus for Neshapur for further study under Iman Maufiq. It is here at Neshapur that the Khawja is said to have formed the acquaintance of his class mates Omar Khayyam the astronomer-poet and Hasan bin Sabah, the redoubtable head of the bloody assassins, and the trio made the historic compact. The story is that, one day Hasad bin Sabah said to Nizam-ul-Mulk and to Khayyam, "It is a universal belief that the pupils of Imam Maufiq will attain to fortune. Now, even if we *all* do not attain thereto, without doubt one of us

will; what then shall be one mutual pledge and bond?" They answered, "Be it what you please." "Well," he said "let us make a vow, that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest and reserve no pre-eminence for himself." "Be it so," they both replied. And on these terms they pledged their words. When Khawja Hasan rose to eminence, he kept his word by extending his patronage to Omar Khayyam and Hasan bin Sabah but the latter dissatisfied with a gradual rise, became his enemy, and ultimately brought about his death by delegating an assassin to perform this diabolical deed. The whole story is given in *Wasaya*, said to have been written by Nizam-ul-Mulk himself but which Professor Browne calls spurious, though he says there is good reason to believe that Khawja Hasan was acquainted with Hasan bin Sabah. And since it is certain that Nizam-ul-Mulk's death was brought about by one of the assassins who was instigated by Hasan bin Sabah and since Omar Khayyam actually enjoyed the patronage of the great Vazier who introduced him to the royal court, there must be some truth in the story which, therefore, need not be dubbed as a myth pure and simple.

On his return from Neshapur Khawja Hasan found that his father had been reduced to poverty by his dismissal from the post of Tehsildar and so he thought it better not to burden his father with great expenses, and set out for Bokhara, then the seat of a university and there busied himself with higher studies. Having finished his course at Bokhara, the Khawja repaired to Merve thence he travelled through Mavara-un-Nahr, Ghazni, and Kabul. On reaching Balkh he was appointed to the post of Mir Munshi to the local Governor. But unfortunately

the Governor, Abu Ali, was a man of peculiar temperament. Whenever he saw that the Khawja had made some saving he would fine him and thus leave Khawja in comparative poverty and add the amount to his own hoardings. Whenever the Khawja remonstrated, Abu Ali used to reply that the Munshi (Clerk) need have nothing more than the pen. Tired of this Abu Ali, he left Balkh to try his luck in the court of Chaghri Daud, the father of Alp Arslan. Chaghri Daud or Chaghar Beg Daud Seljuki discovered that the new candidate for royal favour was a man of considerable promise and commended him to the notice of the prince who made Khawja Hasan his guide, friend and philosopher. From here begins the rise of Hasan. Authorities agree that though Abu Ali, the Governor of Balkh was so stingy and troubled the Khawja in that way, yet it was under him that the Khawja learnt the first principles of statecraft and the intricacies of the revenue system which stood him in good stead in his later years.

When Chaghri Daud died and Alp Arslan mounted the throne, he made Abu Ali and Khawja Hasan, his joint vaziers, but on the murder of Abu Ali, Khawja Hasan was the sole master of the situation. He was now 48 years of age, fully capable of shouldering the burden of the State. For about 29 years he wielded undisputed power over the empire which he raised with his energy, wisdom and foresight.

Nizam-ul-Mulk was a minister of peace rather than of war. One of the chief events of his vazierate is the establishment of the great University of Baghdad, the well-known, Nizamiya, the nursery of eminent scholars and avants. One of the learned friends of Nizam-ul-Mulk

Abu Saad Neshapuri, it is said, came to him one day and suggested the proposal which Nizam-ul-mulk took up right enthusiastically. A large plot of land on the bank of the Tigris was purchased and on 4th October, 1065, the foundation-stone was laid and in two years the building was ready when Shaikh Abu Saad had the Khawja's title engraved on it. Henceforth it became known as Nizamiya, and at once developed into a great seat of knowledge and soon became the fountain-head of colleges scattered over several cities like Neshapur, Ispahan, Merve, Mosul, Basra, Herat, Balkh and Tus. Money from the royal treasury was lavished on it and Jagirs were endowed, Zakat was offered and munificent donations freely made. Liberal scholarships for the first time attracted students from far and near. For about 380 years the Nizamiya flourished and continued to produce men of the highest intellectual attainments. Saadi is but one of the pupils of its decaying days. The head of the University was generally the most erudite scholar of his age, and some of those who occupied that coveted position were Jamal-ud-din, Abu Ishaq Shirazi, Tabri, Ghazzali, and Fahr-ul-Islam. The learned Abu Zakriya, at one time, held only the subordinate position of librarian.

At the request of his sovereign Mālik Shah, Nizam-ul-Mulk undertook the preparation of his "Treatise of the history and art of Government" entitled *Siyasat Nama*, referred to by Persian writers as *Siyar-ul-Muluk* (or Biographies of Kings) and presented it to His Majesty who heartily approved of it but it was not published until after the author's death. The *Siyasat Nama* which is included in the course of the Indian Civil Service Examination is one of the most remarkable and instructive prose works in

the Persian language. It comprises fifty section or chapters treating of nearly every royal duty and prerogative and every department of administration. It is, says Professor Browne, one of the most valuable and interesting prose works which exist in Persia both because of the quantity of historical anecdotes which it contains and because it embodies the views of Government of one of the greatest Prime Ministers whom the East has produced—a minister whose strength and wisdom is, in no way, better proved than by the chaos and internecine strife which succeeded his death. It is written in a style extraordinarily simple and unadorned, devoid of any kind of rhetorical artifice, at times almost colloquial and marked by a good many archaic forms characteristic of that period of Persian prose.

Nizam-ul-Mulk had twelve sons, all or nearly all of whom held high positions in the State, which royal jealousy would not let them enjoy very long. Turkan Khatun, the favourite wife of Malik Shah, with whom she had unbounded influence, brought about the aged minister's overthrow. Her chief ambition was to secure to her little son, Mahmud, the succession to the throne while Nizam-ul-Mulk was in favour of the elder Barkiyaruq, then a boy of twelve or thirteen. Different stories are given of the methods employed by the Sultana but suffice it to say that she succeeded in the end and Nizam-ul-Mulk had to make room for her *protege* Tajul-Mulk. Nizam-ul-Mulk, however, did not long survive his disgrace. And on October 14, 1092, he was murdered by one of the emissaries of Hasan bin Sabaha against whom and against whose sect Nizam-ul-Mulk had written so

much. His death was deeply mourned by the vast majority of people whom he had ruled so wisely for thirty years.

As fate would have it Malik Shah did not outlive his minister by more than a month. He went out a-hunting, caught a chill and died on November 19th. And so the poet Muizzi has it—

“One month the aged minister to heaven did
translate;

The young king followed him next month
overwhelmed by equal fate,

For such a minister, alas! Alas! for such a king!
What impotence the power of God on earthly
power doth bring.”

*Amraoti Camp,
(Berar).*

G. M. D. SUFI.

SCATTERED SANDS.

The Might Have Been.

I. Soft, smooth skin, eyes just like mine, yet not quite so, a little like those of the one who might have stood at the threshold to welcome me home from work, these have I given up on account of an idea.

I might have been what I am not, I might have shrivelled and shrunk myself into a rich man, were it not for an idea. There are riches, and riches, they stand on different planes, the material, the moral, the spiritual. Choose any of them, provided you are willing to pay the price for it. I have chosen one of them, and I am paying the price for it.

War—Its Causes.

II. What is the cause, the very real cause of the stupendous upheaval? This stealing of men from their wives, of wives from their husbands, stranded children, shattered homes? The soul-sighs of mothers, the breaking of hearts, the wrenching of lover and loved?

Why all this thunder and lightning from earth, this belching of smoke, this shower of lead? Why all this unearthly human sounds and sighs? Can it be the very hounds of hell are unleashed? Why all this strange sight?

Men flying in the air, men creeping under the earth, men cutting under the sea.

What be the cause of this unearthly game men call war? Why these unheard, unseen sights? Because of souls and hearts astray. Vain seeking after shadows. Eager groping after bubbles that break before their capture.

The Unchristian Word.

III. "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

Denouncing Christ and His teaching, His hopes, and His aspirations, throwing Him, His life on this world with all His doings from the creation up to the present moment, a prophet greater than the one who worded the wise sentence, no man hath seen, so sayeth the modern wise man, the self-inflated man with self-inflated ideas. Ideas like these disintegrate a nation, isolate her, because they are not true. Christ came to unite and not to divide, and he knew. Kipling's assertion is the evidence of his limitations.

A Frail Boat.

IV. Alone, supremely alone, on a lonely shore, I roam with Beauty solely for my company. My heart is like to a spring morning, all freshness, all joy.

My soul bubbles into thoughts ethereal like the opening of the rose in spring. Life is worth living. Little of earth is really essential to happiness.

All the organs of my senses are alive to the loveliness around them. The eyes roam over the wide expanse and glow with the light of the morning sun. The love outside, around me, influences me.

A frail white boat runs, well distant, dark and dismal rocks. Gaiety, joy, beauty, like strangers abandon my eyes. Sorrow immeasurable sits triumphantly in their place. Can this be life? Alas perfection and permanency are not to be found on earth.

The boat of my heart how came you amongst these hostile folks? Speak, for I am the same as I was except for a bigger breath of heart and soul which I owe to our Maker.

Poor Rich Man, Rich Poor Man.

V Oh? you multi-millionaire, poor rich man, how I pity you, my heart goes to you in sympathy; but you are not capable of understanding me, you are a stranger to yourself. What avail all this power, pelf, and pomp, what avail these Mills, Motors, Mansion? I see all your possessions gathered out of the pain of others, to be left behind any moment the call comes.

What does all this mean, rich man? Have you no eyes to see, and ears to hear? Are your eyes so blinded by the glimmer and glitter of gold, are your ears deafened by their rapid pouring? Wake up and gather real riches.

Oh? you rich poor man, shivering with cold in your tattered garments, lying in a still more tattered hut, all alone, everybody a stranger to you, except yourself. No light to see, no fire to warm you, and for music the howling of the wind. Oh? how I envy you for I see the light of light in your heart the Fire of love is in you, and I hear the music of a mind well-directed. I kneel at your feet. I feel my heart bursting with feeling, my mind staggering at the presence of the power Unseen. The beholder too unworthy. One long celestial glance. No more.

Searching about the corners of my storehouse, the memory, I recognised my hero to be one of the mill-hands of the poor rich man.

Who of these two would you choose to be, having an eye on the world to come? Who of them do you expect to be the richer in the land where no material money exists? or richer here, the place where death may swallow you unawares.

B. A. D. SYLVA.

ELLORA CAVES—A VISIT.

○ F all the things that have met with a cordial reception and genuine appreciation from the Gaikwar of Baroda the idea of visiting a place of general interest or historic eminence claims a foremost prominent position, the reason lying in the fact that the Maharaja is himself a great and proverbial lover of ancient art, and observes the curiosities and the wonders of the world not with an eye of an idle-whiler of time but with an eye of a keen observer and a thoughtful student whose sole aim is to study the natural phenomena and the artificial production of human hand of different times and at different places.

To satiate this very desire of knowing and witnessing every thing of every where and to quench his great thirst of acquiring knowledge of human minds and the tendencies and the circumstances that govern them, he has travelled far and wide, and as an ardent devotee of this passion he has practically compassed the whole Globe and has thereby achieved a huge amount of divers sorts of experience with which he at present executes and carries on the heavy and most responsible duties of a ruler of such a vast tract of country as Baroda.

It is thanks to his exertions and honest labours that Baroda has been shaped and chiselled into a perfect figure

of a model state of to-day in India—a fact which is readily acknowledged and admired by the world at large and is rather difficult for even a callous enemy to refute.

So like others the idea of visiting the famous Ellora caves was taken up, and an elaborate programme drawn up to give it a practical shape.

Since the caves are situated in Hyderabad territory it was deemed courteous to refer the matter to H. E. H. the Nizam for his formal consent.

These stages of formalities being over the Gaekwar and his party left Deolali early in the morning of the 14th March.

The journey amidst the hilly and barren tract of country was pleasant and invigorating throughout, and in the calm, breezy and serene morning, nature's hand was clearly discernable from wherever one observed it.

Manmand was the station where the party had to tranship and to take the metre-gauge for Ellora Road Station. The special train did not take long to arrive at the road-side station from where the party had to travel by motor to Khuldabad where the Roza bungalow intended for sojourn was situated.

At Roza is a pretty cosy bungalow facing the east and is built at the top of a big hill commanding beautiful scenery of low-lying lands for miles away.

This bungalow was originally designed by the State for some Viceroy's excursion and since then it has been retained for the entertainment of distinguished guests of Hyderabad.

After a rest of half an hour or so His Highness started sight-seeing and the first chapter in the big school of Ellora caves was opened.

Ellora or Verule is a small village situated at the foot of a small hill of nearly 500 feet.

Adjoining the village there is a big and handsome temple of red-stone built by Ahalya Bai, Rani of Indore and it is considered to be a great accomplishment in the line of modern architecture.

Ellora is famous for its rock-temples and caves which extend along the face of a hill for a mile and a quarter and are grouped into three distinct series—*viz.*, Buddhist, Brahmanical and Jain and are arranged chronologically. The Buddhist caves, twelve in number, are situated at the south end, the Indra Sabha or Jain group, consisting of five caves, lies at the other extremity of the series; the Brahmanical caves, which number seventeen, are between the other two series.

All these caves date back to the 5th to 9th or 10th century and important inscriptions have been found in them.

As a matter of fact the original idea of building these caves and of carving beautiful illustrated pictures was to perpetuate and keep afresh in the minds of people the history of some important and striking events and to impart full information regarding the manners, customs and habits of those days.

The caves were meant for the saints to live in and pass their time in devotion to the Omnipotent. In the caves there are legions of sculptures carved on walls which are very suggestive and bear a complete history of their own.

For leaving a record of a certain period of time for future generations to know this method was considered and

very wisely considered, to be the best and ever-lasting without any fear of its being tampered with.

These caves and pictures not only show the mode of life, the manners, the extent of civilization of the time when they were constructed ; but they leave a great moral effect over the mind of observers which bulky volumes of histories fail to do.

It is almost impossible for any historian, however elaborate and scrupulous, thorough and lucid he may be in his attempt, to express true scenes and sentiments of any nation either in love or war or in daily dealings with each other. He may be exact, in discussing the events, he may be able to aim at the true causes of the catastrophe, he may succeed in commenting upon the moral effect of such happenings; but with all that he would fail to express that fine feeling the very omission of which might not directly appeal to the hearts of people. So these pictures and figures which may look frivolous and common place to an ignorant mind do excite our inward passions and feelings which the mighty and learned pen of a historian is here expressed though in a meagre way.

In fact books are not the only medium of imparting knowledge. There are other agencies as well.

The knowledge of past events can be acquired more vividly and the impression over man's mind is more lasting by travelling in foreign countries and closely observing and scrutinizing the customs and manners of people in past and present aspects; by reading and decyphering the inscriptions from pillars and rocks; by visiting the caves and by inspecting the pictures and paintings.

It is the sacred and imperative duty of every seeker of truth and lover of art to preserve such monuments so that future generations may go on benefitting by them *ad infinitum*.

It is really a matter of universal grief that some short-sighted victors to crown the fortune of their victory defaced and obliterated the caves so ruthlessly that the whole action excites more contempt rather than sympathy and appreciation from the observer. It is obvious that simply to feed some fanatic grudge against a certain class of co-relegionists they deprived friend and foe alike of the universal source of information.

Among the most interesting objects at Ellora is the Kailas temple—one of the most wonderful and finished specimens of Architectural art in India.

Unlike other caves Kailas a great monolithic temple, isolated from surrounding rock and carved inside and outside both. It stands in a great court averaging 154ft. wide by 276ft. long at the level of the base, entirely cut out of the solid rock and with a scarp 107ft. high at the back. In front there has been a marvellous curtain left, carved on the outside with the monstrous forms of Shiva and Vishnu, with rooms in side.

This temple was built by Krishna I, Rashtrakuta king of Malkhed.

A close examination of the various groups of caves would show that provisions had been made for every requirement. There are audience halls, there are commodious dining halls, there are spacious public halls and beautiful concert chambers and the like. All the walls of the caves, inside and outside, abound in big and small figures of exquisite taste and appreciable proportion.

These things bear testimony to the fact as to how advanced were the people of those days in the art of carving and chiselling. There was no dynamite, and no explosives available in those days to blow up or dig through a hill, and every thing was confined to manual labour and patience. According to a popular version of the place 3 to 4 lacs of workers were employed to work day and night for three years to complete these caves.

The caves are forty-two in number and would take 10 to 12 hours for a visitor to examine them thoroughly.

This being finished His Highness next visited the old Daulatabad fort of by-gone fame. This fort too is a nice structure of mud and stone and once it was considered to an impregnable one.

The fort, as its whole history goes, has had a chequered fate, having fallen into many hands.

The fort of Daulatabad is built on the conical rock, scarped from a height of 150 ft. from the base. The hill upon which it stands rises almost perpendicularly from the plain to a height of about 600 ft.

There are three lines of fortifications between it and the base of the upper fort.

Besides the fortifications, the chief buildings are the Chand Minar and Cheena Mahal.

. . The Chand Minar which is 210 feet in height and 70 ft. in circumference was erected by Allauddin Bahmani to commemorate his conquest of the fort. The basement is 15 ft. high containing 24 chambers.

The Chand Minar is considered to be one of the most striking peices of Mahomedan architecture in Southern India,

The Cheena Mahal, once a building of beauty and excellence has encaustic paintings and decorations. In this Mahal the last Kutub Shahi king, Abul Hasan Tana Shah having been imprisend by Aurangzeb in 1687 spent thirteen years of his life.

There are located three very old and well constructed guns in different corners of the fort and are placed on high bastions, and are undoubtedly fine specimens of Indian art and manufacture.

One of them is called the "Killa Shikan" or Fort batterer, and was owned by Aurangzeb.

It is the biggest of its kind and measures 27ft. in length with a calibre of 12 inches. It is the local peoples belief that the gun can work up to 14 miles easily. If it be taken to be a fact the range would do great credit to Indian workmanship as the modern gun can only reach to the maximum distaunce of 23 miles accurately.

Over the gun appear the name of Aurangzeb and one Karanic line, meaning the help of God is with us and the victory is near at hand.

The other gun, termed "Siri Durga," is 19 ft. and 6 inches long with a bore of 7 inches and has a capacity of 20 seers of powder.

The gun was constructed by Mangalgir, son of Raghunath, a Vaish of Gujrat. There is a Gujrati inscription, saying that the cost of construction was defrayed by certain Banias.

The third one known as "Kala taup" is also of appreciable length and well built.

At the top of the fort there is a fine pavilion which commands a very picturesque view of Aurangabad on the east and Roza on the north.

The whole fort, though almost in ruins at present, is, at any rate, a marvellous relic of the past.

The next place that was well worthy of His Highness' visit happened to be Khuldabad, a town having strong and high walls around it and in every way showing the signs of having seen better days. The town is celebrated for the holy shrines of distinguished Musulmans amongst whom Aurangzeb, Asif Jah, Malik Ambar and Abul Hasan Tana Shah are the most prominent.

His Highness visited the tomb of Aurangzeb and was much impressed by it, the striking feature of it being that it was a model of simplicity in itself. It was uncovered and lying in a corner of a small mosque. The branches of a huge tree with sweet-smelling flowers were overshadowing it; otherwise it was exposed to sun, rains and wind storms.

The last item on the programme was to pay a visit to Aurangabad, a place about 16 miles from the Guest House at Roza.

Aurangabad is a nice town of the old stamp and full of interesting buildings. The town was founded by Malik Ambar, minister of Nizam Shahi kings of Ahmednagar and was called Fathehnagar, thought afterwards under the sway of Aurangzeb it changed its name to Aurangabad.

His Highness having motored through the principal streets of the city arrived at the "Naukhenda," a very old building of ancient design and now showing every sign of decay. The place was originally designed by

Aurangzeb to hold Durbars and accept Nazarana from his Nobles, Sardars and Jagirdars on the occasion of Id festivals.

Next halt was at the Palace Ark. The palace was built by Aurangzeb for his own use.

Although from many sides and in several ways the light of modern civilization and evolution has been let into it, still several things go to prove that the old structure was well-framed and well-designed. Unlike other palaces there could be found more comfortable accommodation of agreeable dimensions. There is a small orchard attached to the Palace. From the Palace His Highness drove past many places of historic significance and finally arrived at the magnificent mausoleum of Rabia Daurani.

It is a fine edifice of marble and looks very grand and imposing from the entrance gate. The central platform on which the "*Tawiz* or cenotaph stands enclosed in a screen of white marble of exquisite workmanship presents a very conspicuous appearance.

Finally the whole sepulchre could be pronounced as the Taj Mahal of Aurangabad with the difference that the material, workmanship and finish do not rise high enough to compete with that masterpiece of architecture still considered to be one of the wonders of the world.

Rabia Daurani was the wife of Aurangzeb and at her death the tomb was erected to perpetuate her memory.

To all eyes this action appears to be a little digression and departure from the path of rigid principles the strict follower and great exponent of which Aurangzeb counted himself to be. It is a common saying and to a greater

extent fact too that he never allowed a pie of the public money to be spent on his personal luxuries, so much so that he grudged himself the state expenditure for his bare subsistence which was an essential thing for carrying the duties of a ruler.

"The Emperor, who was a man of anstere piety, is said to have desired before his death that his sepulchre should be poor and unpretentions, in accordance with the tenets of the Koran, and to have expressly desired in his will that his funeral expenses should be defrayed from the proceeds of caps which he had quilted and sold, an amount that did not exceed Rs. 10; and that the proceeds of the sale of his copies of the Koran, Rs. 805, should be distributed to the poor."

Looking into these facts and weighing them in the balance of Justice the observer, in the absence of contradictory information, is bound to criticize the heavy drain over the public purse for building this tomb simply for the sake of sentiment.

However, it is the function of ethics to decide this problem.

To the west of the tomb there stands a beautifull moderate sized mosque still retaining her supreme glory, lustre and the brilliance of the colours painted both inside and outside, and His Highness was exceedingly delighted to see it.

Among the curios there, were shown Aurangzeb's autograph copies of the holy Koran and a collection of china of seven to eight hundred years pr eservation.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

THERE is one question which I asked myself frequently during the sixteen months when our hospital was used for Russians, and I am still asking the question. In that space of time hundreds of Russians passed through our care, with sojourns varying from one month to six, many more hundreds inhabited other hospitals in the town, and were seen about the streets. And still I am asking mentally, where is the moujik?

We all know him theoretically from books; personally he was almost the only Russian character I figured to myself before the end of the year 1916, with the exception of a few intellectuals and heroes, such as Tolstoi, Keopotkine, and Catherine Breschkovsky....He is known as a boorish person, dirty and ignorant, long as to hair and beard short as to manners, servile and necessitous, ready to prostrate himself before the smallest prospect of the dole of a few *kopecks*. And I have never met any Russian of those among whom I have lived, in the least resembling him, nor have I seen more than one or two in the streets, who even remotely recalled him in physical appearance. For months I supposed that we must somehow or other have received a superior class of soldier, drawn from homes having a degree of refinement and education. I supposed so,

not knowing otherwise how to account for the facts. Then I began to take stock of the occupations of our patients. By far the larger part gave themselves as "*kretsyani*" peasants, that is farmers, or peasant proprietors, others were carpenters, cobblers, etc. A great many were illiterate, though not as large a proportion as the books about Russia would lead one to expect. With regard to their illiteracy there are two curious facts to note, first, the number of instances in which it seemed to be in direct contrast to their native intelligence; second, the way in which they regarded it. It was not rare to find a man of real intelligence, even of an intellectual type, unable to read or write, whilst his neighbour, a peasant of the accepted peasant stamp could do both. And such ignorance is not looked upon as a disgrace nor even as a reproach to anyone. One is instructed or not instructed as may happen. If a man is unable to write his name he explains that he is not "*grammatishi*" in the most matter of fact way, and a comrade does it for him. Naturally it is recognised as a disadvantage, somewhat in the same way as being shortsighted is a disadvantage, or stuttering.

Jania, for instance, told me how much he envied me for being able to read and write more than one language. He himself did not know one letter of his own when he arrived at the hospital. Yet he certainly comes from a well-to-do home, and himself is refined to the point of fastidiousness. To be an engineer was his dream, "Would you like to be a doctor?" I asked him one day. No, he would not, for doctors have to see and to touch dirty and disagreeable things.

For his own cleanliness he was as immaculate as a nursery child. Indeed it was a perpetual wonder to me

how our patients kept themselves so clean with the very limited resources at their disposal. In the hospital we consider it a period of luxury when we have warm water for baths twice in a month.

One thing indeed the Russians would not do, they would not take a complete bath in cold water. And indeed I am not sure but that in most cases cold water bathing is, largely a pose, if the truth were to be told.

However that may be, our Russians had no use for it, but they would cheerfully take the money out of their own pockets, so long as they had any, and go to the bathing-houses in town, even if they had to hire a "*fiacre*" to take them.

In the matter of soap they counted no cost. Two or three francs for a little cake of scented soap meant nothing to them, and after pay day certain of our patients smelt like nosegays. Along the same line came their appeal for towels to take away with them. They hated the thought of being stranded in the depots, or the trenches, with a dirty shirt, and without a towel.

Perhaps their pet extravagance was perfume, soap, and eau de cologne. But in saying it one thinks of so many others that uncertainty prevails.

There was another thing that made them seem so unlike the popular ideal of the poverty stricken brutish peasant.

They wanted everything good of fine quality, and would buy it so, down to the last cent.

I happened one day to be choosing notepaper in a little cigar store. "If you are buying that for the

Russians, it is not good enough", remarked the proprietress." "They are very particular." It was for a French *poilu* nowever, which is quite different.

This particularity extends to the matter of clothes... Soiled, torn, worn, ill-fitting uniforms, which the French soldier accepts as a matter of course, were an abomination to the Russians. They are anything but industrious as a rule, but they would all work to remake badly fitted clothes, and the tailors in the wards were kept busy most of the time. The good cloth of the Russian uniform and the handsome military boots were the envy and admiration of all the French.

Food was a heavy item of expenditure for the Russian soldier. At all times larger eaters than the French, the none too generous diet of the hospital, with its absolute monotony, was a hardship from which they sought relief by laying in private supplies at every possible moment. It made no difference to them that the prudent French shopkeeper charged them two and three prices, gave them their change short, and generally robbed them, mercilessly. Towards the end of their stay this abuse became so flagrant that the hospital arranged for the conciergè to open a little private grocery store in a room which had previously served as a Chapel, and afterwards as a bureau for the Commissioners. There he sold fabulous amounts of kilos of butter, cheese, sardines, sausages, fruit, tobacco, tomatoes and lettuce for salad, tea, accomplishing at once a good business for himself and a saving for the hospital, commissariat.

Not only is the Russian soldier a hearty eater, but he is also fastidious with regard to his food. Many things which the French eat with relish he regards with distaste

or absolute repugnance. That people should eat frogs tripe, the particularly abhorrent looking kind of shell-fish called *oursans*, much relished on the Mediterranean, even rabbits, inspires him with disgust. The white haricot beans so much in evidence at French tables he has christened "shrapnel" and consumes more or less reluctantly. As for lentils the first time they were served our patients returned from the refectory in laughter declaring they had been offered poultices to eat.

The tobacco they smoke is much more expensive, and it is to be supposed finer than the tobacco of the French soldier. Certainly their cigarettes with the "*bouts d'or*" and "*bouts en carton*" look entirely more luxurious than the French article.

One dear delight of Russian soldier in hospital was to spread a table for his *infirmières*. There is one little room on the ground floor which will always be connected in the minds of some of us with tea drunk there during long evening twilights of the spring of 1917.

The custom began when Bragainsky, most vivid and eager of invalids, was covering from his operation. Almost his first effort when he began to get about, was to boil the kettle in the ward kitchen, and gather round his table two or three comrades and his *infirmières*. Then having filled every one's glasses, passed the lemon slices, and the sweet biscuits, heaped up in front of each guest the fruit drops which serve for sugar, he would lie back in his easy chair, radiantly content, "*Now* it is just like home! You are the mother, and these are the brothers."

It was not one or two cups which were *de rigueur* on such occasions. The glasses had to be filled over and over

again, "A Russian never gives *one* of anything?" Ivan from Siberia, explained one day, and it is true, they are the most generous of givers and the rigid economy of the French provokes in them a surprise not unmixed with contempt. "They might lose a centime one of them observed once in explanation of the, to them, extraordinary fact that French stores are not closed on Sundays and holidays.

Holidays in Russia, one would suppose, from their conversation, come almost as frequently as Sabbath days. And life is so gay! That is not our idea of Russian life, certainly, but Braginsky in particular insists that at home they habitually work all day, and dance half the night. Much dancing there must be, and much music, since so many of them do those two things, the dancing especially, the wonderful Russian dancing, seems to be a matter of course with them, I have been told by a Russian that the reception rooms in Russian homes are very little furnished or the furniture is ranged about the walls, so that there may be room for dancing whenever there is the mood for it.

Is it the national passion for the dance which has made them so graceful. A Russian walk is not a European walk, and I do not know how to describe it, any more than I know whether the extravagance of the Russian soldier is a fixed national trait, or the result of war conditions. So many of them have tried to send money home to their families in the earlier days of the war, and have heard after months of expectation, that it has never been received, that now they send no more. Instead they buy themselves all sorts of little luxuries and foolish trifles, and every little while have a new photograph taken. One

cannot please them better than to snapshot them, especially if by any means they can be clad in civilian clothes. That is their dream, and it is impossible to persuade them that they look infinitely better in their graceful uniforms. As for spending, "We may be dead next month, they say."

And with it, all they are poets, the soul of the Russian is essentially a poet soul. Not only do they love flowers, the French also do that, but they feel the beauties of nature in a way the French do not, sunsets, moonlights, the songs of birds.

The expression of their sentiments, their national phrases, are spontaneously poetical, their letters are full of it. "I wait for your answer as the nightingales wait for the summer." "I kiss your white hands that work so hard." "I long to see you again as I long for peace." An English nurse had given one of her patients a photograph to take away. He sent it home to his wife and wrote her that she should keep a candle always burning before it as before an ikon.

To-day it is a very unpopular thing to be a friend of Russia. To-day the world remembers only that Russia has failed, never how hard she strove. Few realized, and no-one cares to remember any more the fate of those Russian armies, their destruction and the manner of their destruction. But this has been written of them, "With every card stacked against him the Russian soldier often came out first. He sprang forward to attack under the belching death of an enemy artillery fire accurately massed, trained and timed for his destruction. His rapidly thinned ranks struggled through this murderous fire into the range of hundreds of machine guns, *all forewarned*. The remnants

of his battalions regiments and divisions breasted this hail of lead, and then... still fifty to seventy-five yards from the trenches, solid bands of inhuman liquid fire hungrily licked him up."

All forewarned.—Betrayed a thousand times, sent forward to battle with the issue of every campaign decided against him before it began, the Russian soldier at length has lost all confidence in his officers. The world has read with horror and dismay of the revenges taken by Russian soldiers on their officers in anarchic Russia of to-day, but let it not forget those Russian soldiers of yesterday driven into the trenches with one gun among a dozen men; let it not forget those first Russian armies so honey-combed with treachery that the Russian losses during the earlier campaigns baffle the imagination. It has been said that the Russian loss of men up to the time when Russia ceased to fight alongside the Allies, counting dead, permanently disabled, and prisoners, numbered fourteen millions. Suppose that figure to be exaggerated as is possible, call it only ten millions, there is still a nation more numerous than the small nations of Europe, twice as numerous as the newer nations of the world, Canada, Australia. Add to that the losses among the civilian population, the refugees whose graves lined the road after they had taken the last footsteps on the way of the Cross of which Doroskevitch has told us, during the months which followed the first invasion of Russia by German troops in 1915.

"Through confusion, treachery, double dealing and diabolically planned chaos the Russian peasant fought stoically, heroically, with every chance against him: fought steadily, blindly, tellingly; fought with rifles and

with clubs against heavy artillery and machine guns; fought doggedly and ungrudgingly, butchered before and stabbed behind; fought unceasingly, and uncomplainingly, though supposed friends destroyed his medical stores and food; fought, prayed, and died in line of noble duty, over whelmed by odds. Judas Iscariot led, and mercilessly manoeuvred by the enemy."

The Germans believe, according to this writer, that Russian *morale* has been destroyed for the present generation, "that the Russians have been so frightfully ravaged by death, and so crushed by the agonies and privations endured that they will not again be in position to put a dangerous army in the field."

And there are still other factors that have contributed to this result, the destruction among the Russian soldiers of the spirit for war, and one has seen the lot of the families left at home. France England and her colonies, have efficiently assumed the task of caring for the families of the men at the front. In many English homes of the poorer classes there is more prosperity than there was before the war. Italian wives and mothers have a very small allocation, and Italy nearly broke last fall, would have broken as Russia did, had not the Allies rushed troops to her aid. I have heard English soldiers say frankly that for their part, nothing would keep them in the trenches if they knew that their wives and children were hunger-stricken at home. The Russian have had this knowledge, and thousands of them have had no knowledge at all, no news through months and years, but only a haunting fear that makes a black death in the heart. "What do your soldiers say about their country." People

would ask last year with frowning faces. "Are they ashamed for her"?

What they said was "The children are crying for bread," Now the Russian soldiers left in France have been broken up into small detachments, and put to work in the woods, cutting timber, or to other unskilled labor. There are many of them who would go back to the Western front, if they could fight in the American or the English army. But they will not join the French, or submit themselves to French discipline. Perhaps it would not be possible in any case to establish any very cordial relations between these two nations, opposed at every point, both in their virtues and their defects. It certainly is not possible now since the French have adopted an attitude which the Russians bitterly resent. Even before Russia laid down her arms Russians in France were made to feel the sting of popular odium. More than a year ago our sick would say. "They were crying, *Vive la Russe*, and the girls throwing kisses to us, when the Germans were near to Paris, but now . . . Russian swine is all we hear".

In one hospital where the *medicin chef* is bitterly anti-Russian the sick have said that the only French words they had a chance to learn for weeks after their arrival were "*cochen* " "*sales russes*."

Since the revolution life in France has become almost as painful, morally, to the Russian soldier as if he were an enemy prisoner, a prisoner he virtually is.

Yesterday Russia was ruled by a blind and perverted autocracy. To-day Russia is ruled by the mob-spirit.

Yet it is most difficult for one who knows the individual. Russian to recognise him in the reports which come

from Russia of his acts to-day. Samson-like he, the blind giant, has pulled his house down on his own head, but unlike Samson he will not die among the ruins. If Russia presents to-day the greatest tragedy of modern history, to-morrow the world which our children will inhabit may hail in her the greatest resurrection. And long ere then, in a time which may be counted in months, those who think will have ceased to reproach her because of her present failure. In the hearts and minds of two classes bitterness may linger, with those who have lost nothing, the arm-chair critics, the woman who arraign the conduct of the war over their sugarless tea; and the others. . . . Those who have lost all, husband, sons, lover because Russia failed the Allies. These may not outlive the bitterness of that defeat, but the soldiers he who has known the life of the trenches, will also know how to make allowances. For out of his knowledge of actual conditions he will be able to ask himself, What would we have done how for would we have gone, how long would we have held, had our bodies lacked for food, and our arms for weapons? Not once nor twice, as conditions might dictate, as the emergency of a day might impose, but continually through weeks and months?

I have said that it is hard to recognise the Russian in the anarchic Russia of this year of 1918. Because the Russian is above all things kindly in daily life. You remember how Doroshevich described those smoky cold nights of the forest when the refugees, homeless as driftwood on the ocean, crouched around their fires, hungry, frozen, suffering, dying, the bonfires like a reef rising out of a flowing tide of human misery.....

"The people are not interested in anything;
Its all the same to them.
Once more they give the courteous reply
Good evening, Sir.

Much as I have gone about among the fugitives, amongst those suffering most severely, never have I heard anything but kind, polite, pitiful words.

Just so is it in the hospitals. So rare their disagreements so common their interest in and for each other. "But eat, little brother," one will coax a sick comrade.

Beside that of Doroshevitch, put the picture of a tropical night at Salonica. The hospital beds are filled, each man trying to win sleep in defiance of wounds, of sickness, and of flying, creeping, crawling, insect life. By-and-by one stirs to shake and fling aside the covering . . . than another. and another. "What have you, little brother?" the neighbour asks. That which he has, unmentioned in polite society, is a commonplace of the trenches, as of many and many a hospital. Should he mention to the doctor on the following day the reason for his sleepless night he may be brusquely ordered back to the trenches, whole sick, or half-sick, "where you'll find more".

That the Russian soldiers a year ago should begin to fraternize with the German soldiers in the trenches was something entirely in character. It is as natural to be friendly, and then..... why should we not have peace? Everyone wants it. We all need it. Let us not fight any more, little brother, and then the war must end, and we will go back to Russia, a free Russia, a democratic Russia, and take up the old life again, only much better than before.

That was as far as they could see.

Russians seem to be almost entirely guided by their feelings, that is why it is so easy to influence them for good or for evil. That is surely the real reason why the Russian sick seemed so different in different hospitals, or even in different wards of the same hospital. Treated with sympathy, with interest, with kindness and delicacy of feeling, he responded in kind, repaying a hundred fold the care bestowed upon him.

Treated with indifference, with hard severity, or with veiled contempt, he grew quickly rebellious, insubordinate, drunken.

Drunkenness was a reproach which the French were never weary of levelling against the Russian soldiers, and perhaps with a measure of personal justification, since the French soldier is admittedly more sober than the soldier of other nationalities, be he English, colonial, or other. Temperance and militarism may be found together, it is true, but the influence of the life is otherwise.

Two defects the Russian has, the Russian as we know him, He is lazy, and he is an inveterate gambler.

Also he has the qualitative defect of his good heart, for he is jealous. Among his virtues must be reckoned the warmth and spontaneity of his affections. There is no gratitude like the Russian gratitude, none so beautifully expressed, with the touch of the picturesque which is the national birthright. And it is not gratitude for future benefits, but uncalculating as the rest of the Russian nature.

With the fineness of his feelings goes a grace which seems almost unnatural in a French hospital, his modesty.

And finally, there is that which is not a virtue but a gift. the touch of genius which refines and illuminates this people, and which has perhaps, and perhaps always may have, the power to make and keep it nationally unsuccessful in a materialistic and common place world, a world made for the grasping and the visionless.

It is this genius, the native genius of the common Russian people, which expresses itself blindly, spontaneously in their song, in their dance, in their every day expressions, in their religious ritual, in their intuitions. Assembled together a half dozen of the "*Simple soldats*" and the hour of recreation need never be dull. If they cannot sing together, some one can play, and if they have neither mandolin, nor balalaika, nor concertina, and can neither make music or dance to it, some-one can tell a Russia fairy tale and give to it a dramatic interest which makes it enthralling to the last word.

And still, supposing there is no reciter present they can surely always talk and talk so well, and so easily, with wit and a shrewd intelligence, and with a refinement which makes the men of other nations by comparison seem a little cheap.

To attend a Russian service of worship is to gain a sense of the beauty of worship, to realise that there is a link between the mystery of human life, and the mystery of praying to God. It is to come in touch with reverence and faith, to realise them, perhaps for the first time, neither as qualities to extol, nor to be self-conscious about, but as elemental facts of human life.

If Germany succeeds in crushing Russian national life and thwarting her goal of self-expression, it will be

of all the wrongs Germany has inflicted on the world the deepest and the worst.

It will signify that the world must wait another hundred...two hundred....how does one know? years of evolution before humanity is fit to accept the gifts Russia has to offer.

Before every resurrection there is a crucifixion, someone has said.... We who look on from afar at Russia's hour of torment may live to see the stone rolled from her grave by the hands of her moujiks.

KATHERINE WELLER.

A WOMAN OF THE WILDS.

THE early Aryans settled on the banks of the upper Ganges, in anticipation of the time when they might need more land to the eastwards, sent out small exploring party down the great river. Three young men named Bhima, Lakshman, and Chandra, under the leadership of the first named, set out on a winter's morning in a boat manned by nine Mlechchha, or Dravid slaves.

Daily misfortune was their lot, almost from the very first day. One the fourth evening, one of the slaves, who had been collecting fuel on the bank near where the party meant to pass the night, came staggering back to the boat, having been bitten on the finger by a hooded serpent. He sank back into the bottom of the vessel, and soon fell into a heavy sleep, or stupor, from which he woke no more. A week later, one of the Aryans, Lakshman, while swimming, was seen to throw up his hands, as with a yell of despair, he was dragged under by a huge crocodile. Once they had a very narrow escape from a tiger on the river-bank, that even swam out after their boat. On another occasion, one of the slaves was all but sucked in by a quick-sand.

After this, they had no further losses to their numbers for many days, and, at last, they came to a place, where a river almost as wide as Ganga, brought its tribute of waters

to the greater stream. Bhima and Chandra discussed whether this river might not prove to be the Yamuna. To decide this point, they agreed, on their return, to take their way back up this new stream, till it should bring them to some Aryan colony. And they called the meeting of waters *Prayag*.

On leaving Prayag, the worst of their troubles began. This was a terrible disease that made fearful havoc among the few followers of these two enthusiasts. Shortly after the outbreak of this illness, the slaves broke into open mutiny. Indeed, it was not till Chandra had run the ring-leader through the throat with his spear, that the remainder were cowed into consenting to continue the journey. Some eight or ten nights later, two of these Mlechchha slaves ran off into the forests. As all pursuit was hopeless, there was no choice but to proceed. It seemed easier to go on than to return. So few of them were able now to row, and all were so listless, sick at heart, and hopeless, that they found it simpler to float with the current. And even so, one by one, they died of that fearful burning of the blood, that used to begin with a terrifying chill, like that of death. Bitter, bitter cold,—cold in the very marrow of the bones,—not like the cold of winter, that sets the blood a glow in a response of fresher health and life, but a chilling, and a trembling to unman the stoutest heart: then fire in the blood, and madness in the brain, and then a weakness as of a new-born babe: and last, for all, one after the other, death. So the fell disease ran its course.

When only four were left alive, they determined to return. Bhima only consented to do so, if, on their way back, they took their course from Prayag up the river that they had conjectured might be the Yamuna. But they

were yet a month's journey from the confluence, when Chandra's long illness enforced a weary delay. After his death the others lost even the vestige of hope and courage they had so far retained. Within two weeks, the surviving slaves followed their master.

Bhima was now alone. With the greatest difficulty, and by keeping close into the bank, he was able to pole or tow the heavy boat a mile or half a mile forward. When the set of the current required him to cross to the opposite bank, an hour, sometimes, undid the work of two or three long and toilsome days. However, by towing he generally was able to make some progress daily.

The provisions, supplemented by the chase, and from the river, had lasted much longer than anticipated, owing to the fewer months to feed. Now, though with himself only left, it was beginning to run low, and hunting meant delay. All the bread was long finished. The end of the journey seemed as far as ever. Day after day, the same unending stretch of forests on either bank, sometimes nearer, sometimes farther, when a wide expanse of sand intervened between the waters and the thick, wild vegetation.

One morning,—it seemed to be years after the death of the last of the slaves,—Bhima was startled from uneasy sleep by the beating of drums, and the loud, excited cries and singing of a crowd of human beings. Cautiously, and with great difficulty, being single-handed, he drew the boat as close into the bank as he could, and moored it so as to be as unnoticeable as possible. Then, heedfully as a hunter stalking deer, he stepped towards the sounds. He first climbed a leafy tree, and from one of its higher branches he saw that the crowd was making its way to a large clearing

in the forest. It was a great space, more than a square mile in area, that had been burnt clear in the heart of the surrounding jungle. Taking his bearings as well as he could, he made a wide detour, and, at last, was able to climb unseen into another tree on the very edge of the clearing, before the crowd, in their leisurely advance, had come half-way.

This is the sight that met his eyes. The occasion was evidently, one of some public, religious ceremony. They were a savage people, and quite naked, except for the wreathes and garlands that they wore in honour of the festivity. They marched or moved forward in bands. First came the young men. These had a single string of white flowers hanging loosely from their necks. They were armed with a short, stiff bow, and carried their arrows hanging about their shoulders, back and front, the points being fixed into their matted hair. As they advanced, they did so in a dance,—apparently a war dance, or one representing a hunt. Their crouching, peering, advancing, retreating, aiming, shooting with delight at their imaginary victory, all were done in perfect uniformity, and in time to a rude chant.

Then came the young women, each with a large, scarlet flower of the silk cotton tree, in her dark hair. Their dance was of the fields. They moved, sowing and hoeing, reaping, threshing and pounding the grain, kneading and baking bread. All was clear to the most careless onlooker. In their midst, and almost smothered in garlands from head to foot, Bhima was astounded to see one of his runaway slaves. This man was smiling and joking with the girls, in the midst of whom he walked as one well content with his surroundings.

Next came a crowd of married folk, men and women, with their children of all ages from the babe in arms. These were talking and laughing excitedly, but not taking part in the ceremony by any sort of dance, or processional march. They were just a disorderly mob of holiday-makers.

Lastly came the old men and women, and, for a while, it was difficult for Bhima to make out what their uncouth hops and posturing could mean. Suddenly, at a more graphic gesture than a usual, it flashed upon him that they were imitating the ungainly movements of a flock of vultures around carrion. It was, when once detected, a most gruesomely realistic performance. The sidling skipping hop with open wings, the hustling, and pecking, all were there most faithfully reproduced.

At last, the entire procession had filed into the clearing. There was then a sudden, startling, and fearsome change in the character of the proceedings. With an appalling war-yell, the young men rushed fiercely at the party of the girls, and these, in a moment fled screaming, in all directions, into the surrounding woods, hotly chased by their pursuers. Bhima's former slave was left alone astonished, and not knowing what to make of this sudden change. The poor wretch was not long in doubt. In a second more, he was in the centre of the mob of married folk and children. He was madly set upon by them with every conceivable sort of crude stone weapon.

He was dead, almost at once, but the human vultures did not leave the body alone, but tore it limb by limb.

And once again, there was a change in the nature of the ceremony. In alternate couplets, the men and women sang of love, and the joys of life till death and old age end

all. And ever and again, like the mummy at the feast, the old men and women arose, and paced in the gruesome movements of the vulture dance.

In about an hour's time, a certain restlessness seemed gradually to come over the revellers. There was whispering in groups among the men, young and old, and small detached parties left the clearing, talking excitedly, but in low tones as they went. The numbers of these soon increased, and finally, a general, disorderly exodus was made, in the same disturbed and excited manner. In a little while, silence reigned unbroken.

Bhima waited for about an hour, or so, and then, cautiously descending from the tree, proceeded to make his way towards the river, hoping to get away as quickly as possible from these dreadful people. He had barely taken a dozen steps, when he saw some three or four young women, who, though apparently somewhat frightened, came smiling towards him. At sight of them, remembering how such young girls had led the late victim unsuspecting to his awful fate, a sudden disgust and fear came upon him, and he broke into a smart run past them to the river. Here he arrived in about ten minutes.

What was his dismay to find that his boat had been plundered of everything, and that it was all but sunk, as a large hole had been knocked into the bottom. With a cry of despair, he flung up both his arms and sank on the ground in despair.

A party of all ages and both sexes was soon round him. Many voices, all unintelligible, addressed him kindly. Their gestures seemed to bid him not to fear, but to come with them. There was not that least indication of violence. It was some good while before Bhima

could think clearly enough to realise that, dreadful as it was, he had no choice but to comply. He rose and accompanied by the whole party, followed an elderly man who seemed to be a sort of notable among them.

He was conducted towards a somewhat higher ground, through the thickest of the forest, and eventually came to a high and impenetrable hedge of prickly pear cactus, further strengthened by dry thorny branches piled in front and along the whole hedge. A narrow and zig-zag passage led through this formidable barrier.

When inside, Bhima found a large rectangular enclosure. Opposite the entrance, down the whole length of one side were a row of about 150 to 200 pent roofs, poorly thatched with leaves, resting directly on the ground, and open at both ends. The floor under these roofs was about a foot above the ground outside. In front of each of these wretched hovels, there were signs of fires, and blackened cooking pots showed that here the women used to do their cooking. The enclosure soon filled with married men and women who had accompanied him, and with a crowd of children of all ages. These latter thronged around Bhima, apparently wondering at his fair skin. They fearlessly felt him all over, but he soon found that it was his cloths that particularly interested and astonished them. The curiosity of the elders was no less keen, but they preferred to satisfy it by supervising the inquisitive scrutiny made by the little ones. As soon as it was noticed that the children were becoming troublesome, they were driven off, and Bhima for a short time was left to himself.

Soon after, the wife of the chief,—if he was a chief,—brought him some cakes of coarse bread, and some roasted

flesh. Rejecting these, Bhima made shift to left them know that he would prefer to prepare his own meals. His captors seemed heartily to approve of his wish, and a few handfuls of the flour of some millet which he did not know, were given to him. This, with water from a spring at the back of the enclosure, gave him all he needed, and he soon had a meal ready for himself.

When this was over, night was at hand, and he found that, the night being warm, every one lay down to sleep, just where he happened to be. Following their example, he, too, stretched himself out, but not till late at night did sleep bring rest to his harrassed mind. He was thus able to see that a great fire was built outside, at the entrance, and attended to by different men in turns.

He rose early, and was at once led out of the enclosure in which he had passed the night. Savages, like children, have no suspicion that manners and customs, and all that life means for them, are different elsewhere, and among other tribes and peoples. Even that there are such others is but dimly surmised. Now, among these Kolarians, it was,—and still is,—a custom for the bachelors to live by themselves in a common barrack. And this was also required from the unmarried but marriageable women. When, therefore, Bhima refused the food offered him by a mother of the people, it was understood that, for the present, he desired to serve himself and, in Kolarian fashion, cast in his lot with the bachelors. Till he should have persuaded a girl to devote herself to his comforts, and to attend on him, this was the regulation thing to do, and as such, his supposed wish had the unqualified approval of these folk.

Marriage with the women meant little more than just this, *viz.*, cooking for her so-called husband, the man who hunted game for her, and helped her in the fields. As to the rest, herded together like cattle, there was no attempt at enforcing fidelity to one partner. Liking and the camaraderie that resulted from their working together, and eating together the food cooked by the woman and provided by the man, generally kept them content with each other's company.

The quarters of the young men was, in all respects except size, the same as the enclosure of the married folk. Almost immediately on arrival there, Bhima found that all the weapons, cooking vessels, and clothes from his boat, were in the hands of these new companions of his. The weapons, especially, were highly prized, and were objects of untiring admiration, for these primitive people had never before seen iron. The spears and arrow-heads were constantly being handled and tested. These weapons were a goodly stock, for, it must be remembered, they had formed the equipment of a crew of twelve. The long bows, also, were greatly wondered at, and the distance of the shot, nearly a third further than that of their own bows, was commented on in terms of unstinted praise. It was in regard to these weapons that Bhima made the discovery that no request of his was to be refused, save only for liberty to go away. Indeed, they seemed to have a superstitious horror of angering, or vexing him. He was also free to come and go as he pleased, provided he summoned ten of the young men to accompany him. And their behaviour was that of a guard of honour composed of submissive retainers, rather than of jailers.

This discovery he made before the end of the second day he lived amongst them.

When among these young men for a few days, Bhima found the life intolerably dull, and his captors seemed as much at a loss as he, how to occupy their time. Beyond the fact that they occasionally went a-hunting, they did nothing but eat and talk and sleep all day long. In the evenings, and on moonlit nights, they serenaded the spinsters, or, at public dances, sang alternate verses of love-songs, flirted, and made themselves generally agreeable. As will have been gathered from what has been described above, these girls had no pretence of modesty.

So a month passed by. Bhima began to pine away, brooding over the fate that he knew awaited him, and planning countless schemes of escape, but none that seemed practicable. The great difficulty was the loss of his boat. He had by now acquired some half a hundred words of their barbarous speech, and his gestures were gradually becoming more and more readily understood. At last, the thought struck him that, perhaps, he might, in his character of a victim destined for the gods, claim exceptional treatment for himself, and get himself transferred to the barrack of the spinsters. He believed that it would be easier for him to shake off the ten women who might be appointed as his guards, than he could ever hope to do in the case of his masculine warders.

One day, the young men arranged a hunt on a grand scale, in the course of which, Bhima distinguished himself by spearing a charging boar. This was an unheard of feat of daring, as these savages trusted to their poisoned arrows to overcome so dangerous a beast. On his return,

his exploit was talked of, and sung of, and he was regarded as a hero. Trusting to his good fame, Bhima, next after noon, asked to be conducted to the girls, on the other side of the enclosure of the family men. His proposal was first understood to mean that he intended to share in their flirtations and gallantry, a thing from which he had, hitherto, held aloof, and his request was, consequently, greeted with much delighted applause, as a sign that he intended to give over moping, and make the best of his time. This was necessary, if the victim was to be an auspicious one. So far his behaviour had led them to fear, that he would not be such a guarantee of good luck, as his predecessor had been.

The whole of the bachelors were preparing to accompany him, early in the afternoon though it was, but Bhima let them know that he wanted just ten of them and no more. Laughing, though disappointed, the others, as always, fell in with his wishes and he set out with his usual escort.

On arrival at the entrance here, a call brought the entire crowd of women outside, helter-skelter, to see the hero of the hunt, the great white chief, the tall almost giant-like and handsome Aryan youth. This was the first time, Bhima had ever allowed these girls to address him, or attempted to make known any wish of his to them. A babel of tongues broke out, and Bhima's wardens had all they could do to answer the thousand and one questions showered down upon them. Deafened by the tumult, Bhima stepped up to one of the most vociferous of these girls, and, touching her lips with his fingers, signed to her to keep silence. With a frightened look, she at once

complied, and, in the pause that this action of his occasioned, he motioned all the girls to similar silence. Then, taking advantage of the quiet, he turned to his guards, and asked them to accompany him into the enclosure. With a deprecatory laugh, they refused, and hung back, but made no attempt to hinder his going in should he choose, although they, apparently, were trying their best to dissuade him from venturing in. On the contrary, the girls seemed to be delighted with his idea, and united in begging him to come in. As this was just what Bhima had meant to do, he boldly stepped forward. As soon as he had passed out of sight down the first bend of the passage through the cactus hedge, his followers, with a shout turned, and ran back to their own barracks, informing the family enclosure on the way of what Bhima had done.

Greatly pleased with his own acuteness in having got rid of his jailers, Bhima congratulated himself on the complete success of the first step of his plans. He was not so confident for long, for he soon found that he was not to expect anything like obedience to his lightest wish from these women. They did with him what they pleased, and, regardless of his wishes, met all his protests with screams of laughter.

In disgust, Bhima strode to a corner, and sat down partly in anger, and partly in dismay. Even here he was followed. They squatted, or stood all around him, and as close to him as could be. They tried to pull off his clothes. They stroked his body and limbs. They touched his hair. They caressed him and they invited him to caress one of them. They did everything but kiss him.

Weary of their shameless persistence, Bhima stood up, and moved towards the exit, as if with the intention of going back to the young men. He found twenty girls on guard before the narrow way that just allowed one to pass. He was now prisoner, indeed, and the constant, persistent attentions of the crowd were becoming intolerable. In desperation, he asked himself whether, if he were to select one of the number for his favours, it would not procure him some relief. In fact this was what he was expected to do and what he was being urged to. The unusual course of getting admission into the spinster's quarters was equivalent to a declaration that a young man had determined to join the married folk at once, as soon as he could persuade one of the girls to accompany him as his wife. In his exceptional character as a messenger to the gods Bhima's choice was an honour as well as a command. This Bhima did not know. He looked around him, and seeing one of them who looked pityingly, it seemed, at him, he beckoned her to come forward.

"Veru! Veru! He has chosen Veru!" was the cry of a hundred voices and more.

Veru started, and then came slowly forward, hanging her head, and not daring to meet his eyes. In a flash, Bhima realised that in this timid girl lay his sole hope of escape. What the consequences to her might be, did not occur to him. As, however, he intended to win the girl and bind her to him body and soul, if he could, Bhima took her in his arms, pressed her to him and raising her face gave her a long, clinging kiss. A kiss was as unknown to the Kolarians as to the Chinese, although that does not indicate any connection between the races. The

action astonished them all beyond measure, and Veru herself more than any. She glowed with pleasure, and the look that met his eyes was one of unmistakeable love.

Soon after this, a band of young women went off to the forests round about, and returned, in less than two hours, laden with all sorts of wild flowers. After sunset, some four or five girls, selected by Veru, carried her off amongst themselves combing out her hair, anointing her body, and preparing the marriage garlands.

As for Bhima, he was kept awake all night by these women, sometimes singing and dancing before him, sometimes teasing him in a hundred different ways, sometimes trying to explain to him the ceremony of the next day. His want of knowledge of the language was not an insuperable obstacle among a people so skilled in the art of gesticulation, as these primitive folk. Bhima was, at least, able to make out that his seeking admission amongst the girls meant that he intended to marry one of them, that his selection of Veru was a regular formality, and, that the marriage would be solemnized, next morning, before the whole assembled tribe.

At early dawn, Bhima and Veru were led out by the girls, and, almost at once, she ran off alone into the surrounding woods. After being detained till she was well out of sight, he was told to go and look for her, capture her, and bring her back. In this task he was unaccompanied by a single soul, but he soon found that a large block of the jungle had been surrounded by a cordon of all the married men and women. There was not a chance of his breaking through, even if he had been foolish enough to dream of making the attempt in that wild land, infested by dangerous wild beasts, unarmed and unprovisioned, and

with no means of making his escape up the river. Bhima made his way, with pretended eagerness, as long as he was in sight, but, afterwards, listlessly enough, just looking about him, as he aimlessly wandered around, here and there.

"How can you find if you do not seek, oh great white chief?" said a low voice from beneath a natural green archway of bushes and creepers.

Here with gay flowers artificially fastened to the green walls around, poor Veru had her bridal bower built. Understanding the sense if not the words, Bhima hastily made his way to her side, sat down by her, and, taking her hands in his, looked long and steadily into her eyes. But he had his own plans of what he intended his bride to do, and so, he insisted on her returning with him to the party they had left, indicating, however, that he would afterwards again return with her there.

Puzzled and vexed, and yet unwilling to oppose him, Veru rose, and, hand in hand, they walked back past the young men's enclosure, towards the river. They were joined, as soon as seen, by a large crowd of all classes. Here an earthen vessel was given to Bhima, and, by him placed on Veru's head. She then stepped down to the stream, and, filling it with water, returned, holding it on her head with one hand. A bow and arrow were then handed to Bhima, and he was directed to shoot an arrow through the loop made by her arm in holding up the vessel. This he easily did, and, with this simple symbol of her readiness to serve him, and of his ability to defend her, the public ratification of the marriage was complete.

Henceforth, Bhima had to live as one of the married folk, and was left to no other wardenship save that of Veru,

It was ample, in Kolarian eyes. After a year, Bhima would be sacrificed, and from that day his wife would be absolute queen of the tribe, till another victim provided another queen. If he escaped, she would be starved to death. But Bhima's settling down amongst them gave them no reason to suspect that he had any such designs. It was also Veru's task to make and keep him happy and content, and lull him into a false security. In the case of the last victim, there had been no marriage, and he had lived his year of preparation among the bachelors.

The task of supervision was, generally, an easy one, but it was, in this case, complicated by two facts of which none of the savages knew anything. The first was,—though of this Veru herself was as yet unawares,—that she was in love with this god-like messenger to the gods, who was her husband for the time being. The second was that Bhima knew but too well what was in store for him. Veru was soon to learn both.

After the marriage had been solemnized, as above described, Bhima and Veru marched at the head of the crowd to the married quarters, where a feast had been prepared as sumptuous as might be at such short notice. Thence all proceeded to the ill-omened clearing of public meeting but as Bhima had often had occasion to pass way, he was not more depressed than usual. Here the same sort of Saturnalia was again begun, as on the occasion of the sacrifice, but, this time, there was no vulture dance. Another difference was that on the first occasion the crowd was sober, this time it was uproariously drunk. The want of an elaborate feast of game had been compensated for by an abundance of fermented millet.

Bhima, at the very outset of all this riotous merriment, took Veru by the hand, and ran off into the woods. Though hotly pursued by some of the younger folk, these latter were too intent on their own pleasures to be very persevering in the chase, so that by hiding and keeping still, they soon had the satisfaction of knowing that the boon of privacy was at length theirs.

As soon as he was quite assured that they were alone, in response to some timid endearment of the girl by his side, Bhima started to his feet, and, with a small twig, which he handled as though it were a knife, attacked a sapling, and went through, in pantomime, the whole scene of butchery that he had witnessed a month ago. Veru, at first stared at him as if not understanding what his actions meant, but, as the sense was borne in upon her, she seemed to stiffen with the very fascination of horror.

At last, Bhima said,

"Veru, little one! How many moons more?"

With a choking sound, Veru flung herself on him, with an outburst of grief, clung to him, and, shaken by her dry, gasping sobs, cried out,

"Never! Never, my Lord! My great white Chief! My god! Never, never, never!"

"Nay, but how else?" he asked.

"We shall run away together, and go to your people!"

"How?" again, curtly asked Bhima.

"Wait two moons. They will not touch thee till eleven moons hence. We have time; we have time to think, and I—I have my love!"

Is it necessary to say that Bhima's gratitude for his first dim gleam of hope was so like love that Veru was content.

Thus began their mutual understanding. For the first month Veru contented herself with claiming such of Bhima's weapons and clothes as he especially desired to have back. In this there was no difficulty. She had but to ask in Bhima's name to get what she desired, and both were careful not to be too exacting in their demands. His own bow and arrows was all he wanted. His spear had already been given back to him long before. To these Veru added another sheaf of arrows, and a large open bladed knife. After this, they suspended operations for a while.

Meanwhile, Bhima's skill as a hunter supplied not only himself and Veru with plenty, but many others among the married folk whom she or he desired to honour. This so touched the heart of these savages, that Bhima surprised looks of regretful pity cast on him many a time by those amongst whom he now lived. This, though principally the case among the women, was not entirely so. His reckless bravery, and his generous liberality won him sincere friends, and many a wish was expressed in private, that the gods had sent them another victim in his stead. But no one dreamt of exempting him from the lot that the gods had assigned to him.

So the weary days sped on, till quite two months had passed, when Veru, who had, latterly been, often, absent, came to Bhima one morning, and led him away to the forest. Making her way westwards, parallel to the river she at last turned towards the stream. This was five miles

more from the settlement. Here hidden away under the brushwood, she showed him the preparations that she had made. He saw a light raft, somewhat more than a yard wide, of poles lashed to the necks of six earthen vessels. On this they were to venture out.

The raft was Veru's own invention, entirely. Seeing her water-jar floating so buoyantly on the stream, one morning, when she had gone down to fetch water for her household duties, the whole plan of the structure had flashed upon her love-inspired mind. If, once more, Bhima's gratitude was so like love that Veru was content is it to be wondered at? Two leaves of the talipot palm, (*Borassus flabelliformis*) had been fixed at one end of the raft so as to make some sort of shelter against the sun. These latter are worth noting, for chance led to their being of great use later on.

With a light and hopeful heart, Bhima went back to the married folk, and, for the first time, those who had learned to love him for his generosity, realised that he could be a very merry man. The withered old leader of the vultures congratulated Veru on the success of her charms in preparing a worthy offering to the gods. He chuckled maliciously when he marked her shudder with horror.

"A handsome man thou hast to play with, Veru. And thou hast made him happy too. And a sensible man is he to value such a dainty, juicy morsel as thou art. Look to it that you do not dream of stealing him from the great ones who have sent him here!"

For the next four days, the hunting excursions of Bhima, and Veru's foraging for potherbs and wild fruits,

were in quite the opposite direction to where lay their fragile hope.

At length the day arrived on which the pair had resolved to make their venture. They went out at dawn, and returned to their shed early in the day. Then, for some time, they seemed to be in every body's way. Both were delighted to see the old vulture in a drunken sleep. Finally one of the elder women said:

"Bhima grows lazy. He brings no more game as he used to do."

"Yes, indeed, he is lazy. He says that I must go with him and carry his bows and arrows for him. If I am to carry weapons for him all day, how shall I be able to cook for him at night?"

"Oh! Veru is as lazy as her big white man. Go, go and play with him in the woods, lucky one. It is cooler there than here. If he bring back a pig, or even an iguana, well we shall all help to cook it. But it is too hot to hunt. Go, go and play, and leave us in peace to sleep."

Such had often been the old dame's greeting, but, to-day, it was acted on. Just as the real, fierce heat of the summer day was commencing, Bhima and Veru made their way quickly, but with no appearance of purpose, and by many turns and twists, to the hidden raft. At night, and at the risk of her life from wild beasts and poisonous reptiles, Veru had dared to come out to it with the last supply of requirements. Besides, it is hard for us to understand with what heroism this untaught child of nature had faced untold horrors from her superstitious fears, and all for her love's sake. Now was her reward.

All was in readiness. Cautiously stepping on to the raft, they put out, rowing with what were the oarblades of the old boat lashed to fresh poles.

They had scarcely pushed out, when a puff of hot wind fiercely struck their light craft, and all but dipped the mouth of one of the floats under water. One of the great palm-leaves was blown into the river, and Bhima had just time to seize the other by the stem. In so doing, he raised it up, and, in struggling with it as the wind tore at it, he held the lower portion of the stem between his knees, while he gripped the upper part with both hands. This action brought the fan of the leaf flat to the wind, and, with a rush, the little raft began to forge rapidly through the water. With a low cry of delight, Veru clapped her hands gently, and begged him to continue holding the leaf in that position. Thus did chance provide them with a combined mast and sail, at the very commencement of their flight.

Long before sunset, they were confident that they had out-distanced all possible pursuers, and when, at night fall, they moored by a sand bank on the opposite side of the river, Bhima felt an assurance of final deliverance such as he had not known before. Once more, and for the last time, Bhima's gratitude was so like love that Veru was more than content.

I have no need to give all the adventures of these two on the journey back to Aryavarta, and of the risks together borne that knit their hearts in a loving comradeship that is the highest and most precious aftermath, that many a marriage entered on in the frenzy of mutual passion has to offer when the first few years have rolled by on their course.

But friendliness was then but a poor exchange for Veru's love. She had not given herself at once. Cowed by the shadow of the dreadful tragedy that hung around Bhima, she had shrunk from even daring to look at him. He had been sent by the gods to be sacrificed. Such was the belief of her people. Often years went by, without a stranger making his way into the forest fastness where the Kolarians lived. Now, when the gods had so evidently sent a victim, godlike and beautiful, chosen among millions for themselves she had robbed them of their own, and, to add to her sacrilege, had dared to take to herself what she had snatched from them. In her heart of hearts, Veru feared the consequences of her act, but, womanlike, counted Bhima well-won, even at the cost of her life. Her only hope was that Bhima's gods might prove the stronger.

Morning after morning, as the bright sun rose, she would mark the intense reverence that sanctified every line of the young man's face with the light of devotion, as his lips moved in the sacred formula of his proud race. Often and often, she fervently, said to herself, in words similar to those of Ruth: 'Thy gods shall be my gods, and thy people my people.'

Consequently, very soon after they had been on their journey, one day, as Bhima had finished his morning orisons, she said to him,

"Lord, teach me how you pray, and—"

"And I shall pray with you", she would have added, but broke off short, for, with a look of repulsion, he stopped her with a gesture of horrified refusal.

This was the first shock that Veru's timid hopes received. It was not the last. She let the matter stand over

then, but the refusal chilled the very marrow of her bones with fear. It was too vital a question to be dropped together. She had angered her gods, and Bhima's gods would have none of her. Later on in the day, she returned to the subject.

"Lord,' will your gods have naught to do with Veru?" she asked sadly.

"Little one!" he answered kindly, for Veru's eyes were very wistful, "Little one, in these matters a young man such as I can say but little. When we are in Aryavarta, we shall go to the great *guru*—teacher—Devasruta. He was taught by a *chela*—or pupil—of that sage, among sages, the most wise and holy Vashishta. He will tell thee all that it befits a woman to know. He will tell me, too, what to do, for, indeed, as we draw nearer to my people, I am at times, sore troubled in mind for thee. But of this be sure, thou hast given me back my life, and to thee my life belongs, cost what it may."

The last words were a consolation, even though embodied in a fear. Once more, womanlike, she set her mind to make the most of her present intimacy with her husband, and left the future to itself.

Some two weeks later, they came to Prayag, and Bhima, true to his original design, turned up the unknown southern stream. It was as well that he did so. Their provision of bread had long been exhausted, and game was not always to be had at will. By going up the Yamuna, Bhima soon came in touch with settlements of Dravidians along the lower reaches of that river. These were a people who had been subjugated by the Aryans, but had not been ousted from their fields, by the advancing tide, of immigration. As an Aryan, Bhima was treated with respect

blended with fear, and assistance could almost always be had by a judicious combination of appeals to their good feelings, or of veiled threats. As they proceeded up the river they found that the language spoken was, at last, a sort of debased Sanskrit mixed with aboriginal words, and sufficiently like the tongue used by the Sudra slaves for Bhima to be able to communicate with the people readily enough.

The first result of their approach towards these inhabited places was Bhima's suddenly realising that it had now become imperative for Veru to be clothed. Some spare pieces of cloth were among the few things that Veru had brought away. Cloth was a thing so entirely new, that she had valued it for its rarity. Now it came in useful. With masculine clumsiness, Bhima tried to drape her in the complicated folds used by Aryan women. The result was something like what he remembered. It was not till Veru saw for herself what it was meant to be, that she realised how very unlike it was. This petty failure of Bhima's meant a greater humiliation for Veru than any but a woman can understand.

One early morning, as they woke, Veru lazily looking around, saw something that brought her to her feet, in an instant.

"What is that? What is that man doing? What are those great white beasts?"

The marvel was a pair of bullocks ploughing the land. That animals so great as these should be so quiet and submissive was always a wonder to her. So also, later on were all the mysteries of dairy farming. She never lost her fear of these great horned monsters, as long as she lived.

Again, the sight some long while after, of a troop of horsemen, served to stamp into her an idea of the unapproachable greatness of the Aryan race. Cloth had been the first wonder. With that she was already familiarised. Now came the sight of the Aryan power over these great and powerful beasts. Though the domestication of animal was known to Dravids and Aryans alike, Veru's primitive people had not learnt to tame even goats. The last of the wonders that Bhima's people could perform was the marvel of written speech, but this she put down as undoubtedly magic, for it was known and used but by a chosen and exceptionally learned few.

I hasten to the end of their travels and adventures of the way. Ten days after their first sight of semi-civilised humanity, the frail craft reached an Aryan settlement. Here, both Bhima and Veru were made to drain to the dregs the bitter draft of disappointed hopes. Longer settled in the land, Yamuna colonies were rigidly orthodox in rejecting with horror and aversion any intercourse with the Mlechchhas, except that of master and slaves, exacting from the latter the basest of menial tasks alone. Bhima was regarded as a man hopelessly degraded and defiled, as one who had, definitely, put himself outside the Aryan pale.

The unhappy pair soon found that it was the most contemptuous treatment only that they had to expect, and food was flung to them as to dogs, and as a means to get rid of them the sooner. When it was known that Bhima had originally left from the advance colony on the Ganges, he and Veru were to be hurried across the strip of land between these rivers. To this Bhima was averse. He could not calmly face the thought of meeting contempt

from those he had loved. Indeed the most unsparing in the expression of their loathing and contempt, were the Aryan women. Beautiful, tall and fair, their queenly pride filled poor Veru with heart-sickening jealousy, and a sense of her own unworthiness, almost more acutely painful than she could well bear.

One morning seeing Bhima more than usually absorbed in melancholy thought, she suddenly asked him:

"Lord, did you not love some fair Aryan maid in the days before you saw Veru?"

Scarce noticing to whom he spoke, Bhima, absent-mindedly, spoke out his thoughts and broodings.

"Loved? Yes, I loved,—once; but that is all now past, No Aryan love can ever be my lot again!"

Closing her eyes for a second, spasmodically, as a chill shudder took her, Veru held her peace.

That night, she crept down to the Yamuna, and busied herself with the little raft her love had made for Bhima's sake. When her preparations were complete she stole back to the hovel she and Bhima had been allowed to occupy. Next morning, she accompanied him down to the river, and, as he stepped into the water for his morning ablutions and prayers, she labouriously launched out and paddled into mid-stream. By this time Bhima had finished his sacred duty, and looked out at her, wondering what her unwonted independence might mean. Presently she dropped her paddles, and standing up stretched out her arms, and with a clear voice called out:

"Farewell, my love, farewell! I go to the gods of my people. They will forgive for the greatness of my love,

And you, Beloved, think some times of Veru who loved and died for you!"

Over-night, she had made holes in the earthen floats of the raft, and as they filled she sank into the deep waters and, without a struggle, let the blue ripples of Yamuna close over her head. Bhima flung himself into the stream, and swam out as best he could, for he was little more than a novice in the art, but Veru was gone, and gone for ever.

After this, cruel as it sounds to write it abruptly here, Bhima purified by the religious rites of his race, was once again an honoured man, and free to marry his Aryan love. But is it really so very cruel? Veru was gone, and gone for ever.

Gone for ever? Who knows? There are three people living now, of whom one holds that in them Bhima, Uma and Veru live again, but Uma now is the one of inferior race, and Veru is Bhima's honoured and beloved wife! Dreams? Of course! We are such stuff as dreams are made of.

CHAS. A. DOBSON.

Agra.

IN ALL LANDS.

The surrender of Bulgaria, as a condition of the armistice sought by her, was a prelude to a remarkable outburst of popular feeling against the war in Germany as well as in Turkey and Austria-Hungary. All the three asked for an armistice as a preliminary to negotiations for peace. During the exchange of Notes between President Wilson and the German Government, the war continued. In France and Flanders the enemy retired from place to place. The area abandoned included fortified towns like Lille, and the coast of Flanders. The Allies were engaged in keeping contact with the enemy, and where resistance was offered it was overcome. The prestige of the German army suffered so badly that Ludendorff had to resign. The Serbians and the Italians resumed the offensive on other fronts and with success.

* *

If Bulgaria surrendered at the end of September, the Austrian Government was by the end of October obliged to accept President Wilson's views in their entirety and to seek peace without waiting for the results of the negotiations with Germany. The internal condition of the

Empire left no other alternative. Each of the nations that are included in it asked for self-government, and the Emperor promulgated a decree whereby the Empire was constituted into a federation of four states, inhabited respectively by the Austrians, the Hungarians, the Czechs, and the Southern Slavs. The Hungarian leader was not satisfied; he demanded a severance of the alliance with Germany and an immediate conclusion of peace. At an earlier stage of the war the Austro-Germans had complained of the growing influence of Hungary and they had to be pacified. The Austrian Empire is now disrupted.



The internal condition of Germany does not appear to be quite so desperate as that of Austria-Hungary. Nevertheless it must be causing deep anxiety. The Chancellor claims that the army is not beaten, and military experts even in the Allied countries are said to have expressed their surprise at the rapidity of its retreat. For facilitating peace negotiations, submarines were instructed last month not to destroy or attack passenger ships, and perhaps some of them have been recalled. But new submarines of a more formidable type were under construction, and Sir P. Geddes warned the British nation last month not to expect an early peace, and not to accept Germany's request for an armistice as a proof of the Kaiser's genuine desire for peace. But he cannot hope to win and with that hope his popularity has vanished. Rioters in Berlin are said to have destroyed all Hohenzollern statues and the Kaiser's advisers dare not prolong the war.

Since January President Wilson had delivered several speeches defining the aims of the Allies, particularly his own aims, and the conditions on which peace could be accepted. His ideals were high, and as between the European Governments his tone was impartial. In his last speech he denounced selfish commercial combinations against enemy Governments and the boycott of Germany and Austria from the league of nations. Impartiality could scarcely go further at that stage, and the enemy Governments accepted all his terms in a general way and requested him to propose peace negotiations for the settlement of details. The Prussian militarists felt humiliated by the President's pointed insistence on the ending of the system which had given rise to the war on the inauguration of truly popular government. But the demand could not be resisted and perhaps German militarism has ended.

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* * *

Bismarck is said to have predicted that Kaiser Wilhelm would bring ruin upon his dynasty. The experienced statesman recognised in the boy signs of unbounded ambition, want of respect for wiser heads, and proneness to meddle in everything. He had some other failings, which, however, would not necessarily spell political failure. But his ambition made him devoted to the interests of his country. He took a deep personal interest in the military evolution of his nation, and did everything in his power to establish the military and commercial superiority of his Fatherland. At the beginning of the war, when his armies had overrun Belgium, and portions of

France and Russia, he was an idol of the people. He remained such until America was driven to join the Entente by the amazing indiscretion with which he had spoken to Mr. Gerard and the intrigues in Mexico and South America. Attempting too much, he failed in his highest ambition.

* *

General Allenby took Aleppo last month. Turkey had invaded North-West Persia. Events in Palestine compelled her to withdraw her troops. She was as anxious as Bulgaria to sue for peace, but it is believed that Germany is preventing her from acting independently by pointing a loaded pistol at her head. In Bulgaria King Ferdinand abdicated in favour of his son ; he was between two fires and he could escape from the difficulty only by abdication. In Turkey, Envar Pasha and his colleagues resigned. The Germans are said to be exceedingly unpopular with the Turkish army, and a few German officers are believed to have been murdered. Turkey and Germany are no longer mutually helpful in the war. Germany and Austria could not send relief even to Bulgaria, and much less could they help Turkey. The prospect of Turkey once more becoming a friend of England must be pleasing in India and Persia.

* *

"We have lost the war," said one of Emperor Karl's ministers frankly last month. Germany may not yet admit it. But her friends have deserted her, and therefore it was expected, at least outside Germany, at the end of last month that she must accept peace, practically on

Peace in Sight.

the terms laid down by President Wilson. He will be a sort of umpire, and perhaps as between the European Powers he will be trusted by Germany to be impartial. But he is a party to the war and possibly neutrals will be invited to assist in a satisfactory settlement of some of the international questions raised. The press has put forward various demands on behalf of each nation. If an indemnity is to be paid to Belgium, her bill will come up to at least 384 millions sterling, the amount officially calculated to have been extracted from that country. The Allies have lost thousands of millions and may claim some compensation. Negotiations must take time, but a resumption of the war after an armistice is unthinkable.

* * *

The Parliament of Man and Federation of the World are as yet only phrases. If President Wilson's League of Nations is established and if it works successfully for a generation, the poet's dream will have been for once realised. The American visionary sang, without the old-fashioned rhyme and rhythm: "I see Freedom, completely armed and victorious, and very haughty, with Law on one side and Peace on the other, a stupendous trio issuing forth against the idea of caste. I see the landmarks of European Kings removed, I see this day the People beginning their landmarks, all others give way." President Wilson is hopeful of installing the stupendous trio, and has not perhaps forgotten the words "completely armed and victorious, and very haughty." His nation is armed, means to be victorious, and the language held by him towards the Kaiser was, if not haughty, so very frank that Germany felt it to be haughty. The world is awaiting the trio.

The Indo-British Association in London has put forward a new scheme of constitutional reforms for India. While the **Indian Reforms.** Montagu-Chelmsford scheme is intended to train Indians for responsible Government by transferring at first only certain branches of the administration to them and by gradually increasing the number, the rival scheme proposes to transfer full responsibility to Indians in a small selected area, and if the experiment succeeds, then to introduce similar reforms in other areas. This is an old proposal, and an examination of its merits would be out of place in this review of events. But it may be recorded that the Indian press which discussed it last month, did not approve of it, and for two reasons—first, that it would be inconsistent with the declaration made in Parliament last year, which takes for granted the capacity of Indians for self-Government and second, that the scheme will unnecessarily prolong and delay the training of all India.

* * *

The non-official members of the Legislative Councils busied themselves last month discussing the reform proposals. The **Indian Opinion.** Bombay Councillors thought that the distinction between reserved and transferred subjects was unnecessary and that full responsible Government could forthwith be granted to the people of their presidency. But if the distinction was to be retained, they would transfer to the ministers many of the subjects which the Montagu Chelmsford report proposed to reserve for the Executive Council. In all provinces the Councillors would transfer to Indians the administration of land revenue and finance, and also subjects like agriculture, industrial

development, commerce, and education of all grades. The composition of the two Committees appointed under the Report was generally approved, except by the non-Brahman advocates of communal electorates in Madras.

* * *

The Government published at the end of the last month the report of the Holland Commission, which was asked to recommend how industrial development in India could be assisted by the State.

**Industrial
Development.**

It was hoped by some that the report would enable Indians to take advantage of the situation created by the war. The experience of India during the war was indeed instructive, but the Commission's recommendations remain to be considered during peace. If the Government is to guide enterprise, it must have a staff of experts at its disposal, and the training of manufacturers requires suitable institutions, which cost money. The initial outlay on the scheme outlined by the Commission accounts to about 150 lakhs and the recurring annual expenditure is estimated at more than half that amount. It will be seven years before the scheme is in full working order. Indians have claimed that they must be in charge of this department under the reforms.

* * *

The epidemic which was noticed last month has spread nearly all over India. A few doctors have doubted whether it is really influenza. It is, however, generally believed to be identical with the epidemic which has spread in South Africa, in Germany, in England, and elsewhere, and which is known there by that name. Researchers in

The Epidemic.

India have not been able to discover any remedy for it. Some doctors hope to isolate the bacillus and try the remedy of inoculation. A similar report was received from England at the end of the month. At present doctors recommend only good nursing, and precautions against infection. Quinine is said to be of doubtful value, and some of the remedies recommended in the press were pronounced by experts to be worse than useless. The greatest sufferers were the poorer classes, who are not only ignorant but cannot afford to act upon the advice given to them. The mortality has been heavy wherever the epidemic appeared—not so in the West, they say.

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EAST & WEST.

VOL. XVII.

DECEMBER 1918.

No. 206.

FROM CLOUDLAND.

**The Triumphant
End of the war.** The war is over and with it the "armed Imperialism as conceived by yesterday's masters, is ended." How are the mighty fallen. The Kaiser who made Germany and has now witnessed its unmaking had to lay down his crown which he thought was consecrated by the Almighty Himself. Czars and Emperors, kings and courtiers have been dethroned and sent wandering like phantoms seeking sanctuary. By the grace of God the British Empire emerges to-day out of the greatest struggle that history has known, stronger and more closely knit than ever before. The unrivalled success of British world policy and unlimited sacrifices have at least brought the war to a triumphant end, victory has been complete. We must all now unite in thanking God for His crowning mercy and pray for strength to realise in times of peace the ideals that have emerged out of the war, "For His, is

the greatness and the power, and the glory, and the victory and the majesty."

* * *

India has played a part worthy of her high traditions and her hoary past. India has never failed her friends at a crisis and never shall as long the old heroic ideals guide her sons. Our troops were early in the field and stemmed the tide of Teutonic armies in the fields of France and Flanders. In far flung battlefields of the Empire they gave their lives for an ideal, faithful unto death. It were largely Indian armies that fought at Gallipoli and whole regiments like the 14th Sikhs, officers and men alike faced withering fire and refused to yield ground. Indian armies again shattered Turkish forces in Palestine and started the tide which eventually swept Austria and then Germany out of the arena of war. Some of their deeds of glory will form an epic in coming times. India may well be proud of her sons and rejoice in full confidence for the words of His Majesty the King Emperor are full of hope and ring true. "The bond of brotherhood, proved by partnership in trials and triumphs, will endure in years to come when the reign of justice is restored, homes are united and the blessings of peace are renewed."

* * *

Let us also remember while we rejoice those, who have given away their lives for the empire and for the cause of human justice and human freedom. They made the supreme sacrifice so that their comrades may

Our Debt.

march to victory over their bodies and the future generation may reap the rich harvest of peace which they watered with their blood. We must keep our faith with the dead to whom we owe victory, and work for a settlement without hate and without fear, "satisfying the longing of the whole world for disinterested justice, embodied in settlements based upon something better and much more lasting than the selfish competitive interests of powerful states."

It may seem a paradox and yet war is a striving for peace. Man through the procession of centuries has only learned to live dangerously. Men used to stress and strife and armed security have failed to hear the message of peace which Christ delivered. The limitless power of Love, its strength and its potentiality to preserve peace has not been discovered. The world has been familiar with the struggle when the fiercest passions of men are at work on the web of strife and doom, and can not realise the power of Love working calm and still as the rays of summer moon. The world is in a plastic mood ready to be re-shaped to heart's desire. The wounds in South Africa healed quickly because England was ready with the healing balm. Our England and her allies will win even a greater victory if they conquer the hearts of the nations they have defeated in war by a generous and conciliatory spirit. In the words of President Wilson "The present and all it holds belongs to the nations who preserve their self control and orderly process

of their Governments, the future to those who prove themselves true friends of mankind.



**The Story of the
Collapse.** The collapse of Russia and the disastrous defeat inflicted upon Italy left the Allies in the West with gloomy anticipations in the opening of campaigning weather in the early parts of 1918. Numbers

of German troops were hurried across from Russia to Belgium and France, and the Kaiser announced a great offensive which he promised would sweep the Allies from the field, and procure a victorious peace for the Central Powers before the next New Year's Day. The German attack was launched upon 21st March and the few months during which it continued with extraordinary vigour were probably for the allies the most anxious months of all the Great War. The overwhelming numbers of the enemy and his ability here and there to effect a surprise, swept back British and French armies, and cost the allies large losses of men and material, and deprived them of so great an extent of territory that it was possible for the Germans to bombard Paris with a new invention of a long range gun. The German people began to consider that Paris and the Channel Ports would soon be in their hands and that a German victory was a foregone conclusion. The desire for peace waned in Germany, the aggressive party once more gained possession of the German nation, and public speeches explained the crushing conditions which the Central Powers intended to impose upon their vanquished enemies. Never was there a more extraordinary example in history of reckoning without one's host,

or a more dramatic turning of the tables. The spirit of the Allied armies in the West remained invincible in spite of defeat, and the great Marshal Foch, who had been placed in complete control of the British and French forces, and of the American divisions which were rapidly crossing the seas, was only waiting for the right moment in which to deliver the counterstroke. By a blunder in generalship in the month of July, the Germans gave the Marshal his opportunity, having taken up a dangerous position in their desire to get to Paris. Marshal Foch struck his blow, and followed it up with a series of blows which pushed the Germans back from the Belgian coast, cost them the loss of Lens and Lille and broke through their formidably fortified lines of defence to such an extent as to confront the German commanders with an exceedingly critical situation. Meanwhile, earlier still, a renewed Austrian attack upon Italy had disastrously failed. The effect upon Germany of the rapidly changing aspect of military affairs was to extort from their renewed peace overtures and a proposal for an armistice. The Allies were probably justified in regarding the proposal with suspicion, but the march of events quickly introduced into it the tone of sincerity. The considerable allied army which had remained for so long locked up in Salonika sprang upon the Bulgarian forces opposed to them, and attained an extraordinary series of successes, and in a short time Bulgaria had surrendered unconditionally. This great success was followed by the dramatic downfall of Turkey and three Turkish armies had been destroyed in a military sense by the victorious advance of General Allenby in Palestine, the majority of General Allenby's

troops having been Indians. The armistice was signed with the Turks as soon as the victorious force had reached Aleppo. A third crowning success for the Allied arms was won by the Italians who overwhelmed the Austrian armies in Italy and captured an enormous number of prisoners and an equally enormous amount of material. Austria-Hungary surrendered unconditionally, and Germany was left to carry on the war alone. The military situation in the west was by now so hopeless, that German delegates were sent to Marshal Foch, and on the 11th November the armistice was signed which was the pledge of the Allied victory and the end of the Great war.

Bells rang from every steeple in the Allied countries, and vast populations engaged in public rejoicings.



**Political Effects of
the Great War.** Enver Pasha and his discredited friends dropped the reins of power in Turkey. The King Czar of Bulgaria had abdicated his throne. The Emperor of Austria-Hungary departed in a railway train with furniture and jewels and money, and subsequently abdicated for the good of his many peoples. The Kaiser abdicated and escaped to Holland with the Crown Prince, and German Princes and Grand Dukes abdicated and fled in large numbers. In the words of Kipling "the Captain and the Kings depart." Such an unparalleled departure however is but the outward sign of far profounder changes. Perhaps all the mixed peoples of Austria-Hungary have declared their independence of each other. In fact the Austrian Empire for the time being at least is broken up into a number of separate

nationalities. In Germany Socialism is carrying all before it. Republics have been proclaimed in the footsteps of departing Grand Dukes, councils of soldiers and artisans have assumed control of states and cities, and a Central Government of Socialists has been set up in Berlin. The German Empire seems to be in danger of the anarchy which has victimised Russia ever since the triumph of Bolshevism. In Holland the starvation of the people has brought a threat of revolutions, and there have been strikes and other manifestations of popular unrest in Switzerland and Spain. In Belgium too, the demand has been raised for more democracy. The new year which has been freed from the terror of war will nevertheless be critical in the history of Europe. An extraordinary transformation will take place irrespective of the transformations to be effected at the Conference, and anxieties and great occasions for social and political wisdom will confront not only the late enemy and neutral countries, but the Allied countries have much in their own houses to be set in order.



**India and the
Great War.** The effect upon India of the Russian collapse was most important. The Viceroy summoned at Delhi a war Conference of Princes and others and explained

that the way to India had been opened by the Russian downfall. To face this danger, India was called upon to raise the largest army of Indian soldiers which had ever been asked for by a British Government. Thus the war was brought home to many a village which was unconscious of its relations with the great world.

Recruits were forthcoming in extraordinary numbers, and the European community in India was called upon to furnish officers for the new levies. The distinguished part played by the Punjab and its Lieutenant Governor during this crisis will be one of the memories of the war. Indian soldiers have acquitted themselves admirably whenever they have been called upon to serve, and the constant loyalty of the whole of India has never wavered. Self interest would undoubtedly appeal to all Indian citizens who realised what a German triumph would have meant to India, but Indian loyalty has had but little to do with self interest. Its root has been in the moral judgment. Germany has been condemned for wantonness and injustice by the Indian people, no less than by the people of Italy and of the United States. This is a tribute to the character of India, which no less than the great help afforded by Indian arms will hereafter be remembered.



•

A League of Nations.

The progress of the idea of a league of Nations for the preservation of the independence of small states, and of peace between all states large and small has been one of the most important developments of 1918. The allied nations have gradually arrived at the unanimous feeling that such a League is in fact what they are fighting for. From the outbreak of the conflict it has been proclaimed in England and France and elsewhere that the present war ought to make an end of war between civilized nations and now after four years of strife the declaration seems to be entering within the

circle of practical politics. The idea was expressed first of all by men of letters, it rapidly became the property of every citizen who was liable to serve or who had friends liable to serve in the armed forces of his country. The bitter experience of fighting high explosives and gas in holes dug out of the ground has taught every common soldier and officer in the armies of the Allies futility and the criminality of war, and their Governments are known to sympathise with them. No doubt too, the common soldiers in the armies of Germany and Austria who were taught to glorify war, are equally convinced that war is a game not worth the candle. An enormous new strength has been given to the proposal for a League of Nations by the acquisition to it of President Wilson. In a series of speeches President Wilson has declared that the issue of the war is neither defeat nor victory but the establishment of a stable world order guaranteeing freedom, security, peace and equality to all nations. There is no need to quote here any of the President's sentences, which future historians will quote as often as they desire to throw light upon the tremendous tendencies which at the present time are promising a happier future for all mankind. The speeches of prominent English and French statesmen have been to the same effect, and there seems to be no great hazard in the assertion that before long the British Empire, the United States and France and other less considerable powers will be joined in an alliance not for offence or defence but for the preservation of peace, an alliance to which enemy countries will be admitted as soon as enemy Governments have become settled and have shown that they are worthy to be trusted. The significance

of President Wilson's attitude is the fact that it represents a change of mind in the American people. The United States have professed until recently to stand aloof from the rest of the world unless any part of the rest of the world should invade any part of North and South America. The great war has taught the people of the United States that they have a duty to other nations, and to the welfare of the world as a whole, and that their concern is not solely their own security. It has opened their eyes also to the significance of the British Empire a political association devoted to no other end than the welfare of all within its citizenship, and the maintenance of peace and to the heroic self-sacrifice of France, Belgium and Serbia in their resistance to wanton militarism. Hence-forward, until the love of justice and the hatred of war can be torn out of the breasts of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, the United States and the British Empire bid fair to be associated in a world policy, and with them will be the intellect and ardour of France and the sympathies of many small states and by and by also perhaps the nations who were lately at war with us. If this happens, the tragedies of the Great War will have been not altogether a waste of happiness and life—such is the promise of 1918.

* * *

Not the least among the events of an eventful year has been the publication in India and England of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. The kernel of the Report is in the words "We are seeking to make the Indian people self-governing." The proposals of the Report were frankly offered for criticism both in India and in England, and they have been espoused and opposed

in both countries from conflicting points of view. In England the opposition to them is headed by old Indian administrators like Lord Sydenham, who believes that the framers of the Report have been travelling too fast, in India the opposition of the Extremists bases itself upon the immediately contradictory contention that the would-be reformers are not travelling fast enough. A large body of Moderate opinion in India has rallied to the Report, which it regards as a statesmanlike document, whatever modification it may care to suggest here and there is a detail. There is no question but that the Report is one of the most masterly and remarkable of political documents which have ever been issued, and that 1918 marks an era in the history of India. The proposals have been dictated no less by the political tone and tendency of the Empire as a whole than by opinion in India itself. Perhaps the greater number of the people in England are at a loss to understand why the Indians should not manage their own affairs as throughout the Colonies, whose political convictions are increasing in weight in the Empire, any other form of government than self-government is regarded as a self-evident absurdity. Moreover the Great War is being fought upon behalf of self determination for all peoples. Hence 1918 has marked a step forward in consciousness of the ideal and goal of the Empire.



• A long step forward has been taken in the improvement of National elementary education in England by the new Education Act, which provides for the raising of the school age in England from a minimum of 14 years to a minimum of 18 years, or its

**The English
Education Act.**

equivalent in the attendance at continuation classes. Another step forward is the larger provision made by the Act for "practical instruction" in such subjects as cookery, laundry work, housewifery, dairy work and handicrafts, and at the same time the classes for advanced instruction are to be improved. Equally important is the increased attention which the elementary school authorities are to bestow upon the health and physical condition of the children who are entrusted to their care. All this is remarkable, nevertheless the most wonderful educational development which the year has witnessed is probably to be found in the quiet, administrative progress of the system of so-called vocational education in the United States. In every country in the world with the exception perhaps of Spain, an increased importance is being appropriated to the child, and the attention being bestowed upon national systems of education is but one of the signs of a profound stirring of sociological conviction. The year 1918 has endowed mankind with promises and hopes as well as pains.



In the second half of the year a pandemic—that is an epidemic which affects the greater part of the world—reached India in the form of the Influenza. The first outbreak was at Bombay, where heat and overcrowding had produced what the medical officers described as an incubator, and in a very short time the disease had spread to Calcutta and Simla and other much visited centres

having obviously been carried in railway trains. Thereafter it spread over the country, paralysing offices and business houses, closing schools and colleges, postponing meetings, and increasing the death rate wherever it appeared. The last instance of a similar pandemic was in 1889 and 1890. The disease broke out first of all in Europe and in its course did not spare the armies in the field. It is not however one of the scourges which can be traced in its origin to the war.

The year 1918 has been distinguished by the heroic deeds of many nations upon hard-fought battlefields by self-denials and tragedies brought by war to a million peaceful homes, and by the snapping short of many a thread of life by such an apparently negligible foe as the Influenza. In Russia it has produced confusion worse confounded and every form of suffering which preys upon humanity. On the other hand 1918 has created a new sympathy and understanding between the British Empire and the United States an event of epoch making augury to the political future of the whole of the world, it has carried nearer to the possibility of accomplishment the great idea of a league of Nations for the preservation of the world's peace, it has held out the prospect of far reaching constitutional changes in India, and in several countries it has showered new benefits upon the unconscious head of childhood. The Great War, upon the issue to which the realisation of every hope depended, has been brought to its happiest conclusion. The whole civilized world has been living with extraordinary energy, anxiety,

courage, aspiration, self-sacrifice, hope and fear, and fortitude. A more strenuous year than 1918 for so many sections of human society has never been recorded, but perhaps 1919 will equal it in importance for the future. The Great War has produced a new feeling in all nations and between all nations. It has upset established governments and opened the way towards either anarchy or a better order. Great ideas have been born, and it behoves all politicians and all people *to live seriously* and prevent what is unquestionably a new spirit and a great opportunity from being turned to evil instead of good.

THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLISH POETRY TOWARDS WAR.

THE shock of the present war has been so immense, and has vibrated with such shattering force not only through our physical but through our mental and spiritual worlds, that we are apt to suffer from the illusion that this is the only real war that has ever been waged. The horrors are so naked and acute, the problems so difficult and haunting, that we can hardly believe these have ever been faced before: we feel—perhaps with unreason—as if something wholly new had crushed into the settled order of things, bringing incalculable change, not only by violent devastation, but by slow and insidious influence.

No doubt this war, coming upon a more sensitive world, and employing every resource of science as a means of ghastly destruction, does contain elements of frightfulness lacking in the wars of old. But though the methods of warfare in various epochs differ in kind and in degree, the underlying problems remain the same. In attempting to arrive at a solution of these problems it may be interesting to consider how English poets through the ages have envisaged war. It may be that they have some light to give us, some reading on our perplexities, some hope for the future.

We would therefore ask: What has been the attitude of the most idealistic minds of our race towards war? Do they bid us look for its causes to human ambitions, or assign them to remoter machinations? Does war as it concerns the individual appear to the seer as brutalizing or spiritualizing? And since war involves the destruction in their prime of the flower of our race, what has the poet to teach us concerning immortality? These and similar questions we shall endeavour to find an answer to in the course of these pages.

Our present concern is thus seen to be the poet's interpretation of war, his philosophy of war, rather than his description of actual warfare. English literature abounds in accounts of great combats, historical or imaginary, that must be excluded from this purview. For, at this moment men and women are occupied with the How and the Why and the Wherefore of war—with tracking out causes in the labyrinth of the past, and striving to pierce the shadowy uncertainties of the future: and the achievements of our greatest poets in *description*,—the multitudinous flash of Milton's armies—the sylvan encounters of Faery Knights set in Spenser's Magic Crystal—even the shock of battle that strikes through so many of Shakespeare's plays, interest us less at the moment than the speculations of those who are groping as we are groping, for some leading in the maze of catastrophe. For the same reason we must also leave out of consideration the poems commemorating individual or corporate deeds of heroism, as well as the many superb dirges for the dead which form so large a proportion of Irish literature.

Our first question, Is war justifiable? resolves itself into two categories. Is war justified in a righteous cause, irrespective of country? Is war justified at our country's call, irrespective of right or wrong?

To take the second query first: it is obvious that popular poetry has up to the present moment accounted the call of country sufficient justification for any war. No scruple regarding his detestable greed and aggression troubled even Shakespeare's Henry V on the eve of Agincourt; and Britannia's right to rule the waves was a self-evident proposition, and axiom, not a conclusion.

"For the Lord our God Most High

He hath made the deep as dry,

He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth!"

So says Rudyard Kipling, and no doubt the unreasoning glorification of country has made for progress at certain stages of the world's history, and has inspired heroic deeds and fine martial verse. But we are inclined to believe, and much recent poetry warrants the belief, that England has now passed that stage. The present war will probably kill Kipling's proposition of an English Tribal God, as well as his claim for England to be the Chosen People, the Blood and the Breed. And for this reason: we have seen very plainly how in another race this self-exaltation produces mental intoxication and insanity, how incompatible it is with the larger humanities, the wider sympathies. To be drugged with self is as fatal to a nation as to an individual; it either leads to brutal aggression as in the case of Germany to-day, or to nerveless apathy, the accusation that for a whole century was levelled against England by her most thoughtful lovers,

By burning and scornful words Wordsworth, Byron Swinburne, William Watson, sought to rouse England out of the lethargy that was largely due to her supine self-complacency,—they sought to rouse her with this one supreme object—that she might pursue righteous war, irrespective of her own aggrandisement. To free oppressed nationalities, to rescue tormented peoples, these were, the spurs that they applied to her sluggish hide in vain. Who has said more bitter things of the England that he loved than Wordsworth? She is a fen of stagnant waters; her sons are selfish men; the wealthiest man among us is the best. Moreover he accuses England of the deadliest of all crimes, of being an obstacle in the way of those who are weak.

“Better harvest might have been
But for thy trespasses; and at this day,
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, thou wouldst step between.”

The sonnet ends with this terrible line:

“Oh, grief! that earth’s best hopes rest all with thee!”

Not wilful interference on the side of unrighteousness but indifference, inertia, callousness, are the sins attributed to England by Byron, by Swinburne, and by William Watson. Byron who literally poured out his blood for the freedom of nationality, accuses England of a torpid sluggishness:

“Still, still for ever
Better, though each man’s lifeblood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Damm’d like the dull canal with locks and chains. . . .”
Better be, he adds, with the extinguished Spartans in

their proud charnel of Thermopylae "Than stagnate in our marsh."

England, what of the night? asks Swinburne, and England replies

Let me alone till the day.

Sleep would I still if I might,

Who have slept for two hundred years.

Once I had honour, they say;

But slumber is sweeter than tears."

William Watson's *Purple East* is a cry of almost intolerable anguish.

"Yonder the Dragon ramps with fiery gorge

Yonder the victim faints and gasps and bleeds;

But in his merry England our St. George

Sleeps a base sleep beside his idle spear."

Well, England has roused herself as never before; her blood flows and overflows; St. George sleeps no longer beside his idle spear: and although when we claim to have gone into battle for the sake of small nationalities, the doubter may point to Ireland, to Poland and to Persia, yet it was undoubtedly the intolerable wrongs committed upon Belgium that stung the mass of our people broad awake. The hundreds of thousands of our men that have perished to-day have perished at the dictates of Wordsworth, of Byron, of Swinburne, of William Watson; nay, even at the word of Shelley, one of whose longest poems deals entirely with the righteousness of war against tyranny.

War, then at the dictates of country has been generally upheld in popular verse; war in a righteous cause is definitely advocated by many of our great poets. Let us

next enquire: What effect does war exercise upon the individual? The very perfect gentle Knight of Chaucer, the Bayard of English literature, who had fought the heathen in many lands, is so piteous and so courteous that "he never yet no vilanie ne said in all his life unto no manner wight." But, on the other hand, if Chaucer has given us this full-length portrait of the finely-tempered soul nourished on war, he has drawn for us with a few of his unforgettable strokes some of the evil things that are bred under its shadow. In the Knight's Tale he describes the portraiture that was upon the walls of the great Temple of Mars:

"There saw I first the dark imagining
Of Felony, and all the compassing;
The cruel Ire, red as any gled;
The Picke-Purse, and eke the pale Dread;
The Smiler with the knife under the cloak;
The shepen brenning with the blake smoke;
The treason of the murdering in the bed...."

Suicide, Madness, Outrage, Famine,—all these were seen in that "grisley place."

Shakespeare, too, depicts the Happy Warrior in those lovely lines that tell of the death of the Duke of Norfolk in Richard II who had fought for Jesus Christ in glorious Christian field

"And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ
Under whose colours he had fought so long."

But Shakespeare is far too clear sighted not to recognize, like Chaucer, that Famine, Sword and Murder crouch

for employment at the heels of the dogs of war, nor does he overlook, even in his patriotic plays, the cowardice, the brutality and the greed that war engenders.

While, therefore, two of the greatest of English poets writing at intervals of about two hundred years, remind us of the unspeakable horrors that war brings in its train, it is curious to find that these are blinked by correct and mild-mannered Victorian poets. True, it is as a purifying agent that Tennyson upholds war, and he even hints that the cause may be righteous; but Coventry Patmore seems to preach war for war's sake only.

War, according to Tennyson, puts an end for a little to the lust of gold, and breaks a peace that was full of wrongs and shames: and though many shall weep for those who are crushed in the clash of jarring claims

“Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the hearts of a people beat with one desire;
For the peace that I deem'd no peace is over and done.
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep
And deathful grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.”

We are to-day so close to the ghastliness of war that we can hardly bear to have pretty phrases made about it. ‘The deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress’, ‘the blood-red blossom of war,’—such images strike a false note to us who realize poignantly the anguish and havoc wrought by war-engines. Tennyson's conclusions seem a little too facile,—based on insufficient experience and emotion. But the spiritualization wrought by war as conveyed in

Rupert Brooke's superb sonnet "Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!"—that for a time convinces us. We have accumulated before us as in no other poem the exaction of sacrifice that war entails—

"The years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene
That men call age: and those would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality."

Hear how Rupert Brooke summarizes the result of this sacrifice that the Dead have made for us.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth
Holiness, lack'd so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a King, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage!

Holiness, Love, Pain, Honour, Nobleness: but it needs a Rupert Brooke to make us believe that these are the results of war.

If Tennyson's advocacy of war seems a little unreal to us in its prettiness, Coventry Patmore's dictums on war are apt to revolt us by their dogmatism and savagery. "War's the ordained way of all alive," he says, "And therein with Good Will to dare and strive Is profit and heart's ease." It seems (to say the least) an incredible lack of taste to pronounce the frequent black worn by German child, wife and maid" after the war had 'pluck'd the fangs from France" (in 1870)

"a staid relief
And freshening foil
To cheerful-hearted Honours ready smile!"

And surely the following lines were more appropriately uttered by some primitive bard or Mahomedan

fanatic than by a leisured gentleman of the last century:

“ The sunshine dreaming upon Salmon’s height

Is not so sweet and white

As the most heretofore sin-spotted soul

That darts to its delight

Straight from the absolution of a faithful fight.”

And this brings us to the crux of our questioning: for our ultimate attitude towards war as it affects the individual must depend on the views we hold concerning immortality. It is possible that in a supreme cause no sacrifice is too great: but every student of war must realize how complicated are the issues to-day, and how to some extent every belligerent nation is able to persuade itself that right is on its side. The all-important question that torments alike the Philosopher and the Lover, and which becomes acute in such crises as we are living through, is this: does Death end everything? has all the superb youth and promise gone out like a flame? or does life continue into eternity, and death be only another birth to life?

To Coventry Patmore, and to men of primitive times, the problem was a simple one. Battle was in effect an absolution, and those who died in fight went direct to paradise. As they fell their ears were filled with the glad laughter of the gods. Even during the fray they became as super-men; the war-frenzy transfigured them, so that they towered to more than human. Something of the overwhelming rapture of battle in ancient times is conveyed to us in George Meredith’s *Attila*; something of the intoxication of conquest in Marlowe’s *Tamburlaine the Great*. At times the war-fury was so great that it shattered the human instrument. W. B. Yeats describes this is one of his most perfect poems, *The Madness of King Goll*:—

"But slowly, as I shouting slew
And trampled in the bubbling mire,
In my most secret spirit grew
A whirling and a wandering fire....."

But to-day blood has lost the old power it once possessed of stimulating passion and imagination. We have no longer such immediacy of vision as Catherine of Siena, who when holding in her hand the severed head of the victim, and spattered with his blood, saw the heavens open and Christ received his soul, blood into blood, flame into flame. To-day, as every diary and letter from the Front assures us, all the ghastly butchery of war is a horror not to be told; there is no joy in the laughter of bayonets, no zest in bloodshed; it is simply a grim business that has to be faced as a duty, yielding no higher aesthetic emotion than spasms of frantic excitement. That almost inconceivable heroism and self-sacrifice are shown on the battlefield is no tribute to war, but to the magnificence of human nature.

Indeed, nothing emphasizes more strikingly the gaping abyss set between the ancient and modern conception of war than this attitude towards death. And yet the most nobly expressed and the most wide-reaching conception of immortality after battle is to be found in an ancient poem that goes far back beyond our own primitive times, the Bhagavad Gita, where Krishna is urging Arjuna into a fight for duty's sake. One wishes that every soldier might have a copy of this magnificent and inspiring poem which in Sir Edwin Arnold's simple version is made comprehensible to the man in the street.

"I say to thee weapons reach not the Life;
Flame burns it not, waters cannot o'erwhelm,
Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,
Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,

Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure.....
Thus is the soul declared !"

A feeble echo of the same sublime thought is to be found in Walt Whitman's *Drum Taps*.

"I see, behind each mask, that wonder, a kindred soul.
O the bullet could never kill what you really are, dear
friend,
Nor the bayonet stab what you really are.
—The soul, yourself, I see, great as any, good as the best,
Waiting secure and content, — which the bullet could
never kill,
Nor the bayonet stab, O friend."

There is another immortality,—less individual perhaps,—more cosmic—which has found its supreme expression in one of Rupert Brooke's sonnets,—sonnets surely amongst the most precious possessions of our language. Has war, has death, has England, ever been more perfectly sung than in the sonnet beginning "If I should die, think only this of me...."

"And think this heart, all evil shed away
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Given back, somewhere, the thoughts by England
given.
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day,
And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness
In hearts at peace under an English heaven."

And as Hugh Britling in the trenches wanted to read something about "fauns and nymphs in broad low glades," something removed as far as possible from realism, "literary opium" he calls it, so let us remind the reader of a poet's fantastic conception of life after death, rest after toil, peace after war, joy after pain.

In the *Revolt of Islam* after Laon and Laone have perished in the flames of the pyre, they find themselves on the waved and golden sands of a clear pool; and then a boat approached one curved shell of hollow pearl, and for three days and three nights they sailed through changing loveliness, until at last

“Motionless resting on the lake awhile
I saw its marge of snow bright mountains rear
Their peaks aloft, I saw each radiant isle,
And in the midst, afar, even like a sphere
The Temple of the Spirit : on the sound
Which issued thence, drawn nearer and more near,
Like the swift moon this glorious earth around
The charmed boat approached, and there its haven found.”

For lack of space we cannot mention the many English poems that deal with death and immortality, irrespective of death in war, though, as a matter of fact, their teaching is relevant to our theme. English literature is peculiarly rich in such poems, and they are an anteroom giving access to many holy places and to interminable vistas of dream and hope.

So much of the After-Death. But what of the After-war,—the world in which some of us will remain alive? So accurately does Milton voice all the doubts and fears that assail us that it seems as if he must in very truth be living at this hour. The curtailment of the freedom of speech and of the freedom of the press, the corruption that takes advantage of dire necessity, the threat of permanent militarism, the coercion of conscience,—these are some of the immediate consequences of war that give us pause. Milton concentrates into his sonnets all our vague uneasiness, and peals forth his organ note: the sextet to the sonnet to the Lord General Fairfax reads as follows:—

"O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
(For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed
While avarice and rapine share the land."

And here is the sextet to the sonnet to the Lord General Cromwell (1652).

"yet much remains
To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war : new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

None of the poets so far alluded to have touched upon war in its larger philosophical aspect. It is, however, a remarkable coincidence that a poet of this age should, just prior to the great war, have given us an elaborate study of the fundamental causes of war. It is true that *The Dynasts* deals with the Napoleonic wars; these, however, have been lived through in imagination as Tennyson never lived through his war and Hardy's fragmentary scenes have often a vividness and a life that make them unforgettable. But what concerns us most at the moment are his choruses. We stand amazed before the extraordinary lucidity of mind, the power of organization, the concentration that can force vast nebulae of theories, powers and emotions. "Phantom Intelligences" Hardy calls them—to take concrete shape as Ironical Spirits, Spirits of the Pities, Spirits of the Years. It is indeed a mental triumph so great that we are almost hypnotized into forgetting that this is after all only the interpretation of one man,—an interpretation, too coloured with a somewhat

desperate philosophy of life. Personal ambitions, national aspirations, broken treaties, are in very truth scraps of paper before the terrific wind of Destiny moving down the years from immemorial times.

Listen to the Semi-choruses of the years.

Semichorus II.

The Immanent, that urgeth all
Rules what may or may not befall.

Semichorus I.

Ere systemed suns were globed and lit
The slaughters of the race were writ.

Semichorus II.

And wasting wars, by land and sea,
Fixed, like all else, immutably."

Yes: but has this First Cause Intelligence? Is it merciful? Is it just? The lines that follow dash all the hopes of humanity to the ground.'

"Spirit of the Years

In the Foretime, even to the germ of Being
Nothing appears of shape to indicate
That cognizance has marshalled things terrene,
Or will (such is my thinking) in my span.
Rather they show that, like a knitter drowsed,
Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness,
The Will has woven with an absent heed
Since life first was ; and ever will so weave."

We are in the hands of the Great Foresightless, the rapt Determinator that neither Good nor Evil knows, the Inadvertent Mind, the dark dim Thing that turns the handle of this idle Show. Only in the very last verse of all, in the final Chorus, is breathed the faintest breath of

hope that in the end Consciousness shall inform the Will,
till It fashion all things fair.

But this is not enough comfort for us in our doubt and sorrow, and we long for some great poem to be born out of the present war, matching *The Dynasts*, in philosophical interest, but showing us man, not entirely the plaything of the fates, but emerging towards masterhood.

The mass of material connected with our subject is so immense that we have only been able imperfectly to touch the fringe of it. Yet, even if space had been available to multiply examples it would only have emphasized the conclusion that after all England has never been greatly shaken by war, and that the vast majority of her poets speak of what lies outside their experience and even their imagination. The manhood of England has never before been so wholly engaged in war, her social life has never been so deeply stirred, her resources has never been so largely pledged. The grim realities, the awfulness of war have never been brought home with such poignancy to our people. It is evident that this tremendous national experience and upheaval must have a profound effect upon the literature of the future, and already some of the glory and the anguish of battle and sacrifice have found their way into poetry.

But some of us would look—in dreams at least—beyond the immediate outcome of this war to a time when inspiration will be less hampered by incompetence and muddle and waste; when life will afford a nobler opportunity than the killing of fellow creatures, with whatever motive; and when poetry, reflecting the actual conditions of existence, will move and have its being in that radiant

KING SHIVAJI.

NO man in History, it may fairly be said, has had harder justice meted out to him than King Shivaji, the founder of the Maratha empire. The cause is a simple one. King Shivaji's reputation rests upon the opinion of a certain Khafi Khan, who resided at Delhi long after Shivaji was dead, who never went south of the Vindhya mountains and whose fairness may be judged by the circumstance that he never speaks of the king except as by the epithet of "Helldog". Grant Duff who wrote the History of the Marathas followed Khafi Khan's account of the death of Afzul Khan, although he admitted that it was opposed to the account of every Hindu writer. All other English historians with the exception of Omme, whose books unfortunately no one reads, followed Grant Duff blindly. The result has been that Khafi Khan's erroneous version of the Afzul Khan incident has now been universally accepted and Shivaji's treachery has become a byword. A still more extraordinary thing is that, because Shivaji was deemed to be treacherous, historians have declared this to be a national vice of the Marathas. Indeed Sir Herbert Risley based on it a conclusion that Marathas were of Scythian origin. Marathas were treacherous; so were Scythians; therefore Marathas were Scythians. If, however, it is shewn that Marathas

were not treacherous it necessarily follows that Marathas were not Scythians. Indeed it is difficult to see what connexion there could be between the two races, one of which lived in south Russia and the other on the shores of the Arabian Sea.

Fully to understand the rise of Shivaji, we must consider shortly the history of the Marathi speaking Deccan. In 1294 A. D. Alla-ud-din Khilji, nephew of the emperor Jalal-ud-din Khilji, invaded in a time of profound peace the kingdom of the Maratha king Ramadeva Yadava who ruled at Devgiri. He extorted a huge ransom and with it succeeded in murdering the emperor and mounting the throne in his place. From 1294 the Yadava kingdom became a vassal state. But in 1317 the emperor Mubarak reduced the Maratha kingdom to a province of Delhi. As a result of the misrule of the emperor Mahomed Tughlak, one of his generals, an Afghan, called Hasan Ganga, founded the Bahmani kingdom. This endured from 1347 to 1526 A. D. when it broke up into five fragments, namely, Bijapur, Ahmednagar, Bedar, Golconda and Berar.

For about a hundred years these five kingdoms fought with each other incessantly or with the Hindu kingdom of Vijayanagar which lay south of the Tungabhadra. But three causes were at work which were bringing about their downfall. The first was the establishment of the Moghul empire in 1526. The second was their ever increasing dependence on their Hindu soldiers and officials owing to their inability to get fresh Musulman settlers from beyond the Himalayas. The third was the great religious movement which in our History* I have called

* A History of the Maratha People—C. A. Kiuraud and R. B. Parasnis, (Oxford University Press.)

the Pandharpur movement. Of these causes the first and the third were the most important. Babar's grandson Akbar had no sooner extended the frontiers of the Delhi empire, to the Vindhya, than he began to cast envious and indignant eyes on the Musulman states south of those mountains. He regarded their rulers as upstarts, who had taken wrongful advantage of the troubles of Delhi and who should be made to disgorge their ill-gotten gains. The first victim was Berar. It had been conquered by Ahmednagar, but in 1596 Akbar conquered it from Chand Bibi. The second victim was Ahmednagar itself. In 1600 the Moghuls stormed Ahmednagar, taking the infant king Bahadur Shah a prisoner to the fort of Gwalior, where he died in captivity.

Among the Hindu nobles who rose to eminence during the last years of the Ahmednagar State was one Maloji Bhosle. By ability and good fortune he rose to the command of 5,000 horse and married his young son Shahaji to Jijabai, the daughter of one of the leading nobles of the time named Jadhavrao Lakhoji, who claimed descent from the ancient Yadava kings of Devgiri. After the breakup of the Ahmednagar kingdom, Shahaji tried to restore it, as regent for an infant member of the royal family. When this scheme failed, he obtained a high post in the service of the king of Bijapur. By this time he had quarrelled with his wife Jijabai; he gave her as a maintenance the villages of Poona and Supa. There she brought up her son Shivaji. This boy, destined to be the future liberator of the Maratha nation, grew up amid inspiring surroundings, under the care and influence of his mother and her factor Dadaji Khondadev. They never let him forget the great family from which he sprang, or the past history of

the Deccan. But what influenced him most was the religious movement which I have noted as the third cause of the down-fall of the Deccan kingdoms.

At Pandharpur on the banks of the Bhima one Dhyandev, one of the first of the Marathi poets, settled. There he worked numerous miracles and preached a singularly pure religion. A number of other poets followed in his train and by preaching the worship of Vithoba or Krishna they kept alive the national spirit. It was this religious and national spirit which influenced Shivaji more than anything else. Conscious of great powers he conceived that he had a divine mission to liberate the Deccan from foreign rulers. Believing this himself he got others to believe it ; thus he was able to head a great religious movement which did not spend itself until Musulman rule had disappeared from the greater part of the Marathi speaking country.

From fifteen to eighteen Shivaji gathered round him a number of Hindu boys about the same age as himself. At eighteen he began his life's work. With a body of men whom he had raised and drilled he made himself master of the forts of Torna and Rajgad and Purandar. At first he managed to allay the suspicions of the Bijapur Government. But it was impossible to do so always. He therefore determined to declare open war. He seized a convoy going from Thana to Bijapur and then seized nine forts and the rich town of Kalyan. In return, that Government seized Shahaji and held him captive as a hostage for Shivaji's good behaviour. Shivaji's answer was to throw himself on the protection of the Moghul emperor Shah Jehan. Bijapur then tried to take Shivaji treacherously

through the medium of one of their feudal lords Chandrarao More of Jaoli who owned the country round Mahableshwar. Shivaji, however, surprised Chandrarao More and conquered his territories.

The growing power of the young malcontent at last led Bijapur to take serious steps to subdue him. To that end they, in September 1669, sent one Afzul Khan with twelve thousand men to take him dead or alive. Shivaji was at Rajgad when the expedition started. He at once fell back to Pratapgad in the Koyna valley where the difficulty of the country would enable him to meet better the great force sent against him. Afzul Khan changed his line of march and passing on his way through Pandharpur and Tuljapur desecrated both of these holy places, as he passed through them. Shivaji, as a strict Hindu, was deeply incensed at these acts. Nevertheless he wished to negotiate with Afzul Khan rather than fight with him. When Afzul Khan invited him to Wai, Shivaji did not refuse the invitation but suggested the Koyna valley as a more suitable meeting place. Afzul Khan accepted the alternative and marched with his army across the Mahableshwar plateau. It was now all important for Shivaji to ascertain whether Afzul Khan intended to act fairly or treacherously. His spy had already warned Shivaji that Afzul Khan was only amusing the King and intended to seize him. This information was confirmed by Afzul Khan's agent Krishnaji Bhaskar. Shivaji therefore went to the interview, which took place on the slopes of Pratapgad, prepared for any eventuality. As he had anticipated Afzul Khan, directly Shivaji arrived, picked a quarrel with him and seizing him by the neck, tried to force his sword into his stomach. A coat of mail which Shivaji had prudently put on under his

tunic turned the point and Shivaji caught Afzul Khan's side with steel claws which he had concealed in his hand. At the same time he drove a dagger with his other hand into the Khan's back. The Khan released Shivaji and slashed at his head but the blow was stopped by a steel helmet which Shivaji wore under his turban. Shivaji retaliated by cutting the Khan down. At the same moment his troops surprised the Khan's army and in a few minutes destroyed it. After this victory it was almost hopeless for the Bijapur Government to suppress the rebel. So after a few ineffectual attempts he and they made peace through the instrumentality of Shahji. The peace was in the highest degree favourable to Shivaji who retained all the lands which he had occupied.

Shivaji's next struggle was against the Moghuls. At first successful, he was at last brought to sue for peace by a combination of the Delhi and Moghul governments. Aurangzeb granted him peace on severe terms. He took from him between twenty and thirty forts and reduced him to the level of a vassal feudatory. He also required him to present himself at Agra. There the emperor tried to keep him a captive until a convenient opportunity arose for beheading him. But Shivaji escaped in a basket of sweetmeats and renewed the campaign against the Moghuls this time with more success. He cleared them from the western Deccan and twice sacked their great emporium Surat. After these victories he had himself crowned king at Raygad in May 1674.

It was one thing, however, to conquer a kingdom. It was another to retain it against all the immense resources of the Moghuls. To accomplish this Shivaji conceived

a scheme so grandiose as almost to surpass [human imagination. It was none less than to conquer all the country along the old frontier of the Vijaynagar kingdom and protect it with a line of forts. To make this conquest he had to traverse India from west to east and then to fight his way back from east to west. He secured the acquiescence of the Moghuls by bribing the imperial viceroy. He obtained the assistance of the Golconda kingdom by promising to help it against Moghul aggression. He then conquered all the southern half of the Bijapur kingdom along the Krishna and Tungabhadra rivers, penetrating indeed to the outskirts of Madras. With incomparable skill he overcame the garrisons of the Bijapur fortresses and substituted for them Maratha troops. At last he returned to his capital Raygad having conquered a territory as large as his former kingdom. His intention was to create for himself and his successors a shelter against the coming storm. He knew that sooner or later he or they would have to face the whole military strength of Northern India. He also knew that they could not do so in Maharashtra. His design therefore was to fall back to the south of the Tungabhadra and meet the invader on the line which had protected for two hundred years the Hindu kings of Vijayanagar.

Two years after Shivaji's return from the south, he died. But when Aurangzeb, four years after Shivaji's death, mobilized against the Marathas, the whole military establishment of upper India, the wisdom of the great king, became manifest. At first the Marathas tried to defend their country, but the Moghuls overran it and killed Shambhu and took captive his family. Then the Marathas acted on the advice of their great king. Led by his

second son Rajaram they fell back to the line of the Tungabhadra resisting the Moghul offensive year by year until it lost its momentum. Thereupon they in their turn attacked and gradually forced the invaders back to Aurangabad. There the death of Aurangzeb and the subsequent quarrels of his sons for his inheritance completed the task of which the great king had begun.

I have already exceeded the limits which I imposed on myself when I began this article. I will therefore bring it to a close. My account of the Maratha king has necessarily been of the sketchiest. I hope, however, that I have succeeded in showing that he had great qualities and achieved great things. These he could not have accomplished if he had been the low treacherous bandit portrayed by European historians.

C. A. KINCAID.

ETHICS IN HAFIZ.

"**B**ELLONA is the patron of Art, and Mars the presiding Deity," says an old Spanish adage. This, at first sight, appears to be a wild paradox, and yet it is a fact. There does subsist a vital connection between fine conduct and fine art. War, we are constrained to say, is necessary to keep literature healthy and sane. It prompts men to look elemental things in the face. It makes the poet, they urge. Shakespeare was born into a time of war. The *Tempest*, belongs to war and not to peace. The Persian Wars made *Æschylus*. Without Bonaparte there would never have been Hugo—and without the Mongol outrage which shattered the serried ranks of the Caliphate Sadi and Hafiz would have been nonentities.

This stunning blow, from which Islam never recovered, paralysed the arts of "Modern Athens." Baghdad was sacked, and nothing—not even the fiercest outburst of Moslem passion—could stem the tide of national misfortune. Cities after cities fell to the enterprise of the invaders—and the last Caliph of the House of Abbas was murdered in cold blood. The tornado (unprecedented in fury and horror) swept away the magnificent relics of the golden age of Islam. "The sack of Baghdad" says Professor Browne, "began on February 15, 1258, and lasted for a week, during which 80,00,00 of the inhabitants were put to death ;

while the treasures (material, literary and scientific) all accumulated during the centuries while Baghdad was the metropolis of the vast empire of the Abbaside Caliphs, were plundered or destroyed. The loss suffered by Moslem learning, which never again reached its former level, defies description; and almost surpasses imagination. Never probably was so great and splendid a civilization so swiftly consumed with fire, and quenched with blood." Nothing but the memory of the past remained, and that too appeared a dream!

This vast destruction of the loftiest glories of the human intellect (antidating, perhaps, the Waterloo of culture which Mazzini and Cavarre expected at a less decadent age) was not a mere sheet lightning of History. It revolutionised the entire frame of mind—the very 'Eternity of thought.' The Moslems, obsessed with a selfish theory about the Universe (the atrophying ban of culture and civilization) had championed Fate herself into the lists. They had literally fought with the elements of Nature. But these reverses, sustained in the full plenitude of their glory, rebutted the old dilemma which had exercised their mentors. A new vision of life, dominated by a broad recognition of the "Brotherhood" of Man, and tinged with a morbid realisation of human limitations, appeared on the horizon. Truth stared in the face—and a period of deep mental analysis, with all its paraphernalia of Psychological introspection and experiment, supervened—of which Sâdi was the glorious founder, and Hafiz, the splendid High-Priest.

Hafiz was, first and foremost, a philosophical thinker—a man whose mission in life was to set God and man in their proper relations to one another. He was a poet, because

poetry offered him the richest, the most varied, and the completest method of preaching the truth which inspired his whole being. He tried to animate and invest with imaginative light the convictions of his sect—

“O! Thou Absolute Being; all else is naught, but a Phantasm,

For in Thy Universe all things are one.

Thy world-captivating Beauty, to display its perfection,
Appears in thousands of mirrors, but is one.

Although thy Beauty accompanies all the beautiful,
In truth the unique and incomparable Heart enslaver is
one.

All the turmoil and strife in the world is from love of Him.
It hath now become known that the ultimate source of
mischief is one.”

—Jāmi.

A great deal has been written to show that Hafiz and other Sufis in propounding their faith borrowed so much as seriously to detract from their claim to the credit of originality. The best answer to each particular charge of this kind is to show how very widely the critics disagree with one another in their attempts to trace the origin to previous “Faiths”. Almost every seer (smitten with the divine dipsomania of the original investigator) has his own views to force, and is, therefore, inclined to discard other views, lock, stock, and barrel. There is, for instance, the theory that it must be regarded as an “offshoot” of the old Vaishnavite system which centres the whole universe in Lord Krishna. “This theory” says Professor Browne, “taking note of certain obvious resemblances which exist between the Sufi doctrines in their more advanced forms and the Vaishnava system, assumes that this similarity (which has, in my opinion been exaggerated and is rather

superficial than fundamental) shows that these systems have a common origin which must be sought in India. The strongest objection to this view to the historical fact. that though in Sásánian times, notably in the sixth century of our era, during the reign of Nausherwan, a certain exchange of ideas took place between Persia and India, no influence can be shown to have been exerted by the latter country on the former (still less on other Islamic countries) till after the full development of the Sufi system—which was practically completed when Al-Bruni, one of the first Mussulmans who studied the Sanskrit language and the geography, history, literature and thought of India, wrote his famous Memoir on these subjects.”

Then, there is the theory of Neo-Platonist influence, Professors Nicholson and Darmesteter, whose services to Islamic History are simply legion, hold that so far as Sufism was not an entirely independent and spontaneous-growth (as sure it was) it is probable that it has been more indebted to Neo-Platonism than to any other system. But even admitting the connection between Neo-Platonism and Sufism, there remain several subsidiary questions which knock for answer at every heart.’

1. “What elements of their Philosophy” for instance, asks *Haarbrucker*, “did the Neo-Platonists originally borrow from the East, and especially from Persia which country *Plotinus* visited, as we learn from his biographer, *Porphry* expresses to study the system of philosophy these taught.”?
2. To what extent did the seven Neo-Platonist philosophers, who driven from their homes

by the intolerance of *Justinian* (see Gibbon, Vol vii—pp.149—152) took refuge at the Persian Court in the reign of *Naushervan* (about A.D. 532) found a school to propagate their ideas in that country?

And until the two questions posed above have received a definite reply, we can say with confidence that such resemblances are null and void in effect. "Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!"

The fact is that the identity of two objects does not prove that the one is generated by the other: they may be results of a like cause. Mysticism, because it meets the requirements and satisfies the cravings of a certain class of minds existing in all ages and in most civilized communities must be regarded as a spontaneous phenomenon, recurring in many similar but unconnected forms wherever the human mind continues to concern itself with the problems of the Wherefore, the Whence, and the Whither of the spirit. Those who have read *Vaughan's* "Hours with the Mystics", must find a mass of resemblance, both in substance and form, in the tenets of Mystics of the most varied creeds, countries and epochs. For surely Mysticism is older than the oldest Mystic—and the aerial in man has always ascended above the sycrax in him, in search of the "soul of each and God of all." Compare, for instance, the following lines of *Wordsworth*—

"And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky and the mind of man.
 A motion and spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts
 And rolls through all things"—

or Coleridge—

"And what if all animated Nature
 Be but organic harps diversely framed,
 That ilembles into thought as o'er them sweeps
 Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze"—

with the doctrine of Hafiz, and you cannot resist the conclusion that Sufism is the heritage of 'Thinkers.' And I would venture to assert that most of the utterances of *Eckart, Tauler*, and *Santa Teresa*, if translated into Persian, will easily pass current as the words of Sufi Shaykhs.

This, to a considerable extent, explains the unique position of *Hafiz* among the thinkers of Persia. He is essentially a Sufi—and hence an eclectic and a latitudinarian. The whole universe according to *Hafiz* (and for the matter of that to any Sufi) is the manifestation of the only Absolute Existence—Jehova, Jove, or Lord. All else is a Chimera! And because every atom pulsates with Life Eternal, the Sufi cultivates that Telescopic Philanthropy which sent Miss Nightingale all the way down to Crimea to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and the wounded. And *Hafiz*, true to the tradition of his sires, proclaims that every suffering Child is *Krishna* and every sorrowful brother-man is Rama—

حافظا گر وصل خواهی صلح کن با خاص و عام
 با - معنی الله الله با برهمین رام رام

• باش در پئے آبا هر چه خواهی کن
 که در شریعت ما غیر از این گناه نیست
 پس تجربه کردیم در این دیو مآفات
 ما درد کشان هر که در افتاد و بر افتاد

I want to emphasise the point in Sufi Ethics, because it bristles with common interest. Here we see the germs of that marvellous theory of Ethics (the Theory of Common Good and Evil) which has been perfected of late and claims among its adherents such eminent philosophers as Professors *Greene*, *Muirhead*, and *Rashdal*. And our wonder knows no bounds when we realise that the Persian Mystic is indulging in these sentiments when *Chaucer* is busy with his Sir Knight and Wyfe of Bath—when *Boccaccio* finds solace in the antipathy of *Decameron*—and when a lineal descendant of Epicurus proclaims from the House-tops that "All but one are slaves."

Kant has said that the ultimate object of all philosophy is to give replies to these three questions:

What can I do?

What ought I to do?

What may I hope for?

Hafiz furnishes answers to all these questions, but he can not be said to have anticipated *Kant*. For he is essentially a necessitarian. His philosophy, like that of *Plato*, begins in wonder. Nothing is known—and nothing can possibly be known, except, perhaps, through love and sympathy. "Our meddling intellect" he seems to say—

"Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things
 We murder to dissect"

He joins issues with *Socrates* and *Khayyam*:—

منقہ شکار کس نہ شود دم باز چین
کین جا همیشه باد بدست است دم را
حادث از طرب وے گو در از دهر کمتر جو
که کس نشود و نشاید حکمت این معما را

“Know thyself, do not try God to scan
The proper study of mankind is man”.

کس نه دانست که منزل کجہ مقصود کجاست
این قدر هست که بازگ جز سے می آید

“None knows the Destination! All that is given to us
is the ringing of the bell in the distance”.

در کار خانه که ره عقل و نام نیست
وہم صعیف رای فضولی چرا کند
چاک هفتاد و در ملت ہم را عذر نوبہ
چون نہ دیدند حقیقت رہ فسانہ زند

In short the whole Universe is an enigma—a mystery which baffles every attempt at solution. Hence the need for a spiritual guide to conduct the wayfarer safely to the Promised Land. For *Plato*, with all his critical acumen, can not lead beyond his ideal Commonwealth. He himself exclaims—

مردم در انظار در این پورہ راہ نیست
با هست و پورہ دار نشانم نمہ دہد

This has lead *Hafiz* to inculcate that blind obedience to his Saqi which culminates in the following lines—

ہمہ سجادۂ رنگیں کن گرت پیر مغان گوید
کہ سالک بہ خبو نمود ز رالہ و رسم • منزہا
دوش ار • مسجد سرئی • وفالہ آ • د پیر ما
چہست باران طریقت ہمہ از این تدبیر ما

which, in the felicitous translation of my tutor, run thus—

“By all means defile thy prayer, man with wine, if the aged tavern keeper so bids thee; for a traveller can not be unacquainted with the ways and modes of the different stages.”

Hafiz bears hard on detractors and back-biters. He advises them to cease from misrepresenting and vilifying others. I wish the Extremists could imbibe the spirit of the following lines—

مانگوریم بد و میل به ناحق نه کنیم
چاه نه کسر سیه و دلق خود اَرْزق نه کنیم
عیب درویش و توانگر به کم و بیس بداهت
کار بد - صلاحیت آن است نه مطلق نه کنیم

“That is we do not even expose the wicked, because exposing itself is a low deed”—nay,

حافظ از حضم خطا گفت نگیریم براد
در که حق گفت جدال با سخن حق نه کنیم

“We do not despise our critics—for either they misrepresent us, or else find us out: If the former, it is folly wide the mark—if the latter, we are surely to blame.”

Hafiz, as I can not too often repeat, draws no hard and fast line between Moslems and Non-Moslems. He does not divide humanity into water-tight compartments—some branded ‘Heretic’ and, therefore, beyond the pale of civilization: others christened “chosen sons of God,” and thus inheritors of light and love. His door swings before every visitor. His law is the law of God—his mercy, the mercy of Heaven—

هر که خوراهد گو پیاد هر که خوراهد گو یزد
گهر و دار و حاجب و دربان در این درگاه نیست
بندۀ پور خرابان که لطف دائم است
در نه لطف شیخ و زاهد گاه هست و گاه نیست

"That is we mete out equal treatment to Moslems and Non-Moslems—we do not, like Disputants and Controversialists, differentiate between Sheikh and Brahmin." For, he says—

ما قصه میکند و دارا نه خوار است ایم
از ما بجز حکایت مهر و وفا میبرد

"We are quite unacquainted with the stories about Alexander and Darius: we only know the tales of love and fellow-feeling."

فضا خرویم و ملامت نشدیم و خوش باشیم
که در طریقت ما کافری است رنجیدن
و بهر میکرده گفتیم چیست راه نجات
بخش است جام موی و گفت عیب پوشیدن

"We are maltreated, and bear the contumely with a light heart—for malification is a sacrilege in our 'system'."

Professor *Greene* in his famous *Prolegomnia to Ethics* proves almost conclusively (and we endorse his view in our heart of hearts) that morality, if it were not to degenerate into the opportunists' creed or the grocers, art must not flow from prudential consideration of pleasure or pain. Then, it must not consist in obedience to law which is merely "given"—or else the interest, which mankind will take in it, shall only be an indirect one—not entirely divorced from fears of punishment and promises of rewards but this will only be the destruction of morality. For, whatever else morality may be, it is universally acknowledged by all who reflect upon it to be something more than slavish submission to a superior will on the ground of superior force. *Hafiz* realises this and warns—

تر بندگی جو گدایان به شرط مکر و مکن
که خواجه خود روش بندگی پرستی داند

"Do not serve thy master on condition of reward for the master himself is solicitous about his servants, weal"

گو چه کرد آلود قدمم شرمنه با از هم نام
گرچه آب چشمه خورشید دامن در کنم

"Although a pauper, God save the mark, that I stoop to beg something of the sun."

Hafiz, like *Sádi* and *Jámi* before him, emphasises personal worth and dissuades the snobs from trading with the bones of their ancestors—

دیده هر چایی بزرگان نذران زن بگزاف
مگر اسباب بزرگی همه آماده دنی
تاج شاهی طلای گوهر ذاتی نجات
در خرد از گوهر جمشید و فریدون پاستی

"If you aspire after the kingly crown, prove your worth for your descent from Jamshed and Faridoon will not stand you in good stead here."

دوره منزل لیلی که خطرهاست به جان
شرط اول قدم آن است که مجنون باشی

The way to success is full of perils—only muster courage and march steadfastly."

This, in brief, is the main trend of *Hafiz's* teachings. His tavern Philosophy and goblet Ethics have done more to elevate his contemporaries and successors than the ablest sermons of the ablest divines. And even to-day we take refuge in his hospitable tavern—that vast Vatican of the World's congeries of human being—although the host is silent in the silence of Eternity, and the cup-bearers have departed.

MANNERS.

THOUGH self-praise be no recommendation it is generally accepted that self-criticism amounts to confession! Nevertheless I venture to affirm that the usual British deprecatory way of alluding to themselves as blunt, reserved, undemonstrative and insular does not stand as proof that they are an ill-mannered race. The manners of the British Empire are excellent and in competition with the World we doubtless gain a large percentage of marks through the inclusion of Indians in our vast and varied population, for to them is given—a gift of the gods indeed—a natural beauty of manner, a natural pleasure in ceremonial.

Manners are surely an indication of the Spirit incarnate in a Race. I rank the Englishman's manners high because his soul possesses Reverence. Without that instinctive sense of proportion between things human and things divine, without that mental measure for worth and rank, his attitude towards the Supreme Being would lack awe and it follows that he would dispise all creation. True Courtesy lies in giving honour where honour is due, it lies in a fundamentally spiritual recognition of the divine attributes in man, woman and child. Manners are simply the Form in which a man's mind gives expression to his sentiments towards humanity. Courtesy is best tested by any occasion which calls for indifference to Self,

which demands sympathy;—to rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those who weep.—THAT'S GOOD MANNERS.

Here is a description—hard to better—of a well mannered man: Kipling says, "If you can talk with Kings and keep your virtue, and walk with crowds nor lose the common touch; if neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you, and ALL MEN count with you and none too much"—you're a man, while Winchester's motto says 'Manners maketh Man.' Manners must be appropriate, hence it follows that they must be manly in a man and womanly in a woman. Take a man who loses none of his ideals when rubbing shoulders with all sorts of people, who in becoming a courtier never ceases to belong to his own race and caste and family, who is not rendered rude by dispute, who is not flattered by a friend's partiality; a man who is considerate to every individual and is not unduly influenced by his doctor, his lawyer, his priest, his favourite politician or the last man he has been talking to—Kipling would recognise such an individual as a Man, and Winchester would approve the manners that make him what he is. The manners of a man like that may lack CHARM,—charm is a magic; a gift, not an acquirement—they may betray ignorance of the code of etiquette of some race or class other than his own, but such manners could not give offence to any reasonable human being. They are manners to be trusted in defeat or victory. English public schools turn out tens of thousands of young men with just that type of manner and their value is very real. Those manners will yield but little demonstration to emotion—but they will be true to every profound sentiment felt by 'trusty and well-beloved gentlemen.'

History informs us that every code of etiquette was initiated by fear—hateful thought! But one suspects it may be true. The right hand meeting the right hand in a clasp precluded the grasp of some weapon of attack! If a man with a stronger arm or better bow and arrow met a weaker stranger, that stranger became amazingly polite perhaps. Since in most societies the King was the greatest power, manners in his presence were carefully regulated—hence we have courtly manners as our highest standard to-day!

Occasionally, damning with faint praise, we speak of an acquaintance as 'polite.' The polite person avoids giving offence but possesses none of that insight, imagination and charm which endowes man or woman with 'splendid manners.' Whether expressed by chivalry towards women, respect for the Throne, sympathy with suffering or festival, what intense pleasure beautiful manners give! I know of nothing that more quickly gives delight. For manners are not food for thought, **THEY MAKE YOU FEEL**. They irritate, embarrass, make you self-conscious, or—and what balm it is!—they attract you, they put you at your ease, they (and it is the most expressive phrase of all, is it not?) make you feel at home.

Where and when manners irritate—ah there's the rub! It is generally the misfortune of some incompatibility of temperament, some idiosyncrasy of a strong personality, that causes friction among the many peoples of the British Empire if they jar when they meet. Perhaps only a deeper intimacy than that of an official interview, a chance-met fellow traveller, a social encounter at a mutually boring function, can cure that personal and surface irritation. Intimacy and, let me add, a robust and worldly wise tolerance; it is no virtue to be supersensitive. As to

the diversities of forms and ceremonies—all the various codes which make up the differing etiquette of each country—surely their very variety adds a pleasure and an interest to life? Nothing is so dull as a mere resemblance. It is a mistake to copy manners that are the expression of the courtesy of a foreign race. All the World's a Stage, and the man or woman who represents each his or her own Race and Class in manner adds a real character and not a shadow or reflection to the drama of existence. We have different forms expressing the same spirit of courtesy, just as we are each and all different forms, but the same Spirit. Let us meet each other then with those manners which are inspired by all that the heart teaches the mind. The British way is colder and more abrupt than the Oriental way, in individuals, BUT if you look for the spirit of British courtesy as expressed by its Court, its Parliament, its Ambassadors—it is the real thing, the reliable thing. And if you look at it as expressed by its military ceremonial it is a thing that touches life and death and dignifies both.

Perhaps Indians do not fully realise how greatly the other Races of the Empire have liked their forms of salutation, their picturesque phrasings in their delightful modes of address, their stately freedom from self-consciousness, their courtly desire to please—such as the Irish possess too. The British temperament is very simple in one way; what is different from itself in grace and charm pleases it, steals its way into its heart, becomes established there as a thing to be preserved. The beautiful manners of the East give prestige to the personality of the Indian, they adorn the brotherhood of the Empire.

JOHN TRAVERS.

ONCE IN THE TYROL.

Spirit unknown? yet known—though meanly dress'd

In garments made of dust, thyself suppress'd
Having but two attendants, 'Mind' and 'Soul',

Whose thoughts—oft far apart as pole from pole,
Are link'd together by a mountain shrine,

Where hangs the 'One'—Ineffable, Divine,
Nearly effaced; Around His suffering

The dark pines bend and mournful dirges sing;
Sad pilgrim tears fall on the folded Feet

Yet often'r rain wedded to April sleet.
The Holy Wounds then flow as once before,

Drop! drop! we hear upon the broken floor,
While day and night and night and day—alone!

With Arms outstretch'd He calls the world His
own.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

SAROJINI NAIDU: AN ESTIMATE.

THE publication of Mrs. Sarojini's speeches and writings has afforded me a welcome opportunity to renew my acquaintance with her three volumes of delightful poetry—old familiar friends on my shelf nestling comfortably between the "Garden of Kama" and the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"—fit companions for verses bearing such exquisite names as the "Golden Threshold", the "Bird of Time" and the "Broken Wing." What a genius Sarojini has for titles of books—names which Ruskin might have envied. Is there not after all some thing in this quaint appetite for beautiful names as "The Crown of Wild Olive," the "Sesame and Lilies?" I conceive they are truly symbolic of souls rich with the gorgeous workmanship of crowns and fragrant with the odour of lilies. Years ago Mr. Frederic Harrison writing of Cotter Morison's "Service of Man," said that the thing he liked most in his friend's work was the title (pregnant and moving title as Lord Morley aptly calls it), so expressive of the new synthesis of which they were alike the valiant inheritors and loyal protagonists. Might I not say the same of Sarojini's poems? Without intending any criticism I am sometimes tempted to believe the names are more poetical than the poems themselves. I am so convinced of it, rightly or wrongly, that I feel if it had been in her power she would

surely have avoided such prosaic description as "Speeches and Writings". I am no thought-reader, but I fancy she would have called her speeches "Warblings".

I first came to know of Mrs. Sarojini's poems from a splendid appreciation of the "Golden Threshold" which appeared in the pages of the *Indian Review* now over ten years ago, from the pen of one who, I still maintain, has mistaken his vocation and has wasted over Law and money-making, a genius that was meant for Literature. For, Mr. Eardley Norton, that prince of barristers who is enlivening the Indian courts by his wisdom and eloquence, and anecdotes of whose wit and humour have grown up into a tradition in Madras, is an artist above all by gifts of style and temperament. In an essay which I had read over and over again, Mr. Norton drew in his inimitable way a fascinating picture of the "slim and shadowy figure with clasped fingers and great eyes peering full of wonder into the unmapped future, as though seeking to

"Stretch a hand through time to catch
The far off interest of years."

The impression thus formed from Mr. Norton's beautiful pen-picture was more than corroborated as years after I read in the preface to the "Golden Threshold" Mr. Arthur Symon's vivid and faithful study. We are in these days pretty fine fellows in reading criticisms and I have a lurking suspicion if we can stand quite as much of pure poetry. There is no use combatting this awful avidity for miscellaneous literature I am not ashamed to confess my early experience with Tagore's "Gitanjali"; and I can recall the time when like Yeats I could repeat passages, not from the beautiful renderings from the Bengalee but from

the superb prose lyric of the Irish bard analysing the subtle genius that wove the marvellous "offerings" into a garland of song. Such is the fantastic way of the hyper-critical age which thrives more upon criticism than upon true creative art. And yet how thankful should one be for such a picture of Sarojini's as we have in Mr. Symon's resplendent words:—

"Her eyes were like pools and you seemed to fall through them into depths below depths ; all the life of the tiny figure seemed to concentrate itself in the eyes; they turned towards beauty as the sunflower turns towards the sun opening wider and wider until one saw nothing but the eyes."

Yes, I could almost visualise those eyes, those dreamy, devouring eyes, hungering with the desire of beauty, quick to perceive and eager to catch and yet mystic, wonderful like a

"Magic Casement."

But this intense sense of beauty is not the gift of her eyes only. It almost seems that her frail and delicate body is a subtle instrument on which the elusive elements seem to play their own pranks, as on a great organ open to the winds of heaven. When I think of the mobile features so eager to receive and so quick to feel I am irresistibly reminded of Dr. Bose's self-recording apparatus, delicate and faithful. Eyes, ears, voice, every sense of this beautiful spirit is attuned to the splendour of nature, not the "Nature red in tooth and claw" but those elements of it that shower benediction on the poetic soul and stir it to a passion of superb self-surrender.

"You haunt my waking like a dream,
 My slumber like a moon,
 Pervade me like a musky scent
 Possess me like a tune;"

And what a variety of such benedictions is abundant in this world for one who brings the true spirit of enjoyment! For her there is the sumptuous blaze of gold and sapphire sky, the scent of *neam* and *champak*, the beautiful plumage of the peacock, the cooing of the dove and the song of the bulbul and the "spring radiance of the March morning, the laughter of the sun to-day" and the "forest notes where forest streams are flowing," "the koel haunted river-isles where lotus lilies glisten and fireflies weaving aerial dances in fragile rythms of flickering gold," "the diaphanous silver of the rain" and even "the starry silence that sleeps on the still mountains and the soundless deeps"—all those bind this voluptuous spirit to the appetite of the earth. With such glad animal movements no wonder the poet is so full of aching joys and dizzy raptures.

But this supreme passion for nature is only a step leading to a deeper passion for life with its ecstasy of prayer and praise, "its lyric flower of unpassioned days," love, hope, faith, desire, memory,—the

"Intimate anguish of sad years long dead
 Old griefs unstaunched, old fears uncomforted"

and the

"Radiant prophesies that thrill and throng
 The unborn years with swift delight of song."

It is always

"Love like the magic of wild melodies,"

and

Hopes up-leaping like the light of dawn."

that still call her back to the pith of life and action.

“With her clear keen joyance

Langour cannot be.”

Every line of her verse is thus brimful of her exuberance of joy in life and the still sad music of humanity is more than all the mighty world of eye and ear.

But I believe the promise of her early verse is even more than her actual performance. I think it a distinctive achievement—to leave an impression on the reader that what you have said is but a meagre shadow of all that you have yet to say. That is possible only when there is real power; at least in poetry you cannot pretend to be wiser than you are. Every turn of rhythm or accent will betray you and you can never hide yourself beneath a bushel of words. There is in Sarojini, it appears, an irrepressible fountain which seeks an outlet in utterance when one reads the swinging cadences of her

Songs of the glory and gladness of life

Of poignant sorrow and passionate strife

And the lilting joy of the spring;

Of hope that sows for the year unborn

And faith that dreams of a tarrying morn

The fragrant heat of the twilight breath

And the mystic silence that men call death.”

One knows that the fountain is brimful for ever to overflowing. And then she may sing sombrely of death, or catch an eager glimpse of the great Beyond in dolorous eloquence; she may recant the sadness of life in cadences of sorrow, she may chant in plaintive tunes the agony of human passions and the vanity of it all in rhythmic monotonies, still you feel (as in Byron's so-called pessimistic verses) in the sheer spirit and buoyancy, the elasticity and the impetuous rush of her eager and passionate words

“The lilting joy of the Spring”

•

And she sings in words which recall the splendour of the "Ode on the Grecian Urn"

"Men say the world is full of fear and hate
And all life's ripening harvest-fields await
The restless sickle of relentless fate
But I, sweet soul, rejoice that I was born
When from the climbing terraces of corn
I watch the golden Oriels of the moon."

It was this Keatsian splendour of phrase that first drew the attention of Mr. Edmund Gosse, the eminent English critic. We can well imagine the mingled feelings of wonder and amusement with which the great critic scanned the perfumed verses of the accomplished girl poet of Hindustan. And he read them, he tells us, in his brilliant and vivacious introduction to the "Bird of Time" with feelings of delight and pain, delight at the exquisite workmanship of the young artist and pain at the result of such labour which only showed

As if her whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

With a true and generous appreciation of genius, Mr. Gosse yet detected the abnormal influence of Anglo-Saxon bards in the early experimental verses of Mrs. Sarojini, and warned her of the perils of such laborious imitation. To one of Mrs. Naidu's culture, it is not often so easy to unburden herself of the spell of poets like Shelley and Keats, Tennyson and Swinburne who ruled their generation with autocratic sway. A sumptuous wealth of phrasing, subtle and ingenious artistry in verse, and strange arresting imageries daintily bundled with picturesque effect—these carried the heart of Sarojini. And she became

a victim of too much culture which has a way of suffocating one with vanities of sorts.

"I implored her to consider that from a young Indian of extreme sensibility, who had mastered not merely the language but the prosody of the West, what we wished to receive was, not a *rechauffe* of Anglo-Saxon sentiment in an Anglo-Saxon setting, but some revelation of the heart of India, some sincere penetrating analysis of native passion of the principles of antique religion and of such mysterious intimations as stirred the soul of the East long before the West had begun to dream that it had a soul. Moreover, I entreated Sarojini to write no more about robins, skylarks, in a landscape of our midland countries, with the village bells somewhere in the distance calling the parishioners to church, but to describe the flowers, the fruits, the trees, to set her poems firmly among the mountains, the gardens, the temples, to introduce to us the vivid populations of her own voluptuous and unfamiliar province; in other words, to be a genuine Indian poet of the Deccan, not a clear machine-made imitator of the English classics. With the docility and the rapid appreciation of genius, Sarojini instantly accepted and with as little delay as possible acted upon this suggestion. Since 1895, she has written, I believe, no copy of verses which endeavours to conceal the exclusively Indian source of her inspiration. She springs from the very soil of India; her spirit, although it employs the English language as its vehicle, has no other tie with the West."

This brings me to a consideration of what is called "the national note in literature". People talk learnedly that there is no such distinction in the valuation of truths,

Climate, they say, can not alter the intrinsic value of the "categorical imperatives" nor the seasons affect the unalterable rigidity of Mathematical formulae. It is all very well indeed and there is no doubt that truth should stand, first and everything else must take a secondary place. Are we to forsake truth, they ask, for the sake of some crotchet? Who asked you to? But are you so sure that there is one road to truth and that road the other man's road? A futurist like Marinetti may call in the aid of an art without convention but so long as society has different traditions and environments so long will its genius take its own appropriate vesture in different forms. And in art above all, the spirit, the atmosphere is all. Whence is the fascination of Celtic poetry and the glorious perfume of the *Gitanjali*? The truth is, there is no art in a rigorously intellectual self-examination, however profound the result of such speculation. Art is by its nature narrow, though deep and subtle, withal universal in its interpretation. And the flavour of true art is curiously wrought with the genius of the specific atmosphere in which your art has taken root. An art with no roots is an airy nothing. It is like the citizen of the world who is a citizen of no country. You can not cut away from the past even if you would, and you can no more discard convention or tradition than you can get out of your skin. Such tradition and convention have grown out of multitudinous causes, physical and spiritual and the strength of your art depends on the firmness of your convictions and your fidelity to your culture. Owing to causes that lie deep in the historic past and have their roots in the manifold conditions and circumstances in which mankind in different parts of the world are wrought into different groups, there have grown

up among us different types of culture with distinctive ideals, each with a tradition, significance and value peculiarly its own, and specially imbued with capacities for moving mankind in various groves. After all we write only to move, to influence, and if your prime end is not satisfied why on earth should you write at all? Nor can you defend the clever imitations of exotic examples on the principle that art is concerned with the individual and should not care to adjust itself to the exigencies of circumstances. For in art, to ask you to be national is no more than asking you to be "above all true to thine own self." For, no great art can come out of insincerity. You can not hide your origin and it is useless to long for the polar air while you continue to live on the Equator. That is quite a truism. There is yet another chain that binds your country with the cosmos and that is of equal if not of more importance—I mean that indefinable personal note. I cannot conceive of any real art which neglects this personal equation. After all it is the soul that counts and nothing affects so much as the charm of personality. In fact there is no joy in art except in the expression of a clear cut personality. In art as in ethics the Biblical saying is eternally true:—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world but lose his own soul."

It is this spiritual mixture of the trinity compounded of the soul of the poet's personality with the genius of the race and the unconscious yet inevitable sounding of the universal varieties that makes a poem like the "Salutation to my Father's Spirit" opening with the lines,

"Oh splendid dreamer in a dreamless age,
Whose deep alchemic wisdom reconciled
Time's changing message with the undefiled
Calm vision of thy Vedic heritage."—

Strike the note of greatness and epic splendour. No wonder that when the inspiration is upon her she can celebrate the glory of the Buddha with the authentic voice of great poetry:

With futile hands, we seek to gain
 Our inaccessible desire
 Diviner summits to attain
 With faith that sinks and feet that tire
 But nought shall conquer and control
 The heavenward hunger of our soul
 The end illusive and afar
 Still lures us with its beckoning flight
 And all our mortal moments are
 A session of the infinite."

Contemporary poetry has seldom touched so grand a note and we are tempted to recall some superb passages in Shelley and Wordsworth where alone the feeling for the infinite is equally sublime. One almost feels that the sense of

The burthen and the mystery
 And the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world."

is lightened in such times.

We shall, however, content ourselves with comparing Mrs. Sarojini with one or two other authors in India who have also tried their hands in English metre. And there are not many who could bear such comparisons. There is the great Sir Rabindranath Tagore whose volumes rise up before our vision like a swelling tide. But Rabindra is not a poet only. His genius is what a great man once said of another, cubical. When you are yet half-way in the bewildering mysticism of the *Gitanjali* there struts about the lyrical delight of the bride with the golden

anklets in the *Gardener* which is as quickly followed by a stream of pure joy as in that master-piece of the *Crescent Moon*; and you bless the day that brought you back to the familiar strains of the "Odes on the intimations of Immortality" after all the travail of passion and love. And then you have scores of small dramas and the wonderful stories like the *Kabuli-wala* and the profound meditation of the *Sadhana* which brings the soul nearer to the peace of the *Upanishads* only to be sent back again into the wisdom of the world as in "Nationalism". What a myriad-minded genius this!

But Tagore wrote his originals in Bengali and though his English is like the music of the Bible, sweet, simple and spontaneous, he has seldom, in the ordinary sense of the word, tried to be a poet in English. He has discarded the conventions of English metrical composition and his songs are only poems by courtesy, by a strange poetical intuition that reveals itself in the beauty of sentiments and in a garment of melodious and rhythmic prose. But such comparisons do injustice to both, and if Shakespeare is universal in his appeal I will yet keep company with the tender, sensible and companionable spirit of Burns. Mrs. Naidu should legitimately be compared with Toru, that "fragile exotic blossom of song," that like Shelley perished in its prime. There is much in common between Toru and Sarojini. Mrs. Sarojini is more copious and versatile, is gifted with powers of expression and flights of transcendental idealism unfamiliar to the simple heart of Toru (who had not even the time to grow). There is yet the same eager and passionate joy in living, the same vivid and warm outlook on life, the same penetrating vision and pride in the epic

and the Puran that have built up the ancient mosaic of Hindu civilization. They have alike the same overpowering sense of the beautiful yet austere spirit of the Orient, and there is a sunny warmth and green verdure and the fragrance of wild flowers amidst all the acute knowledge of the tyranny of fate and the cruel call of *Yama*, the Lord of Death. Both deal plentifully with characteristic eastern themes like death and destiny and fate and life everlasting. But Mrs. Sarojini has no grip of the concrete as Toru, has none of the sombre philosophy of transcendentalism. One is reminded of Carlyle imploring Emerson to give him something real, concrete and touchable—story poem or history—and the sage of concord still weaving his etherial abstractions in words, words, words.

Toru sings many

An old, old story and the lay

Which has evoked Sita from the past'.

And records with simple fidelity many

"A pious chronicle writ of old

By Brahmin sage."

But Mrs. Sarojini, with the culture of more philosophies than one, with too many distractions weighed with multiform thoughts, adoring Shelley as much as Sadi, paying homage alike to Moslem valour and Christian resignation, yet with a pious corner in her capacious heart for her "Vedic heritage" delights to sail

With supreme dominion

Through the azure deep of air

I do not know why. I have long felt it a misfortune, that she has not applied herself to the faithful rendering of the wonderful stories of Hindustan. Think of it—with

her facility for prosody as various as Victor Hugo's, and powers of fitting expression and faultless feeling for the beautiful and the heroic, coupled with her admirable devotion to Hindu and Moslem culture—what a rich harvest of epic and lyrical literature she can yet bequeath with her supreme gifts. And yet she has seldom sung of

“Cities whose lustre is shed
The laughter and beauty of woman long dead
The sword of old battles, the crown of old kings
And happy and simple and sorrowful things.”

So abundant in the ancient classics and in the story of Rajasthan! Nor is this asking the impossible. These are her own lines and she has certainly felt the need to sing of them while she has been lured away into the noise and tumult of public life—

“Where the loud world beckons,
And the urgent drum beat of destiny calls,
Far from yon white dome's luminous slumber
Far from the dream of yon fortress walls,
Into the strife of the throng and the tumult.”

Why should she think that she is not doing any service by her songs—as if to go on orating endlessly from place to place is the only way to serve the mother. Mr. Gokhale used to say that whoever brings honour into himself in his own avocation is adding to the honour of the motherland as well. Why should Mrs. Sarojini forget her special vocation

“For me, Oh! my master
The rapture of song.”

I do not care to consider whether she plays the role of the orator well. She might play mightily well but at what a sacrifice! With such indifferent health to go on

raising the dust will only suffocate her. The fatal facility for words that suits her so well on the platform has perhaps landed her in an endless rigmarole of redundant rhetoric. And one is pathetically struck with the appalling commonplaceness of the speeches which by their very nature have to be vapid. I know she has a way of defending the commonplace; that will do for her peroration. But we value her because she is above the average and far above the commonplace. If she could give only what you and I can give, why all this pother about! but that is the poet's modest way of feeling things and we thank her for all her compliments to the crowd. But she is by no means of the crowd. With one's delicious memories so full of those "dream-enchanted estuaries of song" one cries again for some of those "short swallow flights" full of the laughter of children and the lyric dawn. Has the tiny "Bird of Time" flitted away from the "Golden Threshold" and only gone a limping with a Broken Wing to perpetuate such a hideous offshoot of oratory as

Waken O Mother! etc., etc.

and all the rest of what Mr. Cousins so justly takes objection to? Has a poet of her genius no obligation to the people and what a pity that she should forsake her true mission of which she has herself sung in such felicitous lines:

"Where brave hearts carry the sword of battle"

It is mine to carry the banner of song."

One feature of Mrs. Naidu's speeches and writings deserves to be noted. Of course you can not look for much distinction of thought or style in these performances, though Mrs. Naidu has consummate mastery over both. But every one knows to his cost, that the platform is not the place

for such pleasures. For, the fine excess of poetry is a different thing from the blatant exaggerations of the platform. I do not think I am by nature irreverent and yet it is painful to swallow all the things my orator chooses to say. Sometimes it is not so much the things she says but the way she says them that makes me rebel. When she speaks of an assembly of gentle Hindus who have chivalrously called her to preside over their deliberations, as a storm-tossed, historic session demanding all her resources of genius and daring to control, you wonder if she is talking of directing the operations in Verdun. And then comes the familiar chorus (dear to the heart of the Indian orator) to the strain of "Hindus and Mahomedans, Parsees and Christians, Brahmins and Non-Brahmins, high and low, black and white" and all the other conceivable and inconceivable pairs of opposites if you please; and an irritant neighbour was content to avenge himself on the orator in the only way he could. The honest victim ran in out of the hall in despair. Others less militant shrugged their shoulders obligingly, smiled at the storm in the teacup, pretended to be pleased and some how bore it through.

You may recall an old joke about one who was too great a writer to be a good orator as he was too much of an orator to be a perfect writer. Perhaps Mrs. Naidu is too perfect a singer to be a mere speaker. But barring all your conundrums about hearing or reading speeches—and there is no doubt it makes all the difference especially with a speaker of Mrs. Naidu's winsome personality—you will yet be impressed more by "who says it than by how or what she says". John Morley, no mean authority on such matters, used to draw very lively distinctions. But I do not mean in that sense. For one with a knowledge

of such finished songs as hers is very likely to deprecate mediocre achievements on the platform. The best she can do in the way of speechifying, however superior to the performances of others, can hardly surpass the effect of her own songs, and such prepossessions in the audience are always a disadvantage in the speaker. She can hardly hope to surprise. But you can never resist the perfume of her personality all through her discourses. The poet suffuses the subject till you forget the latter. That is a purely poetical endowment and an endowment which does one's soul good to possess. This is never more apparent than in her appreciation of contemporary celebrities, and you may talk learnedly about balance and measure and what is called the other side of the question. But commend me to the soul that can admire without stint. There is no niggardly and pretentious parsimony in her admiration, I suspect if she can at all criticize any one. She can speak no harsh nor grating word. She has in full measure the poet's, gift of

“Admiration hope and love.”

B. NATESAN.

AN INDIAN EPISODE IN THE WAR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BRITISH India has not as yet discovered a Gibbon *Redivivus*, capable of dealing adequately with the raw material of history which reposes in many a Bengal record-room at the mercy of damp and white-ants. The Murshidabad district is peculiarly rich in data for the future annalist of our Indian empire. Among its archives are to be found the correspondence-book of the Provincial Council which administered the central districts until Lord Cornwallis's centralising system transferred all superior authority to Calcutta. Thirty years ago, while serving as Magistrate-Collector of Murshidabad, I had copies made of the correspondence which passed between that body and the Governor-General's Council at Calcutta on the outbreak of war between England and France in 1778.

That calamity was due to the ferment caused by the revolt of our American Colonies. Doctrinaire republicans saw a Charter of the Rights of Man in Adams' noble Declaration of Independence; Chauvinists divined an opportunity of paying off old scores against "perfidious Albion"; hot-headed Marie Antoinette urged immediate intervention on her sluggish husband. These influences combined, drew France into the vortex of a struggle which decided the fate of England's American possessions.

The dispatches that ensued were signed on the one hand by Warren-Hastings, Philip Francis, Edward Wheler and occasionally Richard Barwell, Members of the Governor-General's Council at Fort William; on the other by Edward Baber, William Hosea, John Hogarth, Robert Adair and George Richard Foley, Chief and Members of the Provincial Council of Murshidabad. In order to save wearisome iteration I will style these bodies "Calcutta" and "Murshidabad."

July 9th, 1778.—Calcutta states that war had been declared against France on March 18th. The French factory at Saidabad (between Murshidabad and the military cantonment of Berhampur) was to be seized, with all stores, public and private; and French subjects found therein were to be made prisoners on parole. These orders were promptly passed on to Colonel James Morgan, commanding the 2nd Brigade at Berhampur. At daybreak on July 11th, he surrounded Saidabad with "centinels"; took possession of its contents and placed the staff on parole.

July 13th.—Calcutta orders Murshidabad to notify the state of war to British subjects within its jurisdiction. All French factories were to be seized, and close search made for M. Chevalier, who had escaped from Chandernagore. Instructions followed which led to serious complications—so serious that they must be quoted *verbatim*:—

"You will also give orders for seizing and securing any other Foreigners not being the known Dependents of the Danes or Dutch and all Vagrants of whatever Nation, that is to say Persons not having a regular License for their Residence in the Country who may be found within the Limits of your Authority, and transport them immediately to the Presidency under proper Guards."

July 14th.—Murshidabad reports the due execution of orders. The officials at Saidabad, five in number, had been allowed to remain on parole in their houses, and a

complete list has been drawn up of all the effects found in the factory. But the latter were claimed as private property; might they not be restored to their owners? Several French subjects residing at Saidabad and the British factory at Kasimbazar had been permitted to continue at liberty. There was M. Godefroy, son of a reputable Protestant merchant at Rouen, and brother-in-law of Mr. Wise, who managed the Company's silk filature. He had come out to assist Mr. Wise; but afterwards was employed in Mr. Craigie's silk business. Another had been recognised by the Company as Assistant of the Chief of its Kasimbazar Factory; and a third was servant of Mr. E. Otto Ives, who had been appointed Commissary to draw up an inventory of the French moveables.

"All these differ in their rank of life, and their situations require different degrees of personal liberty. We should apprehend that some Distinction would be made in the Confidence to be placed in men of a more or less liberal Education."

July 20th.—Murshidabad reports that all Europeans other than Danish and Dutch subjects, and vagrants not having a license to trade, had been summoned to give an account of themselves. They had, however, represented that immediate transfer to Calcutta would involve heavy pecuniary losses. Might they not have time to wind up their affairs; and be enrolled in the Militia? They would then be under military control, and available for despatch at any moment to the Presidency (*i.e.* Calcutta). Were non-enemy Europeans established in business without possessing a formal license to be classed as vagrants?

July 27th—Murshidabad gives the monthly allowance allotted to French prisoners in Sicca rupees:—M.

Renault de Chilly, Chief of Saidabad, 50; M. Coustard de Narbonne, Second, 30; M. Gousset, Secretary, and M. Dussault, Surgeon, 20 each; M. Bourjui, private merchant, 15; and Jean Feircat, servant, 10. All were satisfied with these rather meagre stipends except M. de Chilly, "who begged leave to decline an allowance which he thought not adequate to his station". It appears from further correspondence that he steadfastly refused to draw his pittance, nor is there any evidence that it was increased.

August 3rd.—Calcutta directs the restoration of all private property to its French owners, except 25 muskets with bayonets and cartouche-boxes, which had been found among the effects seized at Saidabad. The despatch proceeds:—

"It is by no means our desire to injure the affairs of such Europeans settled in your district as have either extensive concerns to manage or a creditable way of gaining their subsistence, by a sudden removal of them to the Presidency nor to interfere with any servants employed by the Nabob, we, therefore, agree to remit the former orders which were general, and confine them at present to Vagrants and such Europeans as have no visible means of livelihood, whom you will in consequence take up and send down to us under a proper Guard."

The "Nabob" alluded to was the Nawab Nazim of Murshidabad, a descendant of Ali Verdi Khan, who made the office of "Subadar", or Governor of Bengal under the Emperors of Delhi, hereditary in his own family. One of his descendants was the notorious Suraj ud-Daula, whose name is associated with the Black Hole of Calcutta. His successor, Mir Jaffer, rebelled against the British yoke, and was deposed in favour of the more pliable Mir Kasim, known to his subjects as "Lord Clive's Donkey". The Nawab Nazim still controlled the criminal jurisdiction of Bengal, and had many attributes of Royalty; but revenue administration was in British hands.

August 10th.—Murshidabad reports the punctual execution of Calcutta's orders: and on the same date Calcutta directs Murshidabad to send the French prisoners to Chandernagore with their effects.

August 19th.—Murshidabad reports that M. M. de Chilly and Coustard de Narbonne had represented that they could not possibly settle their affairs in less than a month, and had asked for water-transport to Chandernagore at the expense of Government. The delay sought for had been provisionally accorded, "Natives being very dilatory in adjustments of the kind". Should not boats be provided for the journey to Chandernagore at the Company's expense?

August 24th.—Calcutta approves of the concessions proposed. Meantime an untoward incident had resulted from the Calcutta Council's despatch of July 13th, which directed all European "vagrants" to be arrested and sent to the Presidency under proper guard. A full establishment of Judges, officials and attorneys had been sent out to Calcutta in order to introduce the dubious blessings of English statutory and case-made law. The new-fangled Supreme Court had set to work with the zeal which characterizes wielders of new brooms, and their activity caused a reign of terror among the Company's servants who had been used to do very much as they pleased. From the Governor-General downwards no one was beyond the law's grasp; and obedience to orders from above might land a subordinate in ruinous litigation.

On August 16th Colonel James Morgan, commanding the troops at Berhampur, informed the Provincial Council that, in accordance with the orders of July 13th, he had

sent his Brigade-Major, Captain Kilpatrick, to arrest vagrants unprovided with a license to reside; and that a prosecution at law would be commenced against him for performing this duty. In transmitting a copy of the Colonel's letter to Calcutta Murshidabad wrote on August 19th:—

"We also understand that Lawyers had actually been applied to, who gave it as their opinion that an Action would lie. You will observe, Gentlemen, that neither of the persons arrested (Messrs. Cumming and Alexander Colvin) had any regular license for their residence here, and therefore come under the description of your Order. But supposing this had not been the case, or that your orders had been exceeded, yet there was no enmity shown (as they acknowledged) and no ill consequence had arisen to them from being apprehended by a military force—which is the ground of their Complaint. And as this was a very particular occasion, the urgency of which might well excuse any irregularity that proceeded only from willingness to do what was judged the best in a peculiar situation, we hope and doubt not, Gentlemen, you will take the case into your consideration: as we cannot but think it is a vexatious suit which ill became the persons who have commenced it to institute, since it is by the lenity of that Government they are now opposing that they are suffered to be here. We will not presume to point out to you, Gentlemen, the [in] conveniences which may arise, and particularly in these times of commotion, but we assure ourselves that they will be discouraged by you as much as possible."

The guarantees sought for were forthcoming, as might have been expected from a Council controlled by Warren Hastings. Its despatch in reply, dated August 26th, runs thus:—

"With respect to the Consequences which may happen from the execution of our orders for sending down unlicensed Europeans to the Presidency, you may be assured that the Individuals who were obliged to take part in that measure shall not suffer from the effect of it, as we think it incumbent on us to support our officers in the performance of any duty which may have required of them."

The orders of Government were communicated to Colonel Morgan with pardonable "satisfaction", and must have set his Brigade Major's mind at rest. But he was not yet out of the wood. On reaching Calcutta Mr. Alexander Colvin, who had been arrested as a vagrant,

dashed off a furious remonstrance, which is so quaintly worded that it must be given *in extenso*:—

To Captain Kilpatrick, Brigade-Major at Burrampore.

Sir,

Before leaving Burrampore I intended to have wrote relative to your behaviour (amongst several others) on the 15th of last month; but thought proper to postpone it till my arrival here. You cannot be ignorant of what I mean; therefore, without further preface inform you that whatever Orders you might have had relative to European, not in the Company's service, you surely took a very strange way of putting them into Execution without any previous notice for what, to make, English subject prisoner and keep him under fixed Bayonets, as if guilty of the most enormous Crime, was what you surely had no right to do, and what no orders you might have had would authorize you doing, however agreeable to your own Imperious despotic Ideas. Your easy unconcern on my telling you, I was on my way to Calcutta, and thought it hard to be stop't, in saying "we should all be sent to Calcutta, but under guard", shows you void of the common feelings of humanity, and capable of the greatest cruelties to serve an End, when with a prospect of impunity. And the ungentlemanlike manner in which you used your power by obliging Mr. Cummings and myself, and one or two more who had palanquins to walk to Cossimbazar in the heat of the day without even suffering a chattr (umbrella) to be carried over us, shews a savageness of disposition which disgraces human nature. A man possessed of a spark of humanity or feeling would not have obliged any person of whatever Character or Condition to walk such a distance in the heat of the Sun, I may say at the absolute risque of his health if not life, if had a palanquin and chose to go in it. Much less one who had the least appearance of a Gentleman. Mr. Cummings you knew to be no vagabond, and though I was not personally known to you, I flatter myself my appearance did not bespeak me as such, you, however, were pleased to make no sort of distinction, but to include me amongst the Rabble unfortunately having power you gratified your own diabolical humour by using it in this way, altogether unbecoming one English Subject to Another, let their disparity of situation in life be ever so great, the greater the more inexcusable. 'Tis the duty of everyone in a higher sphere of life than another to make his superiority as easy to his inferior as possible; but so much was your conduct the reverse of this that had we been your Slaves or Enemys and you the most absolute Monarch, what could you have done more than you did, except to have tied our hands or put us in chains? Nothing! Your duty as an Officer and Servant of the Company might have been equally well done, more like a man of feeling and a Gentleman than you were pleased to do it. Had you advised us of the orders-but I will only speak of myself-for had you advised me, and desired I should come to your Quarters, I would [have complied]. If I had not, or if after being brought there, which was the case, I had refused to go to Cossimbazar or to comply with the orders you had received, you might,

have been in some degree authorized to keep me under fixed Bayonets. But having quietly submitted, and told you I would go to Cossimbazar, to be afterwards kept a prisoner for a very considerable time and then obliged to walk there in the heat of the Sun among God knows who, was such usage as I cannot think of tamely putting up with; and have now to acquaint you that, unless you make me such an acknowledgment as is due from one Gentleman to another whom he has injured, I may take such measures as may make you repent your late behaviour to

ALEX. COLVIN.

Calcutta,

4th August 1778.

No reply being vouchsafed, Mr. Colvin wrote again on August 28th, expressing surprise at Captain Kilpatrick's silence, and added:—

"Should you not think proper to make me some acknowledgment, I will most assuredly commence an action against you for false imprisonment."

In sending copies of these angry epistles to the Provincial Council, Colonel Morgan also transmitted his Brigade-Major's version of the incident which ran as follows:—

"In consequence of your orders for apprehending all Europeans about this place who had no authority from Government to remain here, a Sergeant with a party of Sepoys was sent early next morning to take up all those who were not in Company's Service and without licenses, in order to be sent to the Chief and Council of Moorshidabad to be transported to the Presidency. At the same time I gave the strictest injunctions to the Sergeant to be careful in his treatment of them, and not to give the least cause of offence. When they were brought to my Quarters, some of them were on Tattoo Horses (*Ang. bazar ponies*); some on foot and two or three in Palanquins. I immediately took a list of their names and professions, and finding some of them Taylors and Butchers, and others retailers of Liquor to the Troops, and all of them without proper licenses from Government, agreeable to my orders I desired the Sergeant to conduct them forthwith to the Chief and Council. The Sergeant represented to me that he could not be answerable for them if they were permitted to go on their Tattoos or in the Palanquins, as he could not keep up with them; which making it necessary for them to walk I told them to do so, but that they might have their Chattas with them; the Tattoos and Palanquins following in the Rear, two of them complaining they were not well went in Palanquins. This, Sir, is a simple relation of the Facts and Circumstances of their being compelled to walk; (it) has given rise to Mr. Colvin's elaborate, and I may add insolent production, on which it will be needless to make

any comment. Indeed, could I with propriety treat the Author of it with anything but contempt, I should not have troubled you on the occasion; nor even as it is would I have intruded on your time, but that it is probable this man hath inculcated his relation of the matter, and it is necessary a Refutation should appear. There is, however, something so singular in his pretensions to an acknowledgment as he calls it, that I cannot conclude without remarking upon it. This man is wandering about the Country in an obscure Station without any authority from Government, and probably even without its knowledge; but the moment he is apprehended to give an account of himself he becomes a Gentleman of the utmost consequence, and so delicate in his sentiments and constitution that he cannot bear to be ranked with an honest Taylor, nor to walk two miles even with a *Chata*.

(3d). SAM. KILPATRICK,
Capt. & Brigade-Major, 2nd Brigade."

The whole scene rises vividly before one who knows malarious Berhampur only too well. I can conjure up its vast barrack-square on that steamy July morning, the forlorn little band of Europeans, with their ponies and palanquins, awaiting orders from the pompous Brigade-Major; the furious remonstrances of Messrs. Colvin and Cummings on learning that they would have to trudge three miles—which is the actual distance between Berhampur and Moradbagh—then the Civil Station of Murshidabad. Captain Kilpatrick's counterblast casts a side-light on life in 18th century cantonments; where poisonous arrack could be bought for a song, and European soldiers were forced to swallow a gill of the stuff as part of their ration, before going on parade. It is not surprising to learn that the Soldiers' Cemetery at Berhampur contains the bones of several thousand victims of intemperance.

On September 6th, 1778, the Provincial Council sent copies of this edifying correspondence to Calcutta, with a despatch which opined that "Mr. Colvin had given a very unjust state of this case." Modern readers will perhaps agree that he had considerable reason for his wrath;

but the District archives are silent as to further development, of the affair.

This ancient correspondence reveals a marked contrast between the treatment meted out to "interlopers" under the East India Company's régime and that which subjects of "our sweet enemy, France" received from their commercial rivals 139 years ago. It also shows the effect of Teuton savagery in destroying the chivalrous usages which then protected civilians from spoliation.

F. H. SKRINE.

THE INTERNATIONAL DUEL.

ONE of Homer's heroes prayed to the Gods that he might have light to behold the face of his enemy. In a moral sense, we might, with propriety, echo that prayer to-day. Could we but perceive the real German through the mist of passion and prejudice by which his features are distorted!

It is useless to imagine that the Germans are uncanny and unnatural monsters. Individuals may be wicked, but it is difficult to believe that a nation can be wholly base. Like all other men, under the stress of strong passions, they may commit great crimes, but fundamentally the Germans are of the same blood as ourselves, and much nearer to us in race and character than any of our allies except the Americans. We, like them, are of the Teutonic race, and it is our very nearness of kin and of nature that makes the fight dramatic and interesting. The two great Teutonic nations stand out in the world's eye as protagonists in the great world-duel, while France, Italy and the other nations engaged take a secondary place.

It is a familiar truth that the quarrels of near relations are the most painful and the most difficult to heal; and a great deal of the bitterness of the present struggle arises from the nearness of blood of the principal antagonists. Each feels that the other ought to have been a friend,

Between the thrones, as between the races, there is kinship of blood, and to both nations an Anglo-German alliance might have seemed more natural than a Franco or Russo-British. For years before the outbreak of war there was a sore feeling against England in Germany ; people there, whether rightly or wrongly, being under the impression that we were intriguing with Russia and France against their interests.

It must be admitted that the Germans have done a great deal since then to earn our very decided dislike. Probably a reasonable German would hesitate to defend everything that has been done on his side during the war, although no doubt he would defend the war itself. Such high authorities as Bethmann-Hollweg and even the Kaiser himself have expressed regret at certain occurrences.

Every individual, however, and every nation has a case; and peace will be difficult to bring about until we learn to understand the German case. A peace brought about by violence alone might prove a dubious benefit. In our horror and resentment of German atrocities, we have almost ceased to desire, if indeed we ever really tried, to understand the German state of mind or to get at the German point of view. We are accustomed to regard the typical Teuton simply as a monstrosity of wickedness, a sort of super wild beast running amuck. With us it is merely a question of destroying or disabling this wild beast, and we have almost forgotten that he really has a soul-life of his own. Moreover, we forget that we cannot really kill him, and that on some terms or other we shall have to live with him afterwards.

Nations cannot be judged exactly as we would judge the actions of private men. The morality of nations is

generally lower than that of the best individuals in those nations. There is no doubt that countries, or rather their Governments, have committed acts which respectable individuals would shrink from in their private capacity. Nations seldom act with real generosity, although they often pretend to do so. There is a reason and an excuse why this should be so. A Government is bound to consider primarily the interests of the nation which it represents. An individual citizen may be as generous as he chooses to be with his own property, but a Government is in the position of a trustee, and has no right to be generous at the nation's expense.

There is in nations something of the irrationality of schoolboys, which prevents them from seeing each other's good points. Nations, like boys, fight for catchwords: they are prone

"Greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake."

Nations resemble boys in their open frank vain glory and boastfulness. They are determined to impress themselves on other countries at any cost. When the war fever arises, logic and morals have no part in it. Madness seizes the nations as an irrational ardour seizes boys. The excitement of warfare has in it something of the excitement of love. The pulse is quickened. The very danger of death gives new zest to life.

Nevertheless, also like schoolboys, nations quickly become friends again; in fact, in both cases, conflict and friendly intercourse are equally means of getting to know one another. How our ancestors detested Bonaparte, and how completely are we now reconciled to "our sweet enemy, France," as Sir Philip Sidney called that nation,

anticipating, no doubt even in his day a future reconciliation! And how Briton and Boer have forgotten their former enmity! In the very act of war we shall get to know the Germans better. A nation is too complex a thing to hate, as in deed an individual is also, did we but know him thoroughly.

We cannot saddle every German with the crimes committed by His military chiefs. The ordinary German, familiar to us before the war, we knew not as a fierce ruffian, but as very frequently milder in character than the average Englishman. There is a simplicity, a naïveté, almost a childishness in the German character. As a rule, the Germans are more idealistic and less practical than Englishmen. They are politically worse informed and are therefore prone to believe whatever their rulers choose to tell them.

Even Kaiser Wilhelm, although we in England have come to regard him as something almost diabolical, is or was extremely popular in his own country. A few years before the war I heard an enthusiastic German guide, speaking of the Emperor to a party of English visitors on the Rhine, say, "I want you to love him as I love him." The Kaiser, although the son of an English princess, is a typical German, combining an almost medieval romanticism of character with the simple mode of life traditional in the Prussian royal house.

There is no doubt that to an ordinary unsophisticated Englishman a German seems nearer than a Frenchman. There is something in blood, which is proverbially thicker than water. A soldier, who was for nearly a year a prisoner of war in Germany and who was at first

very harshly treated there, made the remark that "after all he could stand them better than the French." There is something in the Gallic mind or way of looking at things which never quite appeals to the English.

I have heard that numerous letters of private soldiers relate instances of kindness received from Germans; but such things can scarcely be published in the present state of the public mind.

But in this war, we say, we are so sure of ourselves. We know that we were not the aggressors; we desired peace, and it was Germany that forced war upon us. That indeed seems to be the truth; but even so, it does not absolutely settle the question of right and wrong.

Peace may not be always right, nor war always wrong. The Roman Emperors, in their declining days, wished only for peace, and desired that the Barbarians would leave them alone. The Barbarians, however, could not be expected to take that view. Great Britain was to Germany what the Roman Empire was to the Goths and Huns and Vandals. The Germans were assured by their most distinguished authors that all the vitality and moral strength of our Empire had departed. It needed, they were confident, but the touch of their cannon to overthrow it, and they might plausibly argue that they had a moral right to overthrow a moribund empire. The possession of empire, especially of an empire so vast as that of Britain, is a perpetual challenge to those who think themselves strong enough to dispute it.

But, it may be urged, even if something may be alleged, from the German point of view, for the war itself, how can they justify the cruelty and ferocity with which they have waged it?

To this question probably no completely satisfactory reply can be made. We can but point out that war tends to develop some of the worst as well as some of the best traits in human nature. In that it resembles revolutions. A fever invades the blood and men perpetrate deeds from which they would have shrunk with horror in their calmer moments. Similar things were noticed in the days of the French Revolution. The mildest of men became the most inhuman monsters. Robespierre, who became the most ferocious tyrant of the Reign of Terror, had in his earlier days shrunk from passing a death sentence in his capacity as a magistrate.

Whatever the Germans do, they are still human; and we cannot get rid of the humanity we share in common with them. There is much to be said for regarding humanity as one, a wonderful mysterious Being, endowed at once with the sublimest virtues and stained with the most terrible crimes. If Humanity stands as one solid individuality and says to God, "Condemn us all or absolve us all," — what would be God's reply?

We must accept the full responsibility of belonging to the human race. Nothing that mortal man has done can be quite alien to us. All human nature is one. We may apply to ourselves the words of Isabella to Angelo, in Shakespeare's sublime drama:

"Go to your bosom ;
Knock there ; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault."

It may help us to understand the German of to-day if we contrast him with what he was before he set to work on his plans of world conquest. Formerly the word *Germany* would bring before us much more readily the

idea of a philosopher or literary man in his study than that of a soldier armed at all points, with the most modern equipment, for the field. The average German of the educated classes really did approach the type of the philosopher or the scholar much more than that of the soldier. What has brought about the change?

Well, the typical German woke up, and found that while he had been developing philosophy on the lines of Kant or Schopenhauer, and the English had been playing at it on the lines of Spencer and Darwin, the latter had occupied themselves to much better purpose in what we would call the *real*, and the Germans the *phenomenal* world. They found that Britain had secured all the most desirable sites on this planet that were available for seizure. The great German nation, stretching across Europe, found itself blocked and thwarted in every direction by the comparatively small island facing them across the sea. The German felt indignant. After all the ideal was not enough for him; he wanted something more solid. Besides, he felt or assumed his intellectual superiority, and despised his merely muscular antagonist. He felt as a great abstract thinker might feel who had been worsted in a bargain by a crafty man of the world. There might be something in his sentiments of Hamlet, who still "went to school at Witterberg," while his uncle, probably of much inferior talents, seized upon the throne of Denmark. When a man of such a type as our intellectual German is thoroughly aroused his ferocity exceeds that of the ordinary warrior. In order to do his work he has to nerve and steel himself to it, and such work not being natural to him, he overdoes it. Hamlet, once thoroughly excited, sticks at nothing in the way of slaughter.

Not only the King but Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as well as Polonius fall before his wrath. Even Macbeth appears to have been of a dreamy poetic temperament before he braced himself for his dreadful deeds.

Thus the German, roused from his studious reverie and repenting his long inaction, makes a religion of his fury. He preaches a holy crusade against his enemies, and the crueller he is the more completely, as he thinks, he is doing his work.

Nietzsche, who embodied much of the spirit now active in Germany, looked with contempt upon the ideals of peaceful commercial activity prevalent in England and upheld by our typically British philosopher, Herbert Spencer. Spencer hoped that the military type of society would entirely pass away, to be succeeded by the industrial organisation of communities. Every body shall buy and sell, of course in a perfectly honest manner, shall bring up a family, shall prosper in his worldly efforts, and shall in the fulness of time pass away. Nietzsche nicknames this "tea-grocer's philosophy." To him it presents no lofty ideals. It savours too much of that love of comfort which he took to be the besetting sin of the English. Its most conspicuous virtue is commercial honesty, which, though no doubt admirable, is not the loftiest of virtues. Otherwise the character aimed at seems bare and negative, rather the character of a "good boy"—a boy being generally called *good* when he does nothing definitely evil. Nietzsche's taste was for a more active virtue. It appeared to him that the Englishman's aim was to adopt himself to circumstances, or to his environment, as Spencer would say, and thus to seek his happiness. But in

Nietzsche's view it may be nobler not to adapt yourself to your environment; it may be a degradation so to do. It may be a duty to resist environment, even at the cost of difficulty and danger.

Thus there arose between England and Germany a conflict, not merely of interests, but of aspirations and views of life, one might almost say of religions. The conflict was inevitable; yet it may be a gain to try to understand our enemies, to catch a glimpse, as it were, of their faces. Doubtless also the Germans had much to learn of us. They were mistaken in comparing Great Britain with the declining Roman Empire. They had no idea of the enormous reserves of energy in the British character. The ancient British valour is by no means dead; on the contrary it has proved itself very much alive. The war indeed was welcomed by thousands of young men who felt the stirrings of adventure in them, without quite knowing what to do with their lives. They have shown themselves true descendants of the heroes of the Elizabethan age, the great epoch of British adventure. Like the son of Siward, in *Macbeth*, many a youth has but lived to be a man, and then "like a man has died." And many a bereaved father may have echoed Siward's noble words :

" Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knolled!"

WALTER BAYLIS.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

Oh, shed thy opiate drops, beloved Sleep,
Upon the wearied longing of my mind:
To all my daily woes now make me blind,
That for the night I may forget to weep;
Come, come, ye strange, deceiving dreams, but keep,
Your dark and dismal terrors far behind;
Bring, only bring, her whom I cannot find
Henceforth upon this lone and rocky steep:
And thou, Oh Death! light gently on my heart,
Soft as the dew that steals upon the breast
Of dreaming roses ere the night depart;
Unknown, unknowing, let me sink unblest;
But when for aye I yield this mortal breath;
Bear me not to the land of dreams, Oh Death!

B. P. KHAMBATTA.

SANATAN DHARMA.

INDIA is a land having a charm of its own. Her glorious traditions, the grandest teachings, and her highest civilisation are marvels to this day and compel the admiration and respect of the world. What is the keynote of her grandeur? In one word, it is religion. It is to the revelation of the Vedas that the Hindus owe their religion, and Vedas are but the accumulated treasury of spiritual laws discovered by those perfected beings called Rishies. The end and aim of Hinduism is, as is of all other religions, to elevate man from the animal to human stage and through the process of evolution, reveal in due course, the divinity in him a long though a graduated process of purification to perfection. It recognises that soul is eternal and body is but a sheath for the soul in its onward march.

The basic truth of Hinduism admits of no selfish aims. In this land of Aryavarta, society was organised much on the same principle as our body is built up. Each limb has its own place and function and each is important in its own place. The brain thinks, the stomach digests, the feet walk, the hands act as does every other organ its appointed function. The Hindu lived for others and saw in others himself. "He that seeth all

things in the atman, and the atman in all things, he verily seeth."

The great thinkers of ancient India built society on this fundamental principle. Individual happiness was only secondary compared with the general welfare of society.

Men are not created like tiles of the same mould. Some are born rich, others poor; some saints, others sinners; some genius, others idiots; some happy, others wretched; some handsome, others ugly. All men are said to be equal in the eyes of God and yet why is all this difference in the creation. The Law of Karma affords a ready and simple answer to the cause and effect of it. Thus it is that we see men and women in such ranging stages of evolution. Recognising fully the highest importance of that basic element of Hindu Society, *viz.*, selflessness and the concentration of individual energy towards the general happiness of society, the great seers of India set about building a fabric to realise this ideal. The Brahmin thought, the Kshatriya fought, the Vaisya produced, and the Sudra contributed his labour, all working for a common object and merging their individual freedom for the good of the whole.

The great promoters of Hindu Society made religion part and parcel of a Hindu's being, so much so, whatever may be the varied nature of the temporal concerns of Hindu families, all of them have a common aim, at least, in religion. It was said that every one had the spark of divinity in him or her. They all had a common mode of working. Every act of the Hindu was spiritualised. Lord Shri Krishna preached the doctrine of love as paramount

in the affairs of men, and also taught that "a man ought to live in this world, like a lotus leaf which grows in water and is never moistened by water." So a man ought to live in this world with his heart for God and hands for work.

A pin prick for instance in the foot is suddenly felt in the brain and the body automatically bends while the hand reaches the spot as if by magic to pull the pin and relieve the pain. Such was the intent of the holy sages in designing Varna Ashram, so as to bring about a harmonious co-operation among the several components that make up Hindu Society. Under such a conception, the System of Caste, the four orders, came into being in India while in the West, material prosperity reared up a host of communities lacking the mutual sympathy, the binding force of religion. We read of the frequent conflicts between labour and capital, between the Plebian and the Aristocrat, between the Government and the people. If a comparison of the caste system of India with the class system obtaining in the West, be possible, then the one strong feature that will stand prominent is that there is in Hindu Society a tendency to sacrifice the self, if need be, and cheerfully give up individual interest for collective advantage, while in the West an individual takes up his own individual line and his burdens and his struggle. Hinduism at any rate delightfully provides for the direction of human energy and thought on life here and hereafter.

The Hindu Society with the Brahmin at the one end and the Chandala at the other provided for the raising, in lifting of the lower up to the level of the higher. From what is now known as the depressed classes, Nanda, by dint of his devotion to God and loyalty to his

master, at one bound as it were, got elevated to a rank which for even the greatest of sages of the highest caste, could not attain. Thus the rigidity of the system so much criticised for its inflexibility gave way in many cases for the elevation of the so-called depressed,—of course under conditions so severe as to scare away ordinary aspirants. The authors of this system were not unmindful of the material advantages arising from the specialisation of functions in all departments of Science, Art and Commerce, each order developing consistently in obedience to the law of heredity. Other conditions being equal, the usurpation of functions by classes other than those for whom they were designed, will not in the long run materially help to ensure the prosperity of the nation a'l round, but will slacken the force of cohesion and give rise to unhealthy rivalry. We read King Janaka as having found time amidst the onerous duties of his high office, to be in perfect communion with the Supreme. He earned the imperishable title of a Raja Rishi, the Royal Saint. Nothing else but a firm determination won for the mighty warrior king, a place in the highest circle. To raise the depressed classes at once, without allowing time and facilities to ripen their religious, moral and intellectual capacities would be akin to putting a boy in the infant standard, into college classes. Sukra Neeti tells us that it is not by birth alone that one is a Brahmin or a Kshatriya, or a Vaisya, or a Sudra; that his virtues and actions alone decide his place in the hierarchy. In modern times, however, there is a short cut to elevation which other religions generously open for the lower strata of Hindu Society, as if growth was not a matter of process but artificial recognition. Hindu Society built up the

structure of caste, safely hedged it round by trying ordeals to maintain its purity, throwing its gates open only to those who had the strength to scale the heights.

Saints sought pleasure in freedom and solitude, while kingdoms lay at their feet for acceptance and chivalrous Rajputs ascended the funeral pile rather than outlive their glory and honour. If it were not for the existence of the martial spirit in the Rajput even after the lapse of centuries of peace, what else could have prompted warriors like Sir Pratap Singh, old as he is, to have rushed now to the front in the common defence of the vast Empire over which the sun cannot set.

Sanatana Dharma, or the Eternal Religion, has taught the Hindus to regard their King as partaining of the essence of "Vishnu, the Lord of the Universe," and that Indra, the glorious, Anila, the mighty, Yama, the just, Arka, the radiant, Agni, the burning, Varuna, the nourishing, Chandra, the gentle, and Kubera, the rich, all contribute in giving these attributes to the king. Hindu mothers singing sweet songs in honour of Shri Rama Chandra or Lord Shri Krishna they rock their children in the lap of loyalty. A goodly necklace of gold pieces with the head of our gracious sovereign one on each cone is an ornament very much prized by the Hindu ladies who wear it with a religious significance worthy of the traditions of their faith. It will therefore be but a fitting appreciation on the part of our beloved Emperor, if through his kindly interest and active sympathy, Sanatana Dharma is not destroyed in haste.

THE FUTURE OF MUSIC.

IN order to consider the future of music it is necessary first to go into its past and its present.

There are two strongly opposed attitudes towards music—as, indeed, towards all arts. One that it is an end in itself; the other that it is a thing to be used. Art for Art's sake as against Art for life's sake. The first regards music as artificial and cosmopolitan—a thing aristocratic, cultured, professional, imported, hybrid. Its supporters claim that music is a universal language, a kind of Volepuk, in fact. Of course, in one sense music *is* universal, *e.g.*, an Englishman can appreciate the music of Russia. But the principal reason why Englishmen like Russian music is that it is so intensely characteristic of Russia. The Italian school of painting gives us pleasure primarily because it is Italian, the Dutch because it is Dutch. Art, in short, to be universal must first be national. The Germans hold British music in contempt, and I cannot say they are not justified in doing so, because, save in a very few instances, it is founded on German or other foreign models. What in earth is the good of writing in the style of Brahms when Brahms has done it so much better?

I have said that in one sense music has no frontiers. But the extreme cosmopolitan school goes much further

and insists that there is not, and should not be, such a thing as English music or Russian music. Music to them is a thing entirely apart from actual life; a thing of concert halls, opera houses, tickets, and spring seats. They imagine it to have been invented by Bach in the 18th century, greatly improved by Mozart and Beethoven, and perfected by Brahms or Wagner or Scriabin or whoever happens to be the god for the moment in musical salons. When they say pityingly of someone that he is "not musical" they mean merely that he does not play the piano, has not had lessons in voice-production, has never sat out *Gotterdammerung*, does not know how to resolve a dominant 7th, and never goes to concerts. They cannot conceive any other way of being "musical." Thus when the "Times," during the first year of the war, had an article entitled "Revival of music at Eastbourne," it did not mean—as I supposed from the heading it did—that the citizens of Eastbourne sang Sussex tunes in church or in bar parlours or on the front, but merely that an orchestra from London had visited the town. To call this a revival of music in Eastbourne seems to be distorted.

The cosmopolitan view of music is most depressing. Nobody really feels a pleasurable thrill at the sight of the Jap in his new bowler hat, and the thought of Zulus singing Hymns Ancient and Modern from the tonic sol-fa notation is distinctly squalid.

Let us turn to the other point of view. I hold most strongly that Art is the speech of a nation, and that music and nationality are inseparable and I believe that music can only develop along these lines. I have always loved the inspired—if hackneyed—words of Fletcher of Saltoun:—"I care not who makes a people's laws—tell me who

makes their songs." In the past we made our own songs and we have a glorious heritage of them. They have a range unequalled by that of any other nation. They run the whole gamut of emotion, from the sinister tragedy of "Lord Rendel" to the characteristic raciness of "Bridge-water Fair." The depreciators of English song hold up their hands in refined scorn at the presence of what I may call foursquare bluntness and lack of polish. Well, we have plenty of that kind of song, and I for one find uncultivated simplicity, rude though it often be (and thank Heaven for that) most refreshing. But we also possess songs of poignant beauty. No German Volkslied or Schubert "Art-song" (to use the accepted jargon) surpasses the haunting loveliness of "The trees they do grow high." And yet when my brother Geoffrey sang this song at a concert of the Oxford and Cambridge Musical Society in London, the members, classical to a man, were quite puzzled how to take it. English people find it difficult to see that a thing which isn't "Art" may be something just as good and very likely better. The street of the village where I now write these lines was built by good honest folk who had never heard of "Art". The result is, in modern jargon, "picturesque" and "quaint". Actually it is neither picturesque nor quaint. It is just nice to look at, as everything made, by the hand of man might be, were it not that to-day people who make, think it necessary at all costs to be symmetrical, elaborate, and ornamental.

Music in England is run by two cliques—one consisting of smart jaded women and exotics, the other (a somewhat stodgy academic clique) devoting itself mostly to the classical composers and such native works as imitate them.

Neither of these cliques is interested in English music, that is to say, music written in the natural English idiom and expressing the soil and the soul of England. (The academic clique, it is true, does recognize Vaughan Williams, but for other qualities than the English character of his music). No, there is no hope for the development of music in cultured circles. These represent either the search for the spicy, or just the higher kind of stuffiness.

Fortunately there are signs of the new glad spirit which is coming to sweep away all the decadence and stodge from which we are suffering. Already there are a small—as yet a very small—group of composers who have their roots in English soil and who do not interlard their speech with foreign affectations. And in the country's schools, a wise and patriotic system of musical education is being advised by the authorities, and what is more, followed. I refer to the teaching of folk and national song, which by now has a firm hold in the elementary schools and is spreading rapidly. Unfortunately it is left to the public and secondary schools to say whether they shall come under State inspection and advice. Some do, but more do not, and it has to be said that, save in the minority of cases, they learn nothing of their own country's song. This state of things will no doubt improve in time, but at present the great hope for the future lies in the elementary schools and training colleges. Through them the new glad spirit will become a corporate and popular one, and music will once again become part of life instead of being an "accomplishment" for the few. What splendid possibilities this opens up. Music will be, as once it was, an expression of the life of the community. I look forward to the day when

the Lord Mayor's show, instead of being the tawdry affair it is now, will be a scene of thrilling national significance, in which music will play its proper part. In place of military bands blaring out the newest and cheapest musical banality, we shall have good English tunes that will stir the blood and uplift the imagination. Elgar and Stanford will think it no shame to write good, popular and pageant music. Great festivals and anniversaries will be an occasion for music. Gatherings of all kinds will give rise to music made locally, so that, in the future, when we read of "Music at Eastbourne" it will mean that the people of Eastbourne are themselves bearing their part in a corporate act instead of merely paying to hear an orchestra from London. Each town and village will have its band and its singers and, in time, its composers. Concerts will be given, not as now in stuffy halls by "Artistes" from "The Queen's Hall and principal London Concerts," but by friendly bodies of fellow townspeople through the streets or on village greens. In these concerts corporate singing will play a great part, and new, as well as old, folk-songs will be heard. Surely here is one means of brightening that dreariness of life in country villages of which we hear so much.

Is all this Utopian? I don't think so. I believe the tendency of people's thoughts to-day is in some such direction. The following suggestions might hasten the happy time.

Destructive.

1. The abolition of all existing schools, colleges, and academies of music.
2. The giving up of the concert habit.

3. A bonfire of pianos, classical music and drawing room songs.

4. The internment or painless extinction of all concert "artistes."

Constructive.

1. The singing of English Nursery Rhymes to all children in the Nursery, as part of their up-bringing.

2. The teaching of folk song and new music written in the English manner or idiom in universities and schools, public, private, and elementary.

3. The establishment of civic music guilds in every town and village.

May I live to see the day when England stands again on its own feet as a musical nation! One last word. If what I have written is loose, exaggerated, or absurd, I would say with Walt. Whitman, "the words are nothing, the drift everything," and my drift, at all events, is purposeful and sincere.

MARTIN SHAW.

DEATH AND SUGAR.

"For Remembrance. For Remembrance. For Remembrance," prays the venerable black-robed Serbian priest strewing three times the grain over the long, stark, coffined figure.

Outside the wide doors of the hotel garage, long transformed by the needs of war into a mortuary chapel, an eager April wind sweeps the tall border of fir trees. The mimosas which lately clothed the land with gold, stand dry and shriveled, the lilacs and roses are breaking into bloom.

Along the wall which skirts the cemetery southward to the sea a wisteria vine, the flower of the gods, is flinging a purple foam. This is the most beautiful view in all Cannes, but the soldiers who pass by do not see it. How many have gone up this way since the last *Jour des Morts*. They have been obliged to open up a third square consecrated to the Burial of the Dead of the War.

All the leaves were golden yellow, and all the plots gay with new planted chrysanthemums the day we laid our last Russian here, the last to die within our doors. And the desolation, the chill of that ceremonial, seemed to fitly express the growing sadness of the months which have followed in long sequence the endless agony of war.

Fifteen months ago when our first Russian died he was buried with honor and an eager sympathy. Over his coffin, the bier of the exile, friendliness glowed, and gratitude paid homage. Going forth to his last resting-place the wonderful cult of his faith clothed him with majesty as with a garment. Yellow tapers flickered in dozens of friendly hands, the terrible thrilling music of the Russian rite, unforgettable in its pathetic appeal, rose and hushed between the sonorous petitions of the pope. "Gospodi pomilui," "Lord have mercy," the choir chanted over and over. So he went on his way surrounded by flowers and banners and song, escorted by a crowd inspired with interest, with sorrowing sympathy, with curiosity, with plain human deference to the ultimate human mystery.

To-day Russia is no longer an ally, Russian sick in Cannes are resented as intruders, few will stop to reflect that this man, at all events, gave all that he had, to the cause for which those other dead are honored. There is no firing squad, no palm from the Souvenir Francais, no respectful crowd.

Only a handful of comrades, a few nurses, and the English chaplain, who last week gave to the dead the Sacrament in a language of which he knew not a word. For this soldier was a Lutheran, and when they asked him if he would see a French Protestant minister he refused. But to the English chaplain he agreed. So it is the English burial service, cold and formal, which is read over the open grave, round which the French orderlies have curiously crowded, characteristically shutting out of the narrow space, those who have a better right, the few who wear the Russian uniform.

Since that day under the whispering autumn trees other strange funerals have passed to the still roughly hewn out square of ground. Here were buried together the five Annamite orderlies who were asphyxiated in trying to warm their sleeping room one winter night at Gallia. Here have been buried the first dead of our Creole sick, brown men from Tahiti and Martinique, doomed for the most part as soon as they reached the shores of a country climatically unfit for them. Lives literally thrown away, many of them, through the indifference, the popular apathy to human existence and human suffering, which has grown up since the war began. Last week we buried one here, a tall brown man of twenty-seven, a Martiniquan. Sent on to us from a hospital of another town, already far advanced in pneumonia, with a high fever, he was landed at the station in the early morning hours, left to wait there until someone was detailed to meet the convoy at eight o'clock, and then made to walk up the long steep hills which lead to the hospital. Several times of late patients detailed to Cannes hospitals have literally fallen by the wayside between the station and their destination. "A heap of Tahitians on the side-walk," one such arrival was described. Yet, and in spite of the lack of petrol, there are still automobiles dashing about the streets of Cannes. Automobiles which in the early days of the war would have been eagerly put at the disposal of the arrivals, flags flying, red crosses flaunting, to receive the sacred wounded. It is true these are not wounded; only sick and dying. It makes a great difference, though it would be hard to explain exactly the reason,

The Tahitians whom we have buried have had yet another type of religious ceremony; neither Russian nor Catholic nor Anglican, for they are mostly Protestants, the French Protestant missions having been very active in their island.

Givojine Radigovitch, the tall Serbe whom we buried to-day was not one of our patients, but one of the five left at the Russian tubercular hospital last month when the Russians were finally put out of Cannes. Three Russians and two Serbes there were, so near to death that even military discipline could not pile them on a train for a two days' journey.

It has cost the Médecin Chef de la Place six months labor to thoroughly deport the Russian sick. In September the last were sent away with the exception of a few tubercular, only to have a new convoy come in from Salonica. By the end of October every bed in our hospital was full. Then they began to talk of urgent evacuations, "to make room for the wounded from Italy." For weeks our lives were made burdensome by incessant changes, by orders and counter-orders, by the perpetual state of uncertainty. Finally the command was definite, everyone was to leave that was transportable on the first day of the year. On the afternoon of December 31st, the infirmières made a little New Year feast for their sick, but it was not gay. There were a great many speeches of gratitude made in Russian, a great many cups of tea drunk, as much talk as possible to cover up the heaviness of the hearts. Next day the hospital would be practically empty. The infirmières went away to drink a New Year's cup of tea among themselves, when someone came in to say, "A convoy of

Russian sick from Salonica arriving to-morrow." Immediately interest instead of indifference, eagerness in place of listlessness and regret.

Then following night was passed in expectation. The arrival was announced for ten, "What means midnight," we said, and settled down to wait. At four an orderly was despatched to the station for news. At five they came. By seven, and daylight, they were washed, and changed, and in bed. In two days there was talk of their evacuation. In very few more we had come to care for them as friends, and dreaded each morning the tidings of the day. The sight of the Secretary entering the ward had power to make me feel half sick. On the 29th January they moved them all to another Cannes hospital, except one, intransportable. On the 22nd February they gathered up every Russian, and sent them off in a special train to unknown destinations.

In our ward had remained up to that time the only Russian left in the hospital, now suffering from a traumatic insanity. We had exacted from the Administration a carriage to take him to the station, and a proper provision to be made for him on the train. He was to leave at 2.30. At two o'clock appeared one of the Secretaries; it seemed that no carriage had been ordered. "You must telephone for one," we told him, "and then come back and help us get him into his clothes, for he won't put them on." At two-thirty we were still waiting for the carriage. The two Secretaries stood on the steps, and directed the nurses to carry out the baggage. When the carriage came it was a two-seated one, the patient was put in, one of the Secretaries stepped in with him, the nurses were left to

walk. All this is only worth telling as a sample of daily life.

Arrived at the station to find the long platform filled from end to end with Russian uniforms, amid rolls and knapsacks.

Our boys had been anxiously waiting us, fearful of our being late. We thought you were not coming, they said. We have been here since one o'clock. About half past three the Special Red Cross train came in, and the men were loaded into it. From the throng of on-loo'ers there were murmurs of compassion when the stretchers were carried down the platform. One must remember all such things. From then till half past five they, and we, waited for the train to start.

A week later we heard from them from Brittany. Meanwhile we were notified that we had become a Creole hospital, and began to receive sick from a regiment lately landed in France, having a depot forty miles away.

In the tubercular hospital of ninety beds there were eight left. Five Serbes, three Russians. Little Stepan was buried the week after. He was only twenty, but it was the trenches that killed him. To follow him to the grave there were only three Serbes, the motherly night nurse, and two almost strangers from another hospital.

Radigovitch was the next to go. He got his disease a prisoner in Germany.

Georgevitch will follow him soon. He has just completed his second year in bed, and he is coming near the end.

It would not be possible to tell how sweet and patient are these waiters on death, and how they endear themselves to their nurses.

Georgevitch is very religious. Should he utter any thing resembling a complaint he always adds a prayer, "That God may give health." Or, "God is good, he will give better." So it has come to be our parting formula. "Do svidania. Dai Bog zdorof."

His appetite has long failed, the one thing he always craves, and it is the hardest to get, is sugar. Other things he may think he would like until he gets them, but sugar always pleases him. Indeed it is so with them all. On their very worst days they glow with pleasure as one fills their little sugar boxes. Fortunately they are little, for where the supply is to be renewed is a harassing mystery. Of course sugar cannot be bought, and the ration is too small to spread over much surface. At the hospital each infirmière is allowed four-fifths of a pound of sugar each month, but I think very few of us consume our ration ourselves. It nearly all goes for the patients in one way or another. A month ago I received from home a heavenly gift, five pounds of lump sugar. It had been three months on the way, had been held up in Paris as contraband, but finally permitted to come through, because directed to a hospital. Perhaps before it gives out more may come, manna like, from heaven, or the monthly savings may accumulate, or, there may be fewer mouths to feed. ••

For our patients we receive a teaspoonful of sugar a-piece from the hospital each day. But the day the last Russian left his teaspoonful was refused, because he was only to be here until two o'clock. As Georgevitch truly says, "It is very hard to be sick when you cannot buy anything."

There are times when I would cheerfully give a slice of the remnant of my life for a generous allowance of sugar and tobacco. For the latter necessity has lately disappeared from Cannes. There is none, either for the wounded, or the prisoners. And should a tobacco store be suspected of having received a small supply the police have to be called in to keep order.

To-day two of the four white men in my ward discovered that cigarettes were on sale somewhere. So ardently I begged them to buy some for me that one was moved to interrogation, "But you don't smoke, madame?" "Ca ne regarde, toi," the other rejoined delightfully.

April 22nd—There is one mouth less to keep supplied with sugar.

Georgevitch was buried to-day.

Hardly could there be a sadder death than his. Friday afternoon he seemed so bright, so alive, we said, he may go on for weeks.

There was a little picture card of the Virgin with lilies, very pure and sweet, we had found for him,—guessing that it would please him. He had kissed it, and the hand that gave it, Serbian fashion, and made his cross over it, most contentedly.

The next morning, being alone for a little while, he got out of bed, and threw himself from the window.

That was eleven o'clock and he lived until seven of the evening. Two years all told of most patient suffering, of sweet patience and fortitude, and the sense of religion, and this the end.

Bratoushka, God will make it right with you, we hope, but how?

The first daylight nightingale was singing in the garden by the turn of the road as you went by again, after two years.

"He who made the eye shall He not see? And He who made the ear shall He not hear?"

KAHTERINE WELLER.

ZOROASTER.

Zoroaster! Thou sweet solace to man
In this fond age of hurry, hate and harm,
E'en after thousand, thousand summers' span
How proudly do we round Thy banner swarm
And grow on exiled shores like Thee so wise,
As drifted corals rise on submerged piles
And raise to their own rare surprise
A lake-lagoon of lovely living isles.
So long as human thoughts in pure air blaze,
So long as human tongues our Ormuzd name,
And lo, His rainbow-colored nature praise,
So long as human hands pure virtues frame,
 So long shall Thine enchanting Gathas glow,
 As much as Thy red Fire, how well we know!

MANECK PITHAWALLA.

THE ART OF ELOCUTION.

LIKE our primeval parents, Elocution seems to have sustained a fall, and unlike mankind, has not been redeemed yet. It is bootless to trace the history of when it fell and where and how: but it is manifest that it should be saved from the hands of indifferent and mediocre patrons. Doubtless, Elocution is a recondite art and power over it, a celestial, divine gift. You should never drag it down to the level of newspaper writing and worse. Newspapers exist for giving you the news and gossip the world over, accompanied by the smattering opinions of the editors. The art of Elocution, on the other hand, gives your soul delight and combines with it edifying information. It is music, learning, emotion, poetry, all uniting in one blissful, harmonious whole.

How about the speeches that obtain in general, especially in this country? You can with equal profit listen to my lady delivering a curtain lecture, as go to a usual public meeting. In either case you acquire as much edification and pleasure. At best what you get at a session of a public body is an audience with garrulous politicians who utter a ceaseless volley of words. You come out of the hall with sweat on your brow and misgiving in your mind and seldom feel inclined to attend a like-meeting while life lasts.

There rises before my mind, as I write, the vision of a speech of a great man,—“great” because he is a professor in a college drawing a formidable salary—who in his remarks as chairman of a meeting set his eloquence going on the innocent lecturer. The lecturer was a Tommy Atkins from the West and had something to do with the Labour Movement in Britain once upon a time. This was sufficient and more; and the president set aright his machinegun of elocution and charged 200 effective rounds per minute. Referring to the Tommy he said that he was espying before him “Not a reed shaken by the wind, not a man clothed in soft raiment, for behold they that wear soft clothing are in king’s houses, but the apparition of one who is an incarnation of British Justice, fraternity and equality; a very angel descending into India to protect the unprotected, to liberate the slaves and remove summarily all stumbling blocks in the way of India’s emancipation.” He, the president could not resist the temptation of giving him, the lecturer, the Indian hand of fraternity and equality—and so on, so forth—volley upon volley. That chairman had no idea what species of cattle he was resembling when he behaved in such manner but those who heard him decidedly had. It was eloquence running riot and he was satisfied. He cared not for anything else. His gestures were a total abomination, his method of delivery most offensive to all good taste and his pronunciation as correct as of a Scotchman uttering an Indian name.

Of pronunciation I cannot resist writing that there is a tendency amongst us to neglect it wholesale. It is an astute criticism on our countrymen that we lack, as a nation, that perception of details which is inevitable for

learning a foreign language. Most of us are aware of the faithful way in which the word "Often" is pronounced. An engineer with Western education used to pronounce the word "sceptic" as if the first "c" was of little moment. These are tolerable mistakes perhaps. But when you come to the matter of rightly placing the accent then farewell to all accuracy and decorum. I am sceptical even about one man in a hundred in India who can speak English, getting correctly, with the proper accent, one word in ten polysyllabic words. Bad pronunciation is quite as undesirable as incorrect spelling or bad grammar, and all as much of a nuisance as an untidy companion. Bad pronunciation is a palpable sign of indifference if not of total ignorance.

Viscount Morley (I suppose it was Viscount Morley) was once asked the question what the first prominent thing in oratory is. He answered "Mode of Delivery." "What is the second thing," "Mode of delivery." And "What is the third thing" "Mode of delivery" replied the Viscount a third time. And yet it is not the least neglected of the elements of oratory in India. What is more there is a militant feeling against set speeches in general. Really, nothing is comparable to these set speeches for helping the average man to command a graceful method in delivery. When a person comes prepared with a set speech, presumably, it is his best production—very likely it will be the result of careful attention to thought and expression. May be that he is a very average mortal, but he does deserve praise in so far as the speech is the outcome of his patience. If nothing else, at least his industry should commend him to the audience. A sedulous ant storing its food, grain by grain, sets a noble

example by its industry and it pays to reflect on the virtue. You must not condemn a firefly twinkling because you cannot pore over Gitanjali or Sadhana by aid of its light. An industrious fellow man's speech must be viewed from this standpoint. Besides, can you have patience with a speaker who stammers for minutes to get an impossible word or to listen to a speech that is innocent of all arrangements of facts. I entertain a virtuous respect for an academic man but not when he answers to the above description of a speaker. Let him reach me through a book or a magazine. Then, if I am so disposed I shall read it, else I can preserve it in the pigeon hole or address the waste paper basket. But when you attend a meeting where an idle president and an audience combine to disconcert you with industrious stares as you depart, nervousness requires that you should stay the whole time over, to the end of a speech. I have often desired that hand bills and posters were a little more veracious. For example I should wish, when a poster announces that Mr. . . ., the greatest living philosopher, will deliver a lecture on a subject, it were also stated therein that he is an intolerable stammerer or that he is an unqualified apology for a speaker. Then I have a choice, two diverse sides of a question are presented and rather than attend the meeting I shall prefer a game at Hide and seek.

But I must revert to the question that elocution is a piece of art. Just as a painter mixes, combines and applies the several colours, so should an orator do with ideas, irony, humour and sarcasm, against the back ground of style. Some possess only the death's head of elocution; some others own the skeleton; certain people put on flesh and blood on it and clothe it unawares, in rags; there are a few, a very few indeed, who dress it,

in tasteful habits. And yet even after that a piece of elocution may lie in state, without life, without a soul. I have read somewhere that the soul is the unity and totality of our being. The soul of a speech is the totality of all its parts, uniting to give an emotional and artistic general effect.

I had occasion to hear a piece of oration sometime since. It was by a person with whose politics I would fain disagree, but all the same it pleased one's heart to hear him speak. It was to an audience, about 20,000 strong, that he spoke and there had been noise and even rowdyism prevailing. He got on the platform and resting his hands on his walking stick, majestically swayed round to bestow a glance upon his audience. His first utterance could not be heard, so great was the commotion. The second gave the impression that his voice had become a little cracked and it was faintly audible; but at the third he was the unrivalled master of the situation. A silence in which a pin might have been heard to fall, as the saying is, prevailed between each of his utterances. Every word of his gave you a thrill and you were extravagantly coveting to hear more. The voice soared high and higher and it said. "If I had talked to you about Home Rule, ten years ago that would have been an *airy, fairy thing*." There at that novel phrase it stopped, for it could not proceed. The audience could not control themselves. Their voices swelled in one prolonged and vociferous cheer, rending the very skies. To have heard that would have caused you to believe in the miracle about the walls of Jericho. The rest of that eloquent line was never heard; it was drowned in that noisy sea of voices. Again the orator spoke, and

instantly the mighty tumult ceased. The voice issued clear and true and a time hence it said. "The government of India is not a responsible government. Neither is it an irresponsible government." Another huge and persistent outcry. A world of men had determined to be emotional. They were puppets in the hands of a perverted orator. He continued: "It is not a responsible government because it is not responsible to the people of India, neither is it an irresponsible government because it is responsible to some one else". Again the repetition of the cheer, the swelling of the voice waves. The whole audience looked as if they were turning rabid. These were not extra-noble or high sentiments. They were mediocre ideas, without wisdom or sanity of judgment, but it moved one's heart to hear them uttered—and why. The piece, sure enough, possessed a soul obviously, it had life. The speaker was an artist indeed. A born orator.

K. V. T.

A PROPHECY.

No golden fancies tremble in your eye
As yet, your unkissed, virgin cheeks reveal
No wealth of rose; your breast has heaved no sigh
Of love, you know not what it is to feel *
Its warmth suffuse one's youthful life. Someday,
Like joyous spring that thrills the sleeping earth,
With gentle, fondling whispers, sweet and gay
A lover will waken you to richer birth.
Mantled in prouder beauty will you glow;
Of blissful visions will your fancy dream;
A nobler womanhood will crown your brow;
Your face and limbs with newer graces beama,—
Such blessed happiness will be your share
As only Love can confer on the fair.

P. SESHADRI.

A PICTURE ON THE WALL.

AN ALLEGORY.

I see three forms representing three stages of the soul's progress. The forms are on the crest of a mountain, they have reached the heights; their backs are to the world and their faces towards the beauty of the Infinite. The light in front of the pilgrims is as the dawn of day, the tone of the atmosphere is in soft shades of blue, the colouring of their garments is dark blue running into deep green hues.

The attitude of the figures bespeaks the tenor of their thoughts and is pregnant with meaning. The tall form with outstretched arms speaks of spiritual attainment, spiritual rejoicing, a complete understanding of the Omnipresence. The other two with bent heads seem almost fearful of looking up, lest they should behold the wonders that they feel about them. They suggest a symbol.—The flower-bud timidly unfolding to a power greater than it dare envisage, then the bud with its chalice opening to a larger inflow of cosmic intelligence, an apprehension of the beauty of the universe faintly reflected in itself and lastly the flower fully opened, wide orbed, fearless, every petal spread to be enriched in colour and texture by the four winds of heaven,

Gazing at the picture I felt that these heights had not been reached without hard climbing and inwardly I exclaimed. "Oh Spirits on the mountain top, tell me of your journeyings thither" "Look and read" was the reply to my questioning thought.

Then was unrolled before me the first stages of the soul's journey—I saw it tossing to and fro in a thick fog in the valley of little things where dwell the ignorant,—souls unconscious of their high calling, souls chained by the earth senses, souls groping in the dark, young souls who have not tried their strength, content to dwell in the chrysalis condition seeing no further than their own cocoon.

The fog which enveloped the valley gave rise to strange illusions.

The soul to whom my attention turned, was weary, despondent and sad and was pining for clearer views and a more invigorating air. He felt that somewhere beyond the mists there must be hills of freedom—freedom from the clinging hold of these little things which hung about him like tentacles; freedom from the stifling breath of this material valley, but he knew not which way to turn in order to escape. His companions jeered at him saying "It is wrong to be restless and dissatisfied, you should be content with your valley, if it is sufficient for your neighbours it should be sufficient for you. What are you looking for? An ideal! Cease such foolishness. Do not try to peer through the mists and fog which surround our valley; who knows what terrors may be beyond them? We warn you, desist from your search."

The soul was silent before these self satisfied inhabitants of the valley of mists and illusions. Yet other

voices seemed to be speaking in his ears, other counsels appealing to his heart. We knew not whence they came, he knew not why he alone seemed to hear them. Faintly through the mists came the insistent call: "Seek! Seek! Fear not, there is a way out of the valley of illusions, there are hills of light beyond. Flee from these ignorant dwellers in the shadows. Cast off the obsession of unrealities which cling to you and suffocate you."

"I cannot see my way" cried the tortured soul, "a dark cloud confronts me whichever way I turn to try and leave this valley, and when I come back to my old place the little things mock me and twist me round about until I am giddy, tired and wretched."

However this soul eventually made a great effort and with hands outstretched and faltering feet advanced into the encircling mist. Dark clouds lay beyond, barring the way out of the lowland. As he approached these he felt a firm hand grasp his own, which steadied his trembling limbs and out of the cloud he heard words of encouragement. "Go forward, fear not the clouds, behind these are angel faces, light is on the other side. Let not the foolish terrors of the vale people make you afraid to venture forth. Even though you meet deep waters as you press forward, fear not, they will not overwhelm you. Plunge into them boldly, they will carry you to the foot of the mountain of Realities."

These thoughts gave the soul so much courage that all unheeding of the taunts of his old companions he pushed on through the mists and met bravely the dark clouds which enclosed this place of little things.

Reaching out to the hands that he felt were guiding him, he went on until his feet touched the cold waters of

doubt. "I am lost," he cried, "I have left the land I knew, these waters are wide and deep, I can never reach the other side, even though I dimly see a light shining on the far shore. Help! Oh help me for I am sinking into an unfathomable abyss, and all the little things are calling me, yet I cannot turn back."

The waters seemed to close over this struggling soul but invisible arms were supporting him. He fancied that he had fallen asleep, but on the rippling of the waters a divine symphony was born into his consciousness with a sense of rest and trust which was quite new to him and most comforting. A hidden chord within his heart was touched and vibrated in harmony with the music of the spheres. He lay quite still and ceased to fret and struggle, for he thought: "They are bearing me to the foot of the mountain of God, I will trust them." A new feeling of happiness stole through him, he was confident that he would be landed safely when he got free of the waters of doubt. Though tranquil he kept alert lest he should miss any directions that might be given him, or lose the support of the upholding arms.

Presently he felt he was nearing shore and awakening, for like far off music came the command: "Feel your feet brother, you are now on the pilgrim's path to the heights. We will not leave you but here we must put you on your own feet and carry you no longer for the ground is firm and you can stand upright. Be very still for a moment and we will lift the veil a little from your eyes—only a little lest you be blinded by the new light."

The pilgrim found himself standing on solid ground and a light shone about him such as he had never seen

in the valley of little things, it cast no shadows and illumined inwardly as well as outwardly all that came within its radiancy.

Out of the light came the message: "Courage, brother! fear not, fear not at all, follow with confidence the path pointed out to you. We shall not be far from you. The All-power is using us to guide you, It asks, nay impels us to shed Its fragrance upon all, to call out the kindred spirit in each to join in the Master's work, to love, comfort and support the sorrowing and the searching, the weary and the heavy laden."

"Ah, no!" breath the pilgrim, "I will no longer fear, for the voices have the christ-accent and the song of love is being echoed in whispers all around me.

Hark!—"you are not alone," says the Zephyr brushing his cheek.

"We love you," falter the lithe grasses about his feet.

"We are freinds," lap the wavelets behind him.

"We are pearls of joy to cheer you," sparkle the dewdrops.

"Our melody is or your delectation," sing the bird "to lift your thoughts on high."

"We are comrades, comrades all" tap the raindrops from the sky.

"I am here to warm you," pulses the sun-love, "I melt the frozen surfare and send new blood coursing through the chilled heart."

"We are your guardians and guides," chant the angels from behind the clouds.

Our pilgrim turned his face towards the steep escarpment of the mountain, he was held back from looking behind him on the turbulent waters of doubts. The music in his ears was as a refrain of thanks giving and all about him arose a chorus of encouragement. Unseen hands waved emblazoned banners before his entranced eyes, on which he read the word, *Faith, Steadfastness, Purity*,—he knew that these were the banners he must follow if he would climb the mountain at the foot of which he now stood.

“We all unthinking wage our endless fight
By ghostly banners led.”

* * * *

THE SECOND STAGE OF THE SOUL'S JOURNEY.

“The easy path by the lowland
Hath little of grand or new,
But a toilsome ascent leads up
To a grand and glorious view.
Peopled and warm is the Valley,
Lonely and chill the night,
But the peak that is nearest the storm cloud
Is nearer the stars of light.”

The precipitous face of the mountain shut off the view of the heights that our pilgrim was preparing to reach, and his heart sank. Then to his spirit came the voice of his guide: “Yes, this way is steep and to follow it needs great effort and a stout heart but there are other paths which in the end all lead up to the same heights. There is one round the foot, which is much easier, though very much longer, on which you may keep your valley of little things in view much of the way, in fact on some parts of this path you are in close touch with what goes on there. The ‘Clash and Conflict of mortal affairs,’ the ceaseless quarrels, arguments, anger, the fear and fighting

of men, make a continual turmoil, causing a noxious vapour to hang over the vale, which often reaches as far as the lower path and confuses the steps of the traveller. If you walk that way it may perplex you and if you are not watchful, it will draw you under its poisonous influence and you may slip off the path and fall back into the mists and become again absorbed by the passing shadows of the valley of illusions. The rise on this lower path is very slight, so progress by it up the mountain is slow. Wiser it is to take the more direct path and not look at the steepness of it. After the initial effort at this sort of climbing you will find it less difficult than it looks. You will grow rapidly stronger and less inclined to halt and rest by the way. As you rise you will get fresh views of the valley below and the heights above, which will give you much encouragement.

Come, friend! let us point out to you the better way. Start! do not lose courage by hesitation. Some of our band of helpers are all along this path, you may not see them, but they observe you and will throw lights ahead of you as you mount. At dangerous places, or when you halt and would rest awhile, they will close around you and protect you, so that you fall not over the precipices.

Thus encouraged the pilgrim began the ascent, his muscles however were unaccustomed to such stiff climbing and he was constantly stumbling and bruising himself. Sometime he wavered and wondered if it would not really be wiser to take one of the side paths which looked much smoother and easier and seemed more frequented. The straight path up was very stony and steep and appeared lonely too. A terrible doubt assailed him as to whether he might not be attempting too dangerous a road, as most

travellers after inspecting it passed on to the smoother ways. Some even looked askance at him, as if they thought him demented, and warned their companions not to follow him, remarking that the track he was pursuing was so little worn that it was evident the multitude did not go what way and that it was safer as well as easier to follow the majority.

While he watched these followers of the lower roads and hesitated in doubt; an overwhelming depression came over him and with it a sense of weakness. A cold mist seemed to be rising, enveloping the mountains, blotting everything from his sight except the steep rugged path just before him. His knees trembled and he sat down to rest, but as he did so he felt himself falling into an abyss of darkness. To rest seemed more dangerous than to proceed. A sob of despair rose to his lips and at that moment the gathering darkness parted and a vision of light appeared. In the light he saw a white robed figure pointing upwards. He raised his eyes—the steep path had vanished and in its place was revealed a grassy slope, a little bubbling stream of clear water ran along the side of the slope and many flowers and dainty grasses waved about its banks. The sunlight was dancing in and out among them whispering: "Open! open to my warm kiss." The flowers turned up their faces and the little buds unfurled their petals as the sun-love touched them. It spread its genial rays and lit on the pilgrim's weary form, making his fainting heart revives and he too opened himself to the inflow of new life. He felt that he was in the mighty embrace of an encompassing love, and rose in an ecstasy of joy and thankfulness to meet the white glory of this nameless Presence which beckoned him on and

upward.. He again strode forward, firm of foot and erect, heeding no more the difficulties of the path, and followed the light with brave and smiling eyes. *

There was a rhythmic beat in the air, as of the wings of an encircling host and he threw out glad and welcoming thoughts to greet it.

. As the morning sun dissolved the mists, the angel of beauty brushed by and touched his eyes. The mountain was ablaze with colour. Yellow, mauve, pink, blue and green blended to clothe its sides and the azure arch of heaven bent down to meet it. The whole ether vibrated with the symphonies of the great musicians and the mists rolled away in quivering opalescent waves. Our pilgrim continued his climb in joyfulness and ere long the summit was in view.

THE THIRD STAGE.

The pilgrim has arrived. On the crest of the mountain he is seen on his knees in reverent exaltation before the panorama of beauty and peace which is spread before him, he bows his head in glad gratitude that he has been led to this high realisation of his aspiration.

The harmony is perfect, the outlook sublime, but invisible hands seem to touch his head and keep it bent. With closed eyes he is giving his whole mind to what the silent voices have to tell him.

— “A little noiseless noise among the leaves
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.”

And this is the message that reached his consciousness. “Oh! child of the Highest! all this beauty, love, wonder and joy is yours, drink it in. Gather spiritual strength, health and power in this sublime wonder-land—the

home-land of your soul. Yet only for a period may you linger in this Elysium. Every son and daughter is needed to help shape the beautiful cosmic world in accord with the purpose of the Divine Originator. Let your consciousness now return to the earth plane. See its trouble and turmoil and the many who cannot reach the crest of the mountain nor hear the music of the higher spheres. Go back and bring them with you here."

The pilgrim's elation fell as he thought that he must again face the hardships of the climb, again toil and bruise his feet stumbling up the rocky steeps. Quick came the answer to his thoughts. "Yes, many times must you bruise your feet against the rocks, and though in your right hand you now hold a staff that will steady your steps, in your left you must hold the hand of your fellow man and help the weaker pilgrim who is faltering on the path fearing the ascent. We want you to bring them here where they too shall rejoice in the comprehension of Divine Realities.

Now I see in the picture the pilgrim standing at the sharp edge of the mountain top with bowed head, and hand uplifted, as if to command utter stillness in the world of sense—a reverent attention of the soul to the message he knew was thrilling the blue atmospheres, and to the vision which the spirit alone might see and understand. His whole being was given to that fair beauty which no eye can see to that sweet music which no ear can measure."

"He felt the heart of the silence

Throb with a soundless word ;

And by the inward ear alone

A spirit's voice he heard,

SHIRLEY

And the spoken word seemed written
On air and wave and sod ;
And the bending walls of sapphire
Blased with the *thought* of God."

His cleared sight beheld the shadow of a cross and beneath it a teeming mass of humanity. "Observe these multitudes," said his guide, "their ignorance and consequent pain. Bear with them. Be kind. Be generous and so far as in you lies *lift this cross* with which these children have burdened themselves. It is no easy task, in their blindness they hug their ignorance. Throw out vibrations of love which shall pierce the armour of prejudice in which the earth child has encased itself, that some little ray of light may enter and the darkness of ignorance be dispersed."

Thus inspired, this spirit in garb of flesh dedicated himself to the service demanded of him. He was no longer hampered by fear or doubt. The divine joy in his heart minimised the pain he met and shared in his wanderings on the mountain slopes, where he supported the weary, encouraged the faint, unbound the prisoners chains and set them free, and poured the oil of gladness into sorrowing hearts; returning again and again to the mountain heights for inspiration and guidance.

The picture shows him at one such moment, standing on a high ridge, a vast outlook before him. He has brought his unwritten record to this 'place of meeting.' The 'multitude of witness' are not visible to the physical eye, but his faith has pierced the veil which hides them from us. He *knows*, and joyously throws out his arms in happy greeting, as if to embrace all the love and loveliness about him. With raised head he pours forth the song of his thankful heart in unison with the mystic choir.

HEATHER.

THE DREAM CITY.

FAR away in regions where the feet of men have never trod lies a city, great and wonderful. Its distance cannot be measured by miles, nor can its beauty be judged by earthly standards. The eyes of the brain can see it, although the eyes of the body cannot. I have only to shut my eyes to see this beautiful city, a dazzling white spot, surrounded on all sides by an interminable expanse of the blackest darkness.

I have seen it many a time in my dreams. I have listened to its magic call when my soul, free from the limitations of the body, has roamed into space, discovering the wonders of countless worlds.

Ever since I could remember I have known this city. It has been a part of my life. It has crept into my heart and influenced my being. As a child I held actual converse with the phantom figures of this phantom city, partaking of their joys and their sorrows. Since I lost the virgin purity and innocence of childhood, the ethereal lines of this dream-fabric have become blurred, and now everything appears shrouded in a white, gossamer-like veil. But although the picture, alas ! grows dim with the march of years, my heart warms towards it as much as, or even more than it did in those happy days when the memory of

a wonderful past was still fresh in my mind, and the twinkling stars unfolded to me their great secret.

Poised on the top of a mountain, rising sheer thousands of feet, the dream city presents a commanding aspect. All around is illimitable space. There are beautiful cupolas, majestic domes, stately turrets, slender minarets, tier upon tier. The moonbeams linger caressingly on every object, and everything is bathed in a soft, white light.

The stars glimmer and blink as if weary with their long, long vigil. You find them everywhere, above, below, around, myriads and myriads of them, always shining, never waning. The sun never shines there, only the moon—a brilliant disc of molten silver.

Heat and cold, rain and snow are unknown. There is no winter, no summer. It is a city of eternal spring.

Everything suggests quiet, repose, peace sublime. Birds flit across, ghostly figures glide in and out, trees move and sway, leaves fall to the ground, but there is never a sound. There is a stillness as of Death. It is a city of everlasting silence,

The dream houses are studded with all kinds of precious stones—agate heaped on chalcedony, ruby on emerald, diamond on turquoise. There are ceilings of amber, floors of pearls. And as the moonbeams kiss them, a thousand little sparks scintillate—red, white, blue, pink, vermilion, all the colours of the rainbow.

Happiness reigns here, but not exuberant, unalloyed joy. There is a leaven of sorrow, just a little of the divine sadness mixed with the cup of happiness to give it a human flavour. Everything wears a happy and yet a sad and wistful air. The trees droop with a tender longing ;

the mournful minarets point heaven-wards with a sweet pathos.

It is the home of all my ideals, where everything is great and good and true. The light of love shines in it ; the halo of romance surrounds it.

Such is the city of my dreams !

Among the dream houses of my dream city there is one little house which is my own. It stands apart from others, in a garden which is a feast of colour, being covered with flowers of every conceivable hue.

Here lives my dream maiden. Her face is beautiful as the full moon, and in the dark night of her hair her eyes shine like twin stars.

She sits by a moorish window looking at the moon. The moon-beams glitter and slide on her hair which, parted in the middle, fall in rippling black masses on either side of the temple. A string of pearls, like the frozen tears of some fallen angel, crowns her head.

Her chin is held between her palms. There is a tenderness in her tapering fingers, elegance in the swan-like curve of her neck, passion in her lips. The limpid depths of her gazelle eyes conceal a soul.

In this attitude the lady of my dreams is waiting, waiting for me—waiting for the loved one to come. She is my own, my very own ever since Time was ; and I am hers for now and for ever. She has been waiting for aeons and aeons for the Great Arrival, and yet nothing disturbs the great calm, the Madonna-like repose in her face. Nothing can be more touching than the dumb appeal in her great eyes.

Unflinching faith, eternal love is hers.

I have sought for her in vain among Earth-maidens. My Beloved has always eluded me. Sometimes I have thought I have discovered her, and with a wildly-beating heart rushed towards my objective, but alas ! it has been only a fleeting manifestation of the Divine Beauty, a stray spark flashed across from the Heights. And yet she is not merely carved marble, cold and unresponsive. Her eyes grow misty when I am touched with grief; they sparkle like sunshine after rain when I am glad. All through my life she has been the star of my destiny, calling me, beckoning me, leading me on to higher, nobler, greater ideals.

When I shall have cast the base and the evil out of my body, she will come to me. I know she will, for has she not been waiting, waiting for such a day to come ? My soul will go out to her, and together we will enter, my Beloved and I, the little dream house of the great dream city, where the flowers bloom for ever, and the stars never cease to shine.

S. RASHID ZAMAN.

Cambridge.

BILWAMANGAL THAKUR.

BILWAMANGAL was a Dakshinatya Brahman, who had his residence on the west bank of the river Krishna. He was the son of a rich man and had inherited a large fortune from his father. But as he had little or no education and had none to guide him in life, he soon got into bad company and took to evil ways. The foul fiend, sensuality, gained firm hold on him and it was not long before he ran through his fortune. He fell in love with a fallen woman, named Chintamani, who, though not remarkable for great personal charms, possessed winning, insinuating manners, and like the Circe of old, knew how to make beasts of men. Her arts and allurements were too strong for Bilwamangal to resist and he ere long found himself entangled in her trap. He lost all power of self-control and became a mere puppet in her hands. In fact, he ceased to have a separate personality and seemed to think that he lived only for her. If he found her asleep, he would be the last person to disturb her, lest she awoke in the midst of her sweet soothing slumbers; if he heard her heave a deep sigh, he got confounded and saw darkness on all sides; if, again, for some reason or other, she was found to be shedding tears, he thought that a terrible blow had hit him. In fact, love for that woman had

taken entire possession of his heart and it seemed that his weaker personality had merged as it were in hers of a much stronger character.

While things were faring in this wise with Bilwamangal, the first anniversary of his father's death came to pass in due course. On such occasion some rites and ceremonies had to be observed; and, however, blinded he was by love, Bilwamangal could not help observing them in due form. As generally happens on such occasions, the family *purahit* came in rather late, and it was not till after night fall that all the necessary observances were gone through. As the fates would have it, not only was the night unusually dark, it was also raining heavily. But though adverse circumstances stood in his way, Bilwamangal had not the courage, even if he had the will, to pass the night at his own house: he must needs pay his usual visit to his mistress. Accordingly, he set out alone, with only his love-lit heart to bear him company and encourage him on his perilous journey. Unfortunately Chintamani's house was on the other side of a big river and many miles of waste land haunted as it was supposed to be with ghosts and goblins.

Bilwamangal plunged into the stream without thought and commenced swimming with all his might and main. However, when he came near the middle, the current was so very strong that he was carried away and took hold of a corpse which he mistook for a piece of timber and swam with it to the other side of the river. Once there he hastened like a mad man towards his destination. He was a capital walker and as his heart was firmly bent on doing the distance as soon as possible, it was not long before he reached the

house at which he was a constant visitant. But what was his surprise and sorrow when he found the door barred and bolted from within. He called out at the top of his voice, but no one responded to his call. He had no alternative but to leap over the wall and get into the court yard. He anxiously looked about for some support and found a huge cobra hanging out with its tail downwards, while its mouth had got into a hole just below the coping; Bilwamangal, whom love had made almost blind, mistaking the serpent for a rope took hold of it and climbed up to the top of the wall and leaped over it and was seriously hurt. His piteous cry roused some of the inmates. Chintamoni rushed to the spot, got him carried into her room and by proper nursing brought him round.

When rosy morn was about to peep out of the golden east, on being asked by Chintamoni as to how he crossed the river, Bilwamangal said that he had done so by the help of a piece of timber which he found floating on the river. This statement not appearing quite satisfactory to her, she took her lover with her and went to the river-side. Even then the river was at its full and was running on with all the speed it could possibly have. For one to plunge into such a rapidly rolling river was almost courting death, and she really stood in wonder at his courage, great as she thought it certainly was. But her wonder was turned into horror when on being asked to point out the timber which had borne him safe across, Bilwamangal showed a thing which was hideous enough to frighten a heart much stronger than hers. She fell back at the sight, and addressing her lover, said, "Now Bilwamangal, all my doubts are removed: you have really lost your senses and have become as mad as one could be; you have

lost all senses of hatred, shame and fear. You mistake a serpent for a rope and a corpse for timber. Look here, I once went to hear Purankatha and a very telling advice which the Kathak Thakur gave in respect of a misguided mortal who had fallen in love with a harlot and had become lost to all sense of duty, comes to my mind. Your case is exactly the same. You see, I am also a fallen woman, an object of hatred rather than of love. If instead of directing your mind to me, you have devotedly fixed it at the beauteous feet of Hari, you would have done an immense deal of good to your soul. Your life has been a huge mistake and it is time you should try to mend your ways. Need I say that you have done what no one else would have done: you have made the impossible possible, and the unseen seen." All these words of wisdom made a deep impression in the mind of Bilwamangal and it set him thinking aloud:—"Such is our end" said he to himself, "This our frail destructible body floats on water, and dogs and jackals tear it to pieces, or being burnt on the funeral pyre, the ashes are blown away by the wind. This my life in which I take so much pride, will not fare better. It too will end in the same way; and this world how vain and false it is! It is all Maya (divine illusion). In fact there is nothing real here. Then whom have I given my life, my love, my all: for whom did I embrace a rotten stinking corpse! For whom did I hold a venomous serpent in my hand! Ah me! A mere shadow have I tried to bind with iron bands! Behold the peeping morn, it, too, is Maya (illusion,)! False, false, all false! Dense darkness encompasses me all round. Of who I am and who is mine? For whom do I keep up the warmth of life, devoid of desire, devoid of end and aim? If there be any one whom I may

call my own, pray, appear before me, as that I may assuage the pain and anguish of my life and give the all I have, my body, my mind and soul. In this vain transitory world where is love—pure, divine, eternal love—that haven of peace where my soul may find its resting place. Ah me! If there be any one who is mine, do, pray, appear before me, anxious as I am to see thee. Where shall I go, where find thee. I am groping in the dark: who will show me the way to find the one I seek after.” Pondering pensively in this wild desultory manner, Bilwamangal came ramblingly upon the public road. Asceticism had taken entire possession of his mind and the outside world appeared to him a thing with which he had no earthly concern. Chintamani who had been watching his movements thought that the poor man had gone mad.

While Bilwamangal was strolling on the road, not knowing where he was going to or what he was coming to, he came across an old Sannyasi who observing him in that pitiable state, asked him to come to him. Upon this the bewildered Brahman said, “Oh Brahmachari, can you tell me who is mine. I see none in this world whom I may call my own. Tell me, Oh tell me, who is mine.” Somgiri, for that was the name of the old saint, finding that the man was really smitten with love—pure, spiritual love,—with due deference said, “Thou art a love-lost great soul, allow me to make obeisance to thee.” Upon this Bilwamangal said, “Whoever you may be, as I am a libertine, please don’t make obeisance to me. On the contrary I should do you reverence and falling at your feet worship you. Oh, my heart is vacant. If there be any one who is mine, Oh pray come and fill my heart with joy. Life hangs heavy on me and I would fain leave

this painful prison of the body. Despair—despair—utter despair! I am in the midst of a wilderness, alone,—all alone. Don't know who I am and why I have come here!—why I rove about aimless and unconcerned, and what my heart longs for! Pray, show thyself to me, thou who art full of love, so that I may show my love to thee, for which I am so very anxious." Somgiri said, "How very fortunate thou art! Radha, who is all love, will fill thee with love; love thou and Radha's lover Krishna." Bilwamangal replied, "Thou art my *Guru*, tell me where Radha is, who is so full of love." "Me *Guru*"; rejoined the saint, "Krishna is the only *Guru*, the *Guru* of *Gurus*: there is none else who deserves to be so called." "Then tell me," said Bilwamangal, "who this Radha is and this Krishna who is one with Radha." Upon this Somgiri replied:—"Look here, I have seen a picture of Radha and Krishna; but I have not been able to sound the depth of Radha's love. If you have with you some such picture, please meditate upon it and then tell me if you understand anything of that loveful Radha and that lord of love Krishna. Looking at some such picture and pondering over it Bilwamangal said, "Yes, it is beautiful; very beautiful, really and supremely beautiful. May not one have a look at the real Radha Krishna." "Everything is possible if Krishna wishes it," said the saint, "you need not lose heart. Your love of Krishna will stand you in good stead. As you are glorified by the white flame of devotion and as you have given your heart and soul and mind to Krishna, he is sure to show you his divine favour."

Then, on the advice of his Guru Somgiri, Bilwamangal started on a pilgrimage to holy Brindaban, and after a

few days' journey came to a fine rural retreat and took his seat in the cool shade of a big branching tree by the side of a large tank. As he was a sincere devotee and passed his time in saying and singing the praise of Hari, some of the elders of the village who were religiously disposed readily came to the spot and prostrating themselves at the Sadhu's feet made him obeisance due to one who was above ordinary humanity. Others followed in rapid succession, so that when the day was about to close, quite a crowd had gathered on the spot. They were all impressed with the inspiring personality of their strange visitant, and even those evil-minded men who had come to scoff, remained to pray.

The tank aforesaid being the common property of the village folks, some members of the softer sex came to bathe in it the following morning. In this little band there was one of the mercantile class who was surpassingly beautiful. This cynosure of neighbouring eyes caught the sight of Bilwamangal and by her great personal charms and sweet engaging manners raised quite a tumult in his breast. The good man deemed it necessary to quiet his agitation, such loss of mental balance not being consistent with his professed character. With this object in view he followed the young beauty on her way home, and when she got into her dwelling house, took his seat at the entrance gate. A short time after, the lady's husband who was a warm admirer of Krishna, turned up and finding a saint at his door after doing him due reverence, asked him if he had any orders for him. The saint without hesitation said that he wanted him to place his dear wife in his hands. The merchant, whose heart was imbued with pure heavenly love not being at all offended or disconcerted,

went inside his house and brought his wife with him. The saint was moved and came to the discovery that it were his eyes that betrayed him. He cursed his eyes and was resolve to get rid of them. He accordingly asked the lady to get him two sharp needles and requested her to put them in his eyes. The lady hesitated long, but when she found that she could not dissuade him obeyed the saint much to her regret and remorse. Being thus blinded, Bilwamangal was at his own request led on to his seat under the shade of the tree near the tank.

But he did not stay there long. As his heart yearned for Krishna and Radha, he renewed his journey towards Brindaban, the reputed seat of those two divine personages. Though blind of both eyes and pitifully helpless, he proceeded alone, being buoyed up and inspirited by pure spiritual love. While on the way prayer was his business, and his pleasure praise. Krishna and Radha had taken entire possession of his heart, and he went on gaily and merrily, singing and dancing all the way like a mad man. A few days' journey, slow though it was, brought him to his longed for destination. The place appeared to him all that could be wished. It breathed inspiration all round. Bilwamangal took his seat at the ferry ghat near Brahmakundu, being resolved to have a sight, of Krishna in the flesh, deprived though he was of the power of seeing. Finding him so sitting in the sun without food and drink, the all-merciful god taking pity upon him appeared before him in disguise, and asked him to come in the shade and eat the food which he had brought for him. The incense that was emitting from the body of the disguised deity, and the sweet soothing words that fell from his lips, led Bilwamangal to believe

that his unsolicited entertainer was not a common mortal but a divine being. He replied that he was a blind man and that unless he gave out who he was, he would not leave his seat. Upon this, the god said that he was a village cow-boy and had brought him food sent by his mother. Then when he stretched out his left hand, Bilwamangal caught hold of it, and as the god feigned to be pained by the firm grip, somewhat slackened the hold, whereupon the latter slipped out his hand. Bilwamangal being thus balked in his attempt to hold fast the god, said that though he had got out of his hand, he could not get out of his mind. Then at the earnest request of the god, he followed him into a shady retreat, and there on being asked to taste the food brought for him, he firmly said that he would not do so unless he actually showed himself to him. The god's makeshift to evade the request proving vain, he lightly stroked the blind man's eyes, and, wonderful to say, he immediately recovered his sight, and saw the god in his splendour, and in an ecstasy of joy fell down senseless to the ground. Then on recovering his consciousness he found himself an altered man, seeing that he had reached the goal of his ambition. His love of Radha Krishna—the two in one and one in two—grew into a passion and identified itself with his existence. His thought, speech, act and conduct, all had reference to that sacred duality in unity. In this way he found what he had longed for. His devotion brought him his reward. His fame as a devotee spread far and wide and came to the ears of the fallen woman Chintamani. The asceticism of Bilwamangal had wrought a great change in her mind, and when she heard that her quondam lover had acquired deathless fame and

renown in the spiritual world, she lost no time in giving away all she had, and going over to Brindaban laid herself at his feet in all humility and penitence. This reunion was very happy indeed, as it stood in striking contrast with the relation which had existed between them before, the one being union in the flesh and the other union in the spirit, and the two began to live for God only.

Bilwamangal's love of Krishna was not confined to prayers and mental musings, but he poured out his devotion in devotional songs which are greatly prized by the devotees.

SHUMBHU CHUNDER DEY.

Hoogly.

IN ALL LANDS.

The 11th day of November, 1918, will be memorable in the history of the world. On that day the representatives of the German nation signed the last of the armistices which brought to an end the great war in which all the leading nations of the world had become involved. Apart from the stringency of the terms of the armistice the internal condition of Germany, as well as Austria-Hungary and Turkey, makes a resumption of the war impossible. The Allies and the United States are masters of the situation. President Wilson will confer personally with his European Allies and strive to make terms of the peace just to all in the eyes of the world. The events in foreign lands which possessed a special interest during the war will need no record here from next month.



The Kaiser's aspiration was to dictate terms of peace on French soil. Under the armistice Germany not only evacuates France and Belgium, but allows the victors to occupy German soil on either side of the Rhine. Important bridge-heads are also to be occupied, so that the victors may invade the rest of Prussia and march on to Berlin. The guns, the rolling stock, the warships and submarines, and the air-craft surrendered will cripple Germany and render her unable to resist the enforcement of the terms of

the peace. The blockade which brought about the economic collapse of Germany is to continue, but the victors have undertaken to provision the country, and thus Germany will not suffer more than she made Belgium suffer. Under the armistice granted to Turkey, Baku has been occupied. Russia, Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro are all now free.



If the war provoked by Kaiser Wilhelm was the most
Disastrous recorded in history, the
The German Re- fate that overtook the system of
volution. which he was the head was one of the
most dramatic that history knows. A

fortnight before the signing of the armistice the Kaiser had decided on a naval battle and an attack on England, perhaps because England had sent a portion of her Home Defence army to the continent. It was a daring and desperate project, but the crew revolted when they got scent of it, and the hoisting of the red flag at Kiel was a signal to a general revolt of sailors and soldiers, in which workmen also joined. A democratic hurricane swept over the land. The Kaiser and the Crown Prince bowed before it and disappeared. The throne remains and a Regent is appointed. The new Chancellor was a master tailor and is a Social Democrat. The revolution has been so far bloodless.



The world will be engaged in the work of reconstruction during the next few years. Of
Reconstruction. the nations directly engaged in the war, Russia has dispensed with monarchy and murdered many who might have been centres of agitation for its restoration. No stable result in

reconstruction has yet been achieved. In Austria-Hungary, Emperor Karl has abdicated; Hungary has set up a republic, while the future of the other parts of the Empire has yet to be decided. The German Empire consisted of 4 Kingdoms, 6 Grand Duchies, 7 Principalities, 3 Free Towns, besides Alsace and Lorraine. Most of the Kings, Dukes and Princes abdicated in the wake of the Kaiser, while some have acknowledged adherence to the new Government. How this Government will be constructed, is not beyond doubt. Britain and France appear to be agreed that the Turkish Empire should be a federation of autonomous States. The whole civilised world is to be a League of Nations.

The war has let loose several political and social forces and it will be some time before equilibrium is maintained everywhere. The socialists have repeatedly tried to influence the course of the war. In Germany the Cabinet has informed the Reichstag that the latter was automatically dissolved when the Kaiser abdicated and a new National Assembly must take its place. The soldiers and workmen appear to hold some other views. The Russian Bolshevists are trying to disseminate their doctrines in Germany as well as Austria-Hungary. Signs of a revolution showed themselves in Holland and are believed to have been suppressed. Belgium must give herself up to rejoicings for some time, but new ideas appear to have been working even there, and it is not easy to divine in how many countries the new spirit will flare up into small conflagrations. The East is comparatively calm.

**The Socialistic
Wave.**

It is estimated that the war cost the British Empire 560,000 lives, and France nearly 659,000 lives, the total number of casualties being respectively 3,050,000, and 3,720,000. In money the Allies are believed to have spent 21 thousand millions, and the Central Powers 19 thousand millions sterling. These calculations must be necessarily rough at the present stage. A few political associations in India telegraphed to the Premier that India was too poor to pay the additional 45 millions which the majority of the non-official members of the Legislative Council of India had voted. By the time the next budget is placed before the assembly the sacrifices made by the different parts of the Empire will be clearly ascertained. The return for all this cost will also be known by that time. India's services are almost invariably mentioned in connection with constitutional reform, but these constitute more than a mere reward.

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When Indian Home Rulers talked of rejecting the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme of constitutional reforms, the Moderates got nervous and feared that the scheme would be wrecked and India would get nothing. The Premier's message to India dispels such fears and the introduction of a Bill in Parliament may be regarded as a certainty. A joint committee of the two Houses will examine the Bill, and the House of Lords, though by a narrow majority, rejected a proposal to appoint forthwith a joint committee to examine the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme. The debate will be remembered chiefly because it afforded an opportunity to express doubts concerning the capacity

of Asiatics for self-government. Parliament as a whole has already committed itself by the declaration of last year, and the Indian Secretary and the Viceroy have recorded that they "do not doubt the eventual capacity of Indians for self-government."

* * *

The Conference of the Moderate Party, which met at Bombay last month to consider the

The Moderates. reform proposals, was attended by about 650 members and visitors. It was open only to persons invited by a committee. In the opinion of the Conference the Montagu-Chelmsford proposals were not disappointing and did not deserve condemnation or rejection. They constituted a real and substantial step towards the progressive realisation of responsible government in the provinces, and a distinct advance on present conditions in the Government of India. The Conference, however, thought that the time had come for a more substantial step towards responsible government in the administration of the whole of India and suggested "modifications and improvements" in the scheme. The National Congress had demanded a "most substantial" advance. The Conference has appointed a committee to arrange for future meetings of the Party as occasion requires.

* * *

The President of the Reform Committees arrived in India last month and was in consultation with the Government of India and others. The Provincial Governments had already appointed special

The Reform Committees officers to collect the materials to be placed before the

Committees. The Moderate Conference resolved, as regards franchise, that it should be broad enough to secure representation to all classes of tax-payers. A Poona Professor incidentally remarked that the Moderate Party would go to the wall in that case, and there were murmurs of dissent. But the effect on a political party will not be a subject of investigation. Many other questions demand a close study. Others than tax-payers at present enjoy municipal franchise, and indirectly provincial franchise. Proprietary interests assume various forms and they may have to be defined more precisely. The electorates are modified from time to time in all countries. Certain principles are already observed in local elections, and when a beginning is made, the proposed decennial enquiries will suggest improvements.

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The objection raised to the composition of the Committees by the advocates of communal representation in Madras is met by the appointment of co-opted members who are likely to represent their views.

Communal Electorates.

Distinguished personages in England have favoured their contentions and the Moderate Conference has also acknowledged the justice of their cause. Communal electorates in a somewhat different sense were common in Europe before the French Revolution introduced the idea of equal electoral districts, and traces of the old system still survive in a few European countries. Apart from the representation of social communities, it will be asked whether a large district may be represented by the same number of members as a small one ; whether different members may represent different proportions of the population ; how may

voters a member may ordinarily represent; how minorities may be represented; and if these difficulties are to be satisfactorily solved, how large the councils ought to be.

* *

Women and the War. As a result of the war, suffragettes have won the battle which they had for years fought unsuccessfully in England, and women will hereafter sit in Parliament, or rather in the House of Commons. The

Lords rejected a proposal to allow Peeresses in their own right to sit in their House, perhaps because in their case there is no guarantee that they will possess the agility and knowledge which lead to the success of a woman M. P. in a contest. The Indian Legislature takes its cue from the West and we often get as the Empire's heritage what others secure by a hard struggle. The Bombay Legislative Council passed a resolution last month in favour of women sitting as corporators in the city municipality. Ladies' associations have demanded equality with men in the coming constitutional reforms.

* *

Universities and Industries. Addressing the new graduates of the Madras University at the last Convocation, Sir T. Holland dwelt on the importance of science for the economic well-being of

their country, on which political progress depends. At present the choice of an optional subject is generally determined by the facility with which an examination can be passed. If a science graduate sees no prospects of making his science pay, he joins the law class and becomes a lawyer. The Universities can not devise a remedy for this state of things and exhortations

in the past have been of no avail. If the new state of things to be inaugurated in accordance with the recommendations of the Holland Commission provides fresh openings for young men who have learnt science, they will automatically rush towards that line of study.

The Sankaracharya of Karavira Matha in Kolhapur is an enlightened ascetic. He holds an American degree and is president of an association for the study of Western as well as Eastern philosophies. Under his chairmanship a meeting decided last month to found a League for the Defence of Hinduism. Except that all religions are nowadays exposed to the influence of modern thought, Hinduism is in no special danger under the British Government. The meeting was convened for the purpose of organising a campaign against the Hindu Intercaste Marriage Bill. It was satisfied with the present official policy in social legislation, and protested against the attitude of a school of educated Indians, who aspire to be the arbiters of India's destiny. The result of the discussion will perhaps be the formulation of a policy acceptable to all parties.

